THE BOOKMAN

Christmas Double Number

WITH WHICH IS PRESENTED

A PORTFOLIO OF DRAWINGS IN COLOUR

By HUGH THOMSON

Illustrating "The School for Scandal"

Frontispiece in Colour by EDMUND DULAC

and other full-page plates by

ARTHUR RACKHAM | **CLAUDE A. SHEPPERSON**
CHARLES ROBINSON | **WILLY POGÁNY**

and other well-known artists

Principal Literary Contents:

Peter and Wendy By ALFRED NOYES
Art and Literature
One of the Great Masters By WALTER JERROLD
The Life of Paracelsus By A. E. WAITE
The Odyssey of the North By J. E. PATTERSON
Mr. Trench's Poems By W. DE LA MARE
The Freeing of Italy By F. G. BETTANY
The Underman By EDWARD THOMAS
A Romance of Commerce By M. H. H. MACARTNEY
History of English Nonconformity By JAMES MOFFATT, D.D., D.LITT.
In Fairy-Book Land By KATHARINE TYNAN
Dan Russel the Fox By H. A. HINKSON
Ruskin By A. C. BENSON
Philanthropy and Public Speaking By G. BERNARD SHAW
Max Beerbohm's Extravaganza By G. S. LAYARD
The Song Artistic By GEORGE SAMPSON
Frederic Harrison's Memoirs By W. E. A. AXON
Seven Novels By L. Q. C.
Clarendon Championed By FRANCIS BICKLEY
The Fall of Napoleon By WALFORD D GREEN
France and the French Ideal By A. W. EVANS
Bart Kennedy: His Book By PERCEVAL GIBBON
The Millionaire and the Million By A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY: COULSON KERNAHAN

ETC. ETC. ETC.

ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENTS

HODDER & STOUGHTON

ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.

The Christmas Number of The Bookman.

"I AM A BOOKMAN."—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

The Christmas book season bids fair to be one of the best on record. We should say, at a venture, that Christmas books are even more plentiful this year than last, and among them are many of outstanding importance. In our ordinary pages, and in two large illustrated Supplements, we have endeavoured to present an adequate survey of this vast and crowded field, and at the same time have devoted nearly twice us much space as usual to the reviewing of general literature. Our thanks are due to the several publishers who have kindly allowed us to reproduce the excellent colour-plate engravings included in this number. Our cover design is a reproduction of one of Mr. Frank Reynolds's delightful illustrations from Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton's new edition of "David Copperfield"; and we present with this number a portfolio of beautiful colour-plates by Mr. Hugh Thomson, reproduced from the same firm's illustrated edition of Sheridan's "School for Scandal."

Mr. Rudyard Kipling has written a new story—a romance of the world as science and sanitation will have developed it in another century or so. He is calling it "As Easy as A.B.C.," and it is to make its first appearance in the *London Magazine* next March.

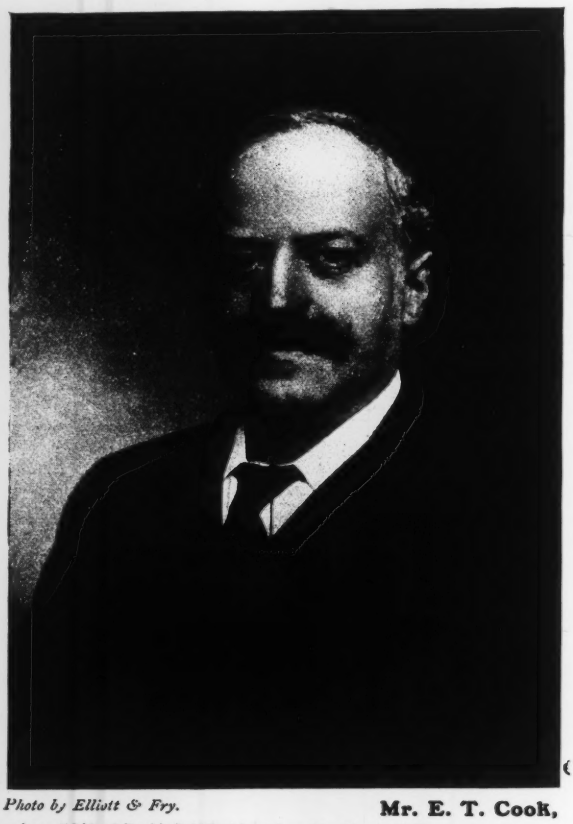


Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Mr. E. T. Cook,**
whose "Life of Ruskin" (Allen) is reviewed by Mr. A. C. Benson on page 133.

One or two reviewers of the new "Life of Ruskin" have said that its author, Mr. E. T. Cook, was a pupil of Ruskin at Oxford. We happen to know that this is a mistake. Mr. Cook was not even one of the band of diggers at Hinksey which included Arnold Toynbee, Alfred Milner, and other distinguished men. At that date he was a schoolboy at Winchester, and going up to Oxford he was in time to hear only one course of Ruskin's lectures (in 1877) before the Professor's breakdown. His personal acquaintance with Ruskin came later. Shortly after leaving Oxford, Mr. Cook joined the staff of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, serving successively under Lord Morley and Mr. Stead. He had long been a student of Ruskin's books, and that fact was sufficiently apparent in his contributions to the paper. Ruskin had by that time ceased to send copies of his books and pamphlets to the press, and it is curious that many of his works—including what many consider his masterpicee, "Præterita"—received no notice whatever in any of the literary journals of the day, except one. The one exception was the *Pall Mall Gazette*, in which Mr. Cook always wrote upon any new work that Ruskin produced. On his side, Ruskin selected the *P.M.G.* as the medium through which to address the public with "Arrows of the Chace," and on one occasion he wrote to the editor: "There is some one on your staff who knows my books better than I do myself." In 1883 Ruskin resumed his Professorship at Oxford, and Mr. Cook was deputed by Mr. Stead to go down and report his lectures on "The Art of England." There is a letter from Swinburne in the Library Edition of Ruskin which makes reference to one of Mr. Cook's reports. He afterwards reported

Ruskin's suggestive but rather incoherent lectures on "The Pleasures of England," and in a letter published in the *P.M.G.* Ruskin wrote: "I have seldom had occasion to pay either compliments or thanks to the British reporter, but I must very seriously acknowledge the help now afforded me by the digested plan of my Oxford lectures drawn up for the *P.M.G.*—very wonderful piece of work, it seems to me, not only in summarising, without any help from me whatever, a line of thought not always by me enough expressed, but in completing by illustrating it from other parts of my books, often more fully than against time I could do myself." Shortly after this, Ruskin, on a visit to London, called at Northumberland Street in person to see the editor. Mr. Stead happened to be out, and Mr. Cook, then assistant-editor, received him. That was the real beginning of an acquaintance between "the Master" and his student.

In 1888 Mr. Cook produced his "Popular Handbook to the National Gallery," to which Ruskin contributed a charming preface; and in 1890 Mr. Cook collected many of his *P.M.G.* articles into a volume called "Studies in Ruskin." The Library Edition of Ruskin, of which he is editor (assisted by Ruskin's literary executor, Mr. Alexander Wedderburn, K.C.), has occupied much of Mr. Cook's time during the last nine years. We understand that the publishers, Messrs. George Allen, hope to issue the final volume of this monumental work, containing bibliography, a catalogue of drawings, and an elaborate general index, either at Christmas or early in the new year.

Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Mr. W. Clark Russell.**

Dr. Fridtjof Nansen,

Whose "In Northern Mists" (Heinemann) is reviewed on page 152.

The dwindling ranks of the older Victorian novelists have suffered a heavy loss by the death of Mr. W. Clark Russell at the age of sixty-seven. For long past Mr. Russell had been an invalid, but he accepted the limitations of the couch and the bath-chair with a cheerful serenity. He was the son of Henry Russell, the famous composer and singer of "Cheer, Boys, Cheer." After spending eight years in the merchant service, he turned to literature. In 1874 he published his first novel, "John Holdsworth, Chief Mate," and followed this a year later with what was perhaps the best and certainly one of the most popular of his novels—"The Wreck of the *Grosvenor*." He wrote some twenty other romances of the sea, and several books of essays and articles mainly concerned with seafaring and the life of the sailor. His latest book was a third edition of his ballads and poems, "The Father of the Sea, and Other Legends of the Deep," which was published last spring by Messrs. Sampson Low & Co.

The most popular of the new school of book-illustrators are probably Frank Reynolds, Arthur Rackham, Edmund Dulac, Hugh Thomson, Willy Pogány, and Charles Robinson. Mr. Rackham continues his pictorial interpretation of Wagner's operas this year by illustrating Miss Margaret

From a photo by Mr. George Howlett. **Mr. Willy Pogány.**

Armour's translations of "Siegfried" and "The Twilight of the Gods," in a handsome volume published by Mr. Heinemann. Mr. Rackham's work is much better known than he is himself. Almost all we know about him is that he did not enjoy the usual art training—which may account for his strong individuality of style; and that, having practised drawing and painting successfully in his spare time, he was courageous enough to throw up a commercial situation at the age of twenty-five, and enter upon the artistic career that has brought him fame, and, so far as one can see, fortune. He did a good deal of work for the *Graphic*, *Sketch*, *Punch*, and other of the illustrated weeklies, and was soon in demand as an illustrator of books, among the more notable of which have been "Rip Van Winkle," "Peter Pan," "Ingoldsby Legends," "Midsummer Night's Dream," Grimm, and (last year) "The Rhinegold" and "The Valkyrie." The only new fact we have discovered concerning him is that he can play tennis rather well, but as he is suffering with "an elbow of sorts" he thinks of giving up this game next year, and playing at something easy—like golf.

Photo by Elliott & Fr. **Mr. Arthur Rackham.**

Photo by J. Russell & Sons. **Mr. Frank Reynolds.**

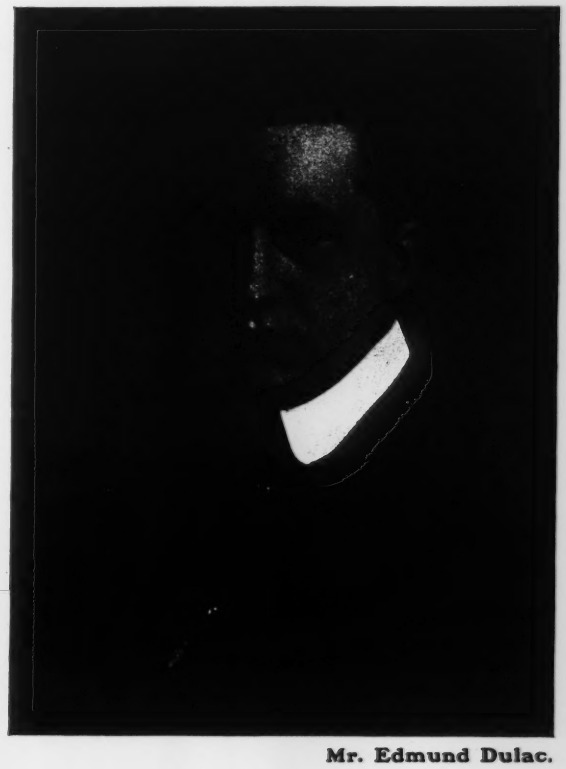
Mr. Edmund Dulac was born at Toulouse, in France, and after a reluctant attempt to become a barrister, studied at an art-school there, then spent two years in Paris, during which he studied for six months at the Julian Academy, and thereafter started to illustrate books. In the meantime he painted a few portraits and exhibited at the Salon. In 1905 he came to England and became a contributor to the illustrated magazines, and worked for various publishers, illustrating among other volumes "Fairies I have Met" (now published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton), and an Alphabet

for Messrs. Warne. For the last five years he has concentrated his efforts on publishing one book each year with Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, beginning with "The Arabian Nights" (of which a new edition is just published), and following that with "The Tempest," Omar Khayyam, "Some Old French Fairy Tales," and this year with "The Stories of Hans Andersen."

As for Mr. Charles Robinson, he, like Mr. Frank Reynolds, was, as it were, born in the purple. His grandfather, Thomas Robinson, was a wood engraver; his father, Thomas Robinson, was an

Mr. Charles Robinson.

artist, and for twenty-five years on the staff of the *Penny Illustrated Paper*; and his brothers, T. Heath Robinson and W. Heath Robinson, are distinguished artists and book-illustrators. Mr. Charles Robinson was apprenticed to lithography for seven years with Messrs. Waterlow, and studied at Hatherley's under Professor Crompton. His first work of importance as a book-illustrator was done in Stevenson's "Child's Garden of Verse" for Mr. John Lane, and, for the same publisher, in editions of Eugene Field's Poems and Gabriel Setoun's "Child World," and, in conjunction with his brothers, in "Andersen's Fairy Stories" for Messrs. Dent. He has illustrated a number of toy books and many children's books for Messrs. Blackie, and his delicate imaginative work in "The Secret Garden" and "The Sensitive Plant" (both



Mr. Edmund Dulac.

published by Messrs. Heinemann) makes these among the most charming colour-books of the year.

Although Mr. Frank Reynolds is the son of an artist, and in his early years learned much from watching his father at work, and practised, with and without permission, with his father's palette and

Photo by J. Russell & Sons. **Mr. Hugh Thomson.**

Mrs. Corra Harris,
Whose successful novel, "A Circuit Rider's Wife," was published last month by Messrs. Constable.

brushes, he made his first start in life in a commercial establishment. He soon withdrew from such uncongenial occupation, however, and after a course of study at Hatherley's, where he, too, came much under the influence of Professor Crompton, he became a contributor to *Pick-Me-Up*, the *Sketch*, and the illustrated press in general, and before long his characteristic drawings had become a familiar feature in *Punch*. It has been said that "Frank Reynolds produces comedy where other men succeed only in perpetrating farce," and it was this spontaneous, inherent quality of humour and the easy finish of his draughtmanship that won instant and wide recognition for his masterly colour illustrations to "Pickwick" last year. He is essentially a "character" artist, and instead of exaggerating and caricaturing the creations of Dickens, he presented them as natural human men and women—real characters in a real comedy of life, and in his new book this year he has done the same for "David Copperfield." Mr. Reynolds is happily still a young man, though he has had his biography written and his art critically discussed by Mr. A. E. Johnson in one of the volumes included in Messrs. A. & C. Black's "Brush, Pen, and Pencil" series.

There is no need to say much of Mr. Hugh Thomson. He is not exactly one of the newer book-illustrators, though he is a very long way yet from being one of the older ones. Every book-lover knows his wonderfully delicate line work in the "Highways and Byways" series, or has been taken with the beauty and old-world grace he has got into his illustrations to the novels of Jane Austen—a catalogue of the volumes that have been enriched with his drawings would fill a column at least. This Christmas he has illustrated Sheridan's "School for Scandal," and how admirably that witty eighteenth-century society comedy lends itself to the daintiness and reticent humour of his style is apparent from the three plates included in the portfolio that is given with the present number.

Mr. Willy Pogány is by birth a Hungarian, and though we are forgetting about that, and beginning to count him as one of our own artists, his native country is wise enough to remember it, and the Hungarian Parliament has shown its appreciation of him by buying some of his pictures for the nation. Mr. Pogány has not had his way in art made smooth for him. He had a hard time of it whilst he was studying in Paris, then came over to England and illustrated several books for Mr. Fisher Unwin, and the critics and the public were not slow to recognise the force and imaginativeness of his unique style. Last year he fulfilled the high promise of his earlier work with his illustrations to Messrs. Harrap's beautiful edition of "The Ancient Mariner," and his principal work this year is in the new English rendering of "Tannhäuser" that the same firm is publishing.

To meet the lack of a series of English Poetry Readers in our schools, Mr. Alfred Perceval Graves has

Mr. Edmund Bosanquet,
Author of a clever novel, "A Society Mother," that is published by Messrs. John Long, Ltd.

selected and edited, and Messrs. Horace Marshall & Co. are publishing such a series, the first six volumes in which, at eightpence net each, are now ready. These volumes include Shakespeare, Milton, Scott, Tennyson, Wordsworth, and Longfellow. The selections have been made with great taste and judgment; the passages chosen from each poet are admirably suited to the requirements of the school reading class, and the little volumes are clearly printed and very neatly bound.

Everybody who enjoyed the rollicking humour of "Through Green Glasses" and other of Mr. Edmund Downey's amusing farcical books will be pleased to hear that he has broken a long silence with another book in the same vein, which Messrs. Sampson Low & Co. have just published. It is called "Dunleary: Humours of a Munster Town," and is Mr. Downey's twenty-fifth work of fiction.

The newest volumes in Messrs. Williams & Norgate's Home University Library series include "The Papacy and Modern Times," by Dr. William Barry (which Monsignor R. H. Benson is reviewing in our next issue); a concise and very useful History of Modern English Literature, by G. H. Mair; "The Dawn of History," by Professor Myres; "A History of Our Time (1885—1911)," by G. P. Gooch; "The Evolution of Industry," by Professor Macgregor; "The Civilisation of China," by Professor Giles, and other equally authoritative brochures on Science, Psychical Research, English Law, and Astronomy. Looking down the list of subjects treated, and the names of the authors who deal with them, we are increasingly grateful to the enterprise that has given the reading public so valuable a series of new educational books at so small a price as a shilling a volume.

Mr. Plowden contributes to "Marriage Making and Breaking," by Charles Tibbits (Stanley Paul), an Introduction that is likely to give rise to some discussion. Mr. Tibbits's book is a very able exposition of the present state of the marriage law, and suggests some drastic reforms, which are justified by Mr. Plowden's assertion, from his experience as a magistrate, that if our divorce laws are to remain unmodified, "they must continue to be a fruitful source of human vice and misery."

The new edition of Mr. Stanley Weyman's novels that Messrs. Smith, Elder are publishing contains a general preface, in which the author incidentally pays a very graceful compliment to his publishers and his literary agent. "I am grateful to my publishers," writes Mr. Weyman, "for treatment always just and on occasion generous; to my agent, Mr. A. P. Watt, not for his skill and tact only, but for the friendly offices and unflagging zeal of a quarter of a century."

Photo by G. C. Beresford. **Mr. Gordon Craig,**
Whose "Art of the Theatre" Mr. Heinemann is publishing.

The new "Odd Volume," edited by Mr. John G. Wilson and published in aid of the funds of the National Book Trade, numbers among its literary contributors Arnold Bennett, Hilaire Belloc, Alfred Noyes, Eden Phillpotts, John Galsworthy, Mrs. John Lane, Barry Pain, Ian Hay, Mostyn T. Piggott, Leonard Merrick, and other well-known writers; and among its artists G. K. Chesterton (with a series of four drawings), Frank Brangwyn, Frank Reynolds, Lawson Wood, C. E. Brock, and J. A. Shepherd. It is an excellent shillingsworth published in an excellent cause, and its success is, as usual, a foregone conclusion.

Mr. Eveleigh Nash is publishing in January a book by Mrs. Clare Jerrold on "The Early Court of Queen Victoria." It is a study of the life of the late Queen, and the personal influences surrounding her in the most critical years of her reign, from 1837 to 1841, and deals with matters that are largely overlooked by ordinary histories.

In connection with the King's visit to India, Mr. Alfred Wilson, the well-known export bookseller, supplied identical libraries of about two hundred and fifty books to the P. and O. vessels *Medina* and *Maloja*. They were all bound in half calf, with the bookplate of the ship inside. The library for the King himself consisted of rather over fifty volumes, which were bound in full red morocco with gilt tops and had His Majesty's cypher on the side. These books were prepared from a list supplied by one of the suite as being His Majesty's preference, and included Macaulay's Essays, Froude's "Short Studies," books by Kipling, George Eliot, Thackeray, Dickens, etc., and the Lives of Dundonald and Clive. In addition, a list was received of about thirty books selected by the Queen, and it was intimated that Her Majesty would prefer them to be supplied in their cloth covers as published. This list was headed by a complete set of Kipling's works, followed by Stevenson's Letters, the "Life of Lord Granville," "The Position of Women in Indian Life," and novels by a variety of authors in which no one name predominates, but which obviously represented Her Majesty's personal likings.

The latest additions to Messrs. Herbert & Daniel's useful and tastefully produced "Regent Library" series are "Thomas Love Peacock" and "Mrs. Gaskell," with biographical and critical Introductions by W. H. Helm and Mrs. E. A. Chadwick respectively. Messrs. Herbert & Daniel are to be congratulated on the success with which they are carrying out their intention of making these volumes of carefully chosen extracts of real use to the busy man who has little time for reading and wants to get at the best that has been written by the best authors without having to read everything they have written.

Under the title of "Cœur As" "The Scarlet Pimpernel" has just been produced in Berlin, and has been received with great enthusiasm both by the press and the public. The German version of the play, which is a very close adaptation from the English original, has been prepared by Mr. A. H. Quaritsch. Owing to the great success of "Cœur As" in Berlin, it is to be produced in Vienna immediately.

We regret that by an unfortunate slip last month we gave the name of the late Archbishop of Canterbury as "Christopher Benson." It should, of course, have been Edward White Benson.

The January BOOKMAN will be a Christina Rossetti number, and will contain an interesting personal and critical article on Christina Rossetti by Katharine Tynan. Other important articles in this number will be "Poets and Poetry" by Dr. William Barry; "Shakespeare Again," by W. H. Hudson; "Bergson and about Bergson," by Stephen Reynolds; "Rival Sisters," by Dixon Scott; "Hannah More," by Thomas Seccombe; "Dean Swift's Correspondence," by Y. Y.; "The Papacy and Modern Times," by R. H. Benson, etc.

"THE BOOKMAN" GALLERY.

COULSON KERNAHAN.

THIS year Mr. Coulson Kernahan attains his majority as a writer of books. It is just twenty-one years since *Lippincott's Magazine* published as its special supplement that strangely impressive, sombrely imaginative dream-story, "A Dead Man's Diary." The "Diary" appeared anonymously, and when its immediate success led to prompt republication in a separate volume the name of the author was still withheld. But it created such an unusual sensation and gave rise to so much curiosity, was so widely read and discussed, was commented on from the pulpits and so eulogised by reviewers (Mr. J. M. Barrie, by the way, gave it most generous praise in the *British Weekly*, to which he was at that date a contributor), that it was not long before most of us had, one way or another, found out that the great unknown was Coulson Kernahan.

This was Mr. Kernahan's first book. He had done a good deal of work for the newspapers and magazines; he had already been discovered in a quiet way by that now forgotten novelist, the good friend of so many literary aspirants of his day, F. W. Robinson, whose *Home Chimes* contained the morning efforts of some half-dozen novelists and essayists who have nowadays fulfilled the promise that he saw in them; but it was "A Dead Man's Diary" that first introduced Mr. Kernahan to the general world of readers and at once gave him a place among popular authors.

Mr. Kernahan, who is proud of the fact that he is an Irishman both on his mother's and his father's side, is the son of Dr. James Kernahan, M.A., F.G.S., and one suspects that the atmosphere and influences that were about him in his earlier years are largely responsible for the religious mysticism that is so essentially a part of his character, and for setting the bent of his thoughts towards the things of the spirit, the problems of sin and righteousness and the wonder and mystery of the life eternal. Dr. James Kernahan, who is still hale and active, is an accomplished Biblical student and commentator, and his brother, the Rev. Canon Kernahan, B.D., is rector of Hillsborough, County

Down, and occasional preacher before Trinity College, Dublin.

Whilst we are talking of Mr. Kernahan's family we may add that his sister, Mary Kernahan Harris, is a frequent contributor to the magazines and author of a delightful and successful little book, "Nothing but Nonsense"; and his wife is Mrs. Coulson Kernahan, the well-known novelist, who has written also many charming fairy stories for children, and has lately been collaborating with Mr. Kernahan in a volume of such tales that Messrs. Nisbet are publishing this Christmas under the title of "Bedtime Stories."

Before and after the appearance of "A Dead Man's Diary"—for some twenty years in all—Mr. Kernahan was reader and literary adviser to Messrs. Ward, Lock & Co., and in that capacity proved the soundness of his judgment by securing a first hearing for a goodly number of young and then unknown men who have since come into their own, and he is genial and generous enough to take more pride in this fact and in the books that certain of those men have dedicated to him than in any books he has written himself.

Mr. Coulson Kernahan.
Frontispiece portrait from "Dreams, Dead Earnest and Half Jest." (Jarrold & Sons.)

His duties as reader to a great publishing firm filled up much of his time, and if they brought him pleasurable experience they brought him also much labour and anxiety and made him acquainted with those "thorns in the cushion" that Thackeray writes about so feelingly. He gathered up something of his recollections of all this into the lecture on "The Sorrows of a Publisher's Reader" which he delivered with immense success in London and the principal towns of the kingdom a few years ago. But he found time amidst these distractions to contribute to the *Fortnightly*, the *National Review*, the *Nineteenth Century*, and other of the magazines and reviews, and in 1893 published "A Book of Strange Sins," an admirable collection of short stories, which included "The Literary Gent," a grim study in dipsomania and vanity, one of the most powerfully realistic things he has ever done. This story was issued subsequently as a separate booklet and sold by the hundred thousand.

A year later (in 1894) came the first of Mr. Kernahan's three books of essays, "Sorrow and Song"; the second, "Wise Men and a Fool," not following it until 1901; the third "Dreams, Dead Earnest and Half Jest," was published by Messrs. Jarrold less than a year ago. These essays, the first volume in particular, met with an enthusiastic reception from the reviewers and from the public; they are marked by the same thoughtful, sympathetic outlook on life and something of the same imaginative quality that went to the making of "A Dead Man's Diary" and "A Book of Strange Sins," and by a scholarly critical faculty for which those other books had offered no scope.

Then, in 1895, Mr. Kernahan wrote "God and the Ant," the first of that brilliant series of religious booklets with which his name has become most popularly associated. In this field of literature he has won for himself a unique position; he has had followers, but they have always kept the followers' usual place and never overtaken him. The only living writer in this kind who has done work of equal force and beauty is Miss Olive Schreiner, and since she has turned her attention to more mundane themes he has been left without a rival. A year later came "The Child, the Wise Man, and the Devil," to be succeeded after a long interval by "The Face Beyond the Door" (1904), "The World Without a Child" (1905), and "The Duel" (1906), and also in 1905 by a collected edition of these striking and enormously popular dream-stories under the general title of "Visions."

Meanwhile, beginning with the publication of "Captain Shannon" in 1899, Mr. Kernahan had been making a new reputation for himself as a frankly sensational novelist. "Captain Shannon," "Scoundrels & Co." (1901), "The Jackal" (1905), "The Dumpling" (1906), and "The Red Peril" (1908) are ingenious stories of crime, mystery, and exciting incident; their plots are cunningly contrived, their characters strongly drawn, and they are written with much more of original inventiveness and literary art than usually go to the making of popular melodrama. In "The Dumpling" he brings in among his rascals and detectives a notable imaginative figure—a sort of Napoleon of the poor, a man who sets himself to organise the workless and the downfallen and has dreams of leading them up out of bondage and righting the old wrongs of the squalid underworld. But though these novels, both at six shillings and at sixpence, have been widely read, and though his miscellaneous essays have enjoyed a very considerable vogue, the fact remains that it is by his religious booklets Mr. Kernahan is best known. One reason for this is undoubtedly that here he has broken new ground and is working a vein that is peculiar to himself. Another is that he has a fine gift for doing good work in a popular way, and has so fashioned his visions into words that they have not only a profound moral and spiritual significance, but each tells an intensely dramatic story in a succession of graphically realised pictures. His literary method in these booklets anticipated the

cinematograph; he takes some great problem of the day and develops it in a glowing panorama of moving pictures that is as clear to the mental apprehension of his audience as the procession of living scenes and persons that is cast visibly upon the screen and pictorially relates its story is to enthralled multitudes of onlookers. More than all, perhaps, it is the transparent sincerity and earnestness of the writer that give his visions such sway over the minds and imaginations of his readers, and since they preach no narrow creed or dogma but enunciate the eternal truths that underlie all dogmas and all creeds, they have met with unanimous approval at the hands of widely differing religious bodies and individuals. The late Bishop Creighton was as warm in his commendation of them as was the late Hugh Price Hughes; the Rev. R. J. Campbell has been at one in his admiration of them with Dr. Horton, Dr. Campbell Morgan, and the Rev. F. B. Meyer; and one such prose-poem of Mr. Kernahan's, "The Lonely God," attracted the attention and won the good opinion of Stevenson when it appeared in Jerome's *Idler*.

In the course of a recent conversation Mr. Kernahan said that these religious booklets of his were all "imagined" and never "invented"; that is, the idea for each invariably came to him unsought; he never consciously went seeking it. His novels, on the contrary, are, he admits, "merely mechanical in construction"; he describes them as "just yarns," and regards them as of little worth. He places so little value on them himself that he protests he has no right to the name of novelist and prefers to describe himself simply as a "writer." With the new book that Messrs. Cassell are publishing this month, "The Man of No Sorrows," he returns to that type of dream-story in which his finest work and his greatest triumphs have been achieved. "Any small success my writings may have gained," he says, "is due, in my opinion, to the fact that I work in absolute sincerity and always, I hope, in intense sympathy with and some understanding of my fellow creatures. What knowledge I have comes more from studying men, women, and children, Nature and the animal creation, than from poring over books."

You have only to look at Coulson Kernahan to know that he is no cloistered student whose library is all his world. He is not satisfied merely to read about life; he glories in going out and about and rubbing shoulders with it. Nowadays he is seldom seen in London literary society; he lives at Hastings, and whilst his brother-authors are bleaching in the city streets or dining together in crowds he is striding on long walks by the coast or into the country, getting a wholesome tan upon his face and filling his lungs with good fresh air and his eyes and his mind with the views and visions and large musings that are to be seen and heard in the quietude of lonely places.

He counts among his friends many who have done things not in literature alone but in divers fields of human activity, as you may gather from the numerous portraits on the walls of his library that bear friendly autographs of such men and women as Grant Allen, Lord Roberts, Tennyson, Marion Terry, Mark Twain, Oscar Wilde, Irene Vanbrugh, H. G. Wells, Hall Caine, George Meredith, H. B. Irving, Edward Whymper; and among his books you find some inscribed "With kind regards from A. J. Balfour"; "From your old chum Jerome K. Jerome"; and a collected edition of Swinburne "To Coulson Kernahan, whom Swinburne dearly loved and who was dearly loved by him, with affectionate regards from Theodore Watts-Dunton."

There is another volume on his shelves that is by no means to be overlooked, and that is a copy of the large-paper edition of "Lyra Elegantiarum," in the editorial work of the last edition of which Mr. Kernahan collaborated with Frederick Locker-Lampson, and on the fly-leaf of this Locker-Lampson inscribed some lines which, with Mr. Kernahan's permission, are here, for the first time, put into print:

"To Coulson Kernahan from Frederick Locker.

Verse of Society,
Filled with variety,
Sentiment, piety,
Lark and 'lurliety,'
Strictest sobriety,
No impropriety—
Here Locker and Kernahan, and Kernahan and Locker,
Tie a posy for Beauty. That nothing should shock her—
That's their anxiety!"

One of the most versatile of living authors—Coulson Kernahan is essayist, critic, poet, novelist, lecturer—above all, a dreamer of dreams, he is yet so alert and sensitively in touch with the every-day affairs of the world around him that he even takes an active interest in politics, is especially energetic in the matter of National Defence, and when the Teritorial movement started he promptly became an officer in that volunteer Army and has given a vigorous account of what he has seen and done and thought in that capacity in some articles in the *Daily Mail* and in his book, "An Author in the Territorials" (1908), declaring that his acquaintance with this phase of military life has taught him more of the class of men from whom "Tommy" is drawn than he could have learned by a year's reading—that it has helped him to understand and appreciate "Tommy Atkins" as he never understood and appreciated him before.

Two mistakes common to successful authors Mr. Kernahan has wisely avoided. He has not overwritten himself; despite many tempting offers from publishers when his earlier books were "booming," he resolutely took his own way and kept his own pace. He never had any ambition to turn out two or three volumes annually, and his twenty-one years of literary life have produced well under twenty-one books, and a half-dozen of these have been no more than 6,000 words in length; moreover, he has not settled down to use up and then use over and over again a limited stock of experiences, but has been and is still all the while broadening his outlook and adding to his knowledge of men and of the hearts and the souls of men.

XUM

THE READER.

PETER AND WENDY.*

By Alfred Noyes.

PETER Pan exists. That is the first and last thing to be said about him, and it is the highest praise of Mr. Barrie's genius. Peter Pan exists as very few other characters in fact or fiction exist. He is independent of print and paper. Artists may come and go; but they cannot hold or bind him. He refuses to be captured; and Mr. Barrie aids and abets him in his elusiveness.

There are certain inhabitants of our imagination who exist there by divine right, apparently, for though we have never met them, we know them so well that we could almost assume an absurd authority, and dispute this or that point in the official biography written by the mere author of their being. They exist as the Sphinx, as Napoleon, as Blackbeard exist. We cannot pluck the heart out of their mystery; but woe betide the unfortunate historian who discovers that rum was unknown upon the Spanish Main; that Napoleon always wore goloshes in wet weather, and that the Sphinx was a hastily executed caricature of an unpopular Suffragist in ancient Egypt. There never was, and never can be, a complete imprisonment of such beings within the pages of a book. One of the canniest titles of our time was that given by Lord Rosebery to his Napoleon—"The Last Phase"; and yet—the great being escaped, leaving perhaps one spur behind him, and a little of his profile. But what an achievement it is to create such a being, to create, out of the stuff of dreams, a living creature that leaps away from the pen and out of the pages of the book, and off the stage, and straight into the hearts and minds of us all, there to live and enchant and defy capture for ever. It was done by Defoe with Robinson Crusoe. It was done, in the grand style, by Cervantes with Don Quixote. It was done by Shakespeare with Hamlet, with Ariel, and with his Fools. But who that has taken these creatures into his own heart will be quite contented ever again with any printed record? We may search the pages of Cervantes for a glimpse of our hero, but it is like reading old letters, harrowing and unsatisfactory. Yet, after all, this is the great, the supreme test—does the character live beyond the book? And this test is answered by Peter Pan. He has been staged, sculptured, painted, sung in verse and prose, and by the genius of Mr. Barrie he has transcended it all as, I cannot but think, an immortal personality in the annals of fairyland.

In "Peter and Wendy" Mr. Barrie has not made the mistake of capturing his discovery, and delivering him over to his readers, bound hand and foot. In spite of all that has gone before, the reader devours the book greedily, and on page two hundred and sixty-seven he is left still hungry for more. It is with infallible art that Mr. Barrie approaches the perilous task of this delightful narrative of "specimen days" in the life of Peter Pan. It is made quite clear to us from the outset that Peter Pan does exist. As for Wendy and the rest of her family—"of course they lived at 14." Thus Mr. Barrie, on his opening page—and the reader is at once conscious that the number has always been in his own address-book. Never is the reader allowed to think, for a moment, that this record of Peter Pan's adventures is in any way exhaustive. "To describe them all would require a book as large as an English-Latin, Latin-English Dictionary, and the most we can do is to give one as a specimen of an average hour on the island. The difficulty is which one to choose." Mr. Barrie decides between that sanguinary brush with the red-skins at Slightly Gulch and several other equally exciting crises, by tossing for it. We follow the delightful magic thread of the tale through a purple forest of adventure. On all sides we are surrounded by infinite possibilities; yet we are kept cunningly to the matter in hand. It is this that distinguishes the story of Peter Pan from all other creations of the kind. In "Robinson Crusoe," for instance, we are distinctly limited and it was only by an oversight of the author that the shipwrecked mariner was able to divest himself of all his clothes, swim out to the wreck in the offing, and fill

Photo by G. C. Beresford

Mr. J. M. Barrie.

* "Peter and Wendy." By J. M. Barrie. Illustrated by F. D. Bedford. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

his pockets with ship's biscuits. Incidents of that kind do happen in a dream, and they happen in this modern tale of a dream-island, but only with the sanction of the rare genius that controls the happenings. Mr. Barrie knows the map of his dream-island, and never loses his way in it. He leaves that delightful adventure to the reader, and gives him room enough to wander from earth to heaven. For the map of his Never-land is the map of a child's mind—"always an island more or less, with astonishing splashes of colour here and there, and coral reefs and rakish-looking craft in the offing, and savages and lonely lairs, and gnomes who are mostly tailors, and caves through which a river runs, and princes with six elder brothers, and a hut fast going to decay, and one very small old lady with a hooked nose. . . . On these magic shores children at play are for ever beaching their coracles. We too have been there; we can still hear the sound of the surf, though we shall land no more."

WENDY'S STORY

Drawn by F. D. Bedford.
From "Peter and Wendy," by J. M. Barrie. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

That is Mr. Barrie's version of the "Ode on Immortality"; and though the deep note be only perceptible to the grown-up, and even to him only as a distant sea-murmur, like the sound of a most delicate and ethereal shell, it is always there. We see the floating trails of glorious cloud, and

> "the children sporting on the shore,
> And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore."

But Mr. Barrie will not consent to the theory that the gleaming magic must fade into the light of common day. The addition to the legends that concludes this book of "Peter and Wendy" is one of the most enchanting in the history of fairy-land. The boys are grown-up and done for. "You may see the twins and Nibs and Curly any day going to an office, each carrying a little bag and an umbrella." Wendy grew up and had a little daughter. Peter Pan, with the fickleness of children who are always "gay and innocent and heartless," had been left behind, forgotten, in the Never-land. One evening he flies in again at the window. "He was exactly the same as ever, and Wendy saw at once that he had all his first teeth." She has forgotten how to fly, and wants to turn up the light so that he may see the change in her.

> "For almost the only time in his life that I know of, Peter was afraid. 'Don't turn up the light,' he cried.
>
> "She let her hands play in the hair of the tragic boy. She was not a little girl heart-broken about him; she was a grown woman smiling at it all, but they were wet smiles."

It would not be fair to divulge the conclusion; but the whole of the chapter entitled "When Wendy Grew Up" tugs at the heart, and is a masterpiece of that pathos which trembles into smiles. No man living has written anything finer; and it defies criticism. It is enough to say that in reality the conclusion is no conclusion. The book is like the mind of Wendy's mother, or those "tiny boxes, one within the other, that come from the puzzling East. However many you discover there is always one more." Just as there are innumerable untold adventures around the thread of the story, so there is no real beginning and no real end. It is obviously a little piece of immortality. It is a book that goes on for ever, in every sense of the word; and its hero can never grow up or grow old "so long as children are gay and innocent and heartless." To understand this book, as all children under ninety will understand it, is to love it and never forget it. To criticise it, in the ordinary sense of the word, would be like dissecting a man's heart. There are pages in it that can only be described as the most sensitive in modern literature.

RUSKIN.

By A. C. Benson.

WHEN Ruskin was old and broken, not long before he sank into the final ten years' silence, one of his home-circle, speaking to him of "Præterita," which was then nearing its end, said, naming some episodes to him, "But will you not write of this and that?" and added, "You have given so incomplete a picture of yourself!" He replied half smiling, but with a flash of the old authoritativeness, "I have told people all that it is right for them to know!" He did not, alas, even complete "Præterita"; but it may seriously and decisively be questioned if a great figure like Ruskin has a right, so to speak, of mortmain over the record of his life. He was, if any one ever was, a public man. He had told the world his beliefs, he had directed it, inspired it, scolded it, even vituperated it. He had opened his mind and heart to mankind, he had never withheld himself or his wealth or his words; and in such a case the world has a right to know, in so far as that knowledge does not violate the privacies of other living persons, what that authority, that opinion, that counsel were based upon; why he thought as he did and acted as he did.

And now, more than a decade after his death, comes Mr. Cook's great book,* a solid, careful, sympathetic narrative, copiously illustrated from letters and diaries, and bringing the man's whole work and life into one plane, so that we can see it entire and complete. So much has been said and written and remembered about Ruskin—who, whatever else he was, was certainly one of the most vivid personalities of the age—that in much of his survey Mr. Cook cannot break new ground; but he puts many episodes in a clear light. For one thing, he makes much plainer the peculiar relation which existed between Ruskin and his parents. We know from eye-witnesses how in his presence they retained, till he was a middle-aged man, much of the brisk authority of his childhood. How they would interrupt a monologue of their renowned son to ask what he was saying and to call it nonsense; and how sweetly and graciously he would accept the contradiction and hold his peace. But we see now that in his letters he would take them almost harshly to task for the mistakes they had made in his nurture; and there is a letter from the father, in answer to one of Ruskin's remonstrances, which in its noble patience and its affectionate humility casts a very beautiful light upon the whole relation. The old man wrote:

> "I have, you know, my dearest John, two things to do, to indulge you and to leave you and Mama comfortably provided for . . . on the subject noticed in one of your letters on our different regard for public opinion, this is a malady or weakness with me, arising from want of self-respect. The latter causes much of my ill-temper, and when from misunderstanding or want of information I was losing some respect for you, my temper got doubly bad. We are all wanting in our relations towards the Supreme Being, the only source of peace and self-respect. But I never can open my soul to human beings on holy subjects."

That is one of the most beautiful and wonderful documents in the whole collection, and it shows how tender and perfect was the confidence and the regard with which the father treated the son. Again, Mr. Cook with great delicacy and frankness puts the whole tragedy of Mr. Ruskin's unhappy love for Rose La Touche in a perfectly clear and simple light, and just outlines the elements, hitherto unknown, which complicated beyond all hope of disentanglement the unhappy affair. This is very important, because there is nothing in Ruskin's whole life which had so deep an effect on his later development as this episode; and we can only say that for once we have a very sad and sacred story perfectly told with frankness and restraint.

John Ruskin.
From the drawing by George Richmond.

Yet there are many mysteries unsolved and perhaps insoluble. Mr. Cook does not linger over the mournful business of Ruskin's marriage and its dissolution; and nothing that he says serves to explain how it was that one of the most acutely sensitive of men can have borne such an incident, as he obviously did, not only with entire and complete indifference, but with a patent renewal of vigour and interest.

Mr. Cook's criticism of Ruskin's writings is throughout clear, sensible, and appreciative; if there is a fault, it is almost too sensible a treatment, if that is possible. The expression of a temperament like

* "The Life of John Ruskin." By E. T. Cook. 2 Vols. 21s. net. (George Allen & Co.)

Ruskin's is often ahead of his judgment; and it is on that very fact that much of his effect upon thought depended. His real work as an art-critic was not that he disposed of a weak and conventional tradition of art, or that he substituted another tradition, stronger perhaps, but hardly less conventional, for it; but that he really brought art within the reach of people who had never before regarded it as a serious concern, or as a source of refined pleasure, and taught them both to use their eyes and to interpret what they saw. Of course Ruskin over-interpreted a good deal of art; he mistook accidents and incidents for purposes and motives; having himself little creative faculty, he mistook the quality of creation, and substituted an intricate ethical and intellectual process for what was often only a happy improvisation. He may have injected—nay, he did inject—into his treatment of art a great deal of intention which was not really there; but after all, art is a symbolical thing: the pictures are there, and their suggestiveness is there; and a picture, like a sunset, may mean very different things to different people. What Ruskin did was to inspire men to see the impulse behind the expression. He hypnotised the artistic world for a time into seeing with his eyes and thinking with his mind; and of course created for a season a race of epigoni, Ruskinians, who copied their master's affectations, and saw nothing outside the circle of his lantern. But all that dies away, and there remains the fact that he quickened the artistic temperature of the world.

In architecture, the direct effect which he produced was almost disastrous. The growth of natural taste, of native tradition, had in England been horribly distorted by the Romantic movement, and still further cramped by the Oxford movement. Ruskin added a fresh and wholly deplorable impulse to the mean and exotic conventionalism. We seem at last to be finding our way to a real and vital kind of architecture. Ruskin only delayed that development by transplanting an entirely inappropriate tradition of building and ornament. But it all serves to illustrate the incredible persuasiveness and force of the man and the magical quality of his influence.

Of Ruskin as an Economist Mr. Cook has much that is true and weighty to say. Ruskin disguised his message by fantastic preferences, and his solution was vitiated by his romantic sense of feudal institutions. But he did undoubtedly see far into the complex situation, and he saw too that the question is not one of statistics and commercialism, but penetrated through and through with psychology. Much of what he indicated has become a matter of accepted fact; and to him and William Morris belongs the credit of having offered really fruitful and hopeful methods of attacking the social problem. No one can say where it will all end; but any one who studies Ruskin's political economy will be amazed to see how clearly and independently he came to an unacceptable conclusion, which, if not wholly confirmed by subsequent development, was at least abundantly justified.

One of the most striking points about Ruskin as a writer—and this Mr. Cook brings out very clearly and finely—was that the less artificial he became and the more he violated all accepted traditions of style and method, the more forcible and beautiful his expression became. Of course the earlier practice, the Hooker influence, the Johnson influence, was not thrown away. But any one who reads Ruskin discriminatingly can see how all the tricks and poises of the early pompous highly mannerised style died away, and left him able to do what many prophets have in vain desired to do, namely, to think aloud, distinctly and beautifully, and to make his later writing as allusive, as free, as natural as such rapid and kaleidoscopic thought can be. "Præterita" must remain, in its fragrance and limpidity, one of the most beautiful books of the time; but "Fors Clavigera" is a still more magnificent case of the expression of personality, which may be fairly held to be the last possibility of art.

And that is the final impression of Mr. Cook's calm, just, and temperate presentment; that Ruskin's message to his time is the message of a personality, not the message of a critic or an economist or a littérateur. His passage was loud and bright, like the passage of a sound or a flame; and yet for all his tenderness, his intimacy, his playfulness, one feels him to have been a solitary man. He loved and caressed humanity as most people love and caress animals; he was aloof, apart, all the time, thinking his own thoughts, dreaming his own dreams; even his closest friendships were critical friendships; he never got very far away from the duty of correction. But it remains, the record, the tremendous output, the restless energy, the heart-breaking industry, as the monument of a spirit which burned and glowed with a furnace-like conflagration. Ruskin's life, we may say without exaggeration, is one of those which confirms man's flashing hope of immortality as with an answering peal of thunder. The thing, the man, the soul behind the man is so intense and so individual, that one recognises in it the awful and impenetrable essence of life and force, the essence that may be imprisoned, tortured, wounded, maimed, yet is of its quality vital, ineffaceable, immortal.

ART AND LITERATURE.

NOTES ON SOME OF THE CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

IF Art is a jewel of many facets, I am afraid the Art Critic is too often an unfortunate gentleman who is so dazzled by one of them that he can't see any of the others. For myself, I have abstained from becoming an art critic because I have a selfish objection to limiting my sources of enjoyment. I have rather a nice taste in caviare, but it does not spoil my appreciation of the common roasts and boileds. If you bring me a Whistler and a Millais I don't sigh, "How happy could I be with either!" but am easily able to be quite happy with both.

WHISTLER.

I have just been reading Mr. and Mrs. Pennell's fascinating biography of Whistler,[1] and found it so absorbingly interesting that it kept me still reading when I ought to have been doing other things. But the one quality that disappoints me again in Whistler, as it has always disappointed me, is the imperfection of his artistic sympathies, and it disappoints me too to find that Mr. Pennell seems to share that disadvantage with him. I am relying on Mr. Pennell's not caring two straws for my opinion, and therefore forgiving me for saying this. Bitterness is always a small thing, and Whistler was so great that one wonders he was incapable of recognising the different greatness of some of the contemporaries at whom he sneered. And I wish Mr. Pennell had not felt it necessary to the vindication of Whistler's genius that he should write: "The classic machines of Leighton, Tadema, and Poynter appealed to the artless scholar; the idylls of Millais, Marcus Stone, and Leslie to the artless sentimentalist. Watts preached sermons for the artless serious, Stacy Marks raised a laugh in the artless humorist, Herbert and Long edified the artless pious." There is something more than that to be said of Millais and Watts, at all events, and we may safely leave the future to say it. For the moment, perhaps, it is enough that Mr. Pennell's appreciation of Whistler is perfect; he gives such fine and sympathetic criticism of his work and so intimate and living a picture of the man himself as makes this one of the few great biographies in English literature.

After all, it would be a dreadful business if every artist had the same ideal and worked on the same principle and they all had only one style between them. I have been spending a day pleasantly enough in looking through a number of the Christmas colour-books, and though I am full of admiration for Edmund Dulac's fanciful, delicate work, I am very glad that Frank Reynolds, Arthur Rackham, Willy Pogány, Charles Robinson, Hugh Thomson, Cayley Robinson, and a score of others give us something that is at once different and equally admirable. Art would be a dreary affair if it appealed simply to connoisseurs. No one artist satisfies everybody, but every artist satisfies somebody; and it is by this breadth and variety of its manifestations that Art becomes a living force and takes hold upon the common heart of the world.

WAGNER AND HANS ANDERSEN.

Mr. Rackham won golden opinions last year for his brilliantly imaginative interpretations in colour and line of the bizarre, fantastic legendary stories of certain of the Wagner operas, and now he repeats his last year's triumph in the illustrations he has done for Miss Margaret Armour's translations of "Siegfried" and "The Twilight of the Gods."[1] He has found in the grim humour of Mime, the weird ugliness of Fafner, the elvish daintiness of the Rhine-maidens subjects peculiarly suited to his powers; and another of the Wagner legends, "Tannhäuser,"[2] has supplied Mr. Willy Pogány with scenes of sensuous beauty and unearthly vision, scenes that are edged with mystery and wrapt in the elusive dream-atmosphere that he knows so cunningly how to portray. In certain qualities of fantasy and delicate strength, and lurid, imaginative daring, Mr. Rackham and Mr. Pogany are, in their separate styles, inimitable, but for sheer grace and poetry

[1] "The Life of James McNeill Whistler." By E. R. and J. Pennell. New and revised edition. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)

[1] "Siegfried" and "The Twilight of the Gods." Translated by Margaret Armour. Illustrated by Arthur Rackham. 15s. net. (Heinemann.)

[2] "Tannhäuser." Translated by T. W. Rolleston. Illustrated by Willy Pogány. 15s. net. (Harrap.)

Selborne.

(Reduced.) From a colour illustration in "The Natural History of Selborne." (Macmillan.)

of feeling I am inclined to give the palm to Mr. Edmund Dulac. I doubt if Mr. Dulac has ever done better work as a book-illustrator than he has put into the series of colour-plates with which he has illustrated Hans Andersen.[1] I am not so much taken with his presentment of such themes as the bad demon and the mirror, quaint as they are; but look at the real Princess rising up in her high, huge bed; or the Snow Queen flying over the snow-cowled house-tops, with the lighted windows of the church and the houses glowing through the night; or the bored Princess seated on her throne; or, perhaps best of all, little Gerda drifting down the river in her boat, and the old, old woman coming out of her house, by the door of which the wooden soldier stands on guard; and you cannot but feel how wonderfully he has caught the charm and quaint, serious fancy with which the imagination of the child invests such matters.

"As byrde in bour."

(Reduced) From a colour-plate by Keith Henderson in "The Romaunt of the Rose." (Chatto & Windus).

We pass out of these dreamlands into the homelier world that is our own dwelling-place when we open White's "Selborne"[2] and let our eyes travel over Mr. Collins's leafy landscapes and his living glimpses of the quiet byways and pleasant country cottages among which Gilbert White lived and worked. In this large volume, with its many beautiful plates, White's immortal letters are ideally enshrined. It is never a far cry from natural history to poetry, and we are still in our old earthly world but among its more intensely human elements when we turn to the "Songs and Lyrics of Robert Burns."[1] Scenery plays a large part again in the illustrations, but a charming figure of womanhood moves across the banks and braes, a toil-worn cotter tramps over the brown moor, a ploughman pauses at his labour in the billowy field. Mr. William Macdonald's introduction is a sound, discriminating piece of criticism; so far from resenting the unpleasant truths in Henley's critical essay on Burns, he accepts them indifferently, and is contented that none the less Henley found in Burns true matter of humanity and literature, and that so "his work has done more to de-provincialise Burns—to dissipate, I mean, the subtly limiting and obscuring presupposition of provincialism with which many even of the worthy were wont to approach him—than all the annual panegyrics of the Poet's own countrymen, most of which, to be sure, have wrought to quite contrary effect." A hard but just saying, and one that the Burns Clubs might profitably think about.

[1] "Stories from Hans Andersen." Illustrated by Edmund Dulac. 15s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

[2] "Natural History of Selborne." By Gilbert White. Illustrated by G. E. Collins. 10s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

**"Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love."**

From "Songs and Lyrics of Burns." (Lee Warner.)

MAETERLINCK.

It is almost as impossible to make pictures for some books as to make words for some music, and although

[1] "Songs and Lyrics of Robert Burns." Illustrated by W. R. and R. P. Flint. With an Introduction by William Macdonald. 10s. 6d. net. (Lee Warner.)

"The Blue Bird"[1] has been produced successfully on the stage, and we are familiar with its principal scenes in sketches and photographs, I should have placed it among those books that are better left unillustrated. It is all so intangible, so concerned with the inner rather than the outer life, so compact of imagination, that I confess I approached this pictorial edition of it hesitantly. The most delicate handling might so easily thumb the dust of dreams on the wings of Maeterlinck's spiritual allegory and mar its loveliness. Though Blake could see the airiest and most shining angels with the eye of his soul, they became heavy creatures of flesh in his pictures. But Mr. Cayley Robinson has met the difficulties presented by the elusive allegorical significances of "The Blue Bird" with unerring tact and a sensitive artistic reticence. He has illustrated the mysticism of the story, in its remoter aspects, in a purely decorative fashion; and these decorative paintings, like the others, all of which lean to the more simply human side of the drama, are excellent and entirely satisfying. The air of wonder and mystery that forms the native atmosphere of the play seems to have entered subtly into the soft, misty blues and greys, and into all the lights and shadows of Mr. Cayley Robinson's pictures. One of the "Land of Memory" scenes has perhaps too solid a look, but the other, where the children are groping their way out by the trees, and the little cottage and its people are nothing but glimmerings and ghostly hints in the gloom, has the true dream-like, fading unsubstantiality.

The Bird about to fly off from between the children's hands.

From one of F. Cayley Robinson's illustrations in colour in "The Blue Bird," by Maurice Maeterlinck. (Methuen.)

As for exactly what the symbolism of the play may mean, we need not trouble ourselves overmuch about that. It means as much for each of us as we can read into it. Mr. Henry Rose, who wrote a book on Maeterlinck's Symbolism in "The Blue Bird," has just published another on Maeterlinck,[1] with special reference to the symbolism in the same play, and he says it "is primarily an allegory on Man's search for spiritual truth." On the other hand, Mr. Edward Thomas, in his acute and ably written volume on the life and work of Maeterlinck,[2] declares that "the Blue Bird means happiness, as the White Peacocks of 'Serres Chaudes' mean ennui, and no more." One of the most interesting of the chapters Mr. Thomas devotes to discussing Maeterlinck's books is that which offers a thoughtful study of the "Life of the Bee,"[3] of which Messrs. Allen have published a sumptuous new edition, illustrated in colour by Edward J. Detmold. Everybody who knows Mr. Detmold's work will guess without any describings of mine with what delicacy and realistic vividness he has given form and hue to the bees and flowers that decorate these pages. There are wonderful pictures of the honeycomb; of the interior of a hive with the bees swarming in and founding their city; and, a masterly piece of life and colour, the duel of the Queen Bees.

[1] "The Blue Bird." By Maurice Maeterlinck. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. Illustrated by F. Cayley Robinson. 21s. net. (Methuen.)

[1] "On Maeterlinck: or Notes on the Study of Symbols." By Henry Rose. 1s. net. (Fifield.)

[2] "Maurice Maeterlinck." By Edward Thomas. 5s. net. (Methuen.)

[3] "The Life of the Bee." By Maurice Maeterlinck. Translated by Alfred Sutro. Illustrated by Edward J. Detmold. 21s. net. (Allen.)

For the book itself, I shall content myself by agreeing with Mr. Thomas, who says: "It is without contemporary rival in its own kind, whether among books on the bee or among natural histories in general, for no writer of comparable power has concentrated himself upon one subject in the same imaginative spirit."

M. Maeterlinck's new little book, on "Death,"[1] breathes something of that vague but heartening suggestion of eternal hope that underlies the allegory of "The Blue Bird." Until I read it for myself, I gathered from various reviews that it was devoted to a proposition that doctors should mercifully end the life of a patient who was beyond possibility of recovery and dying in pain. This, however, is only an incidental argument, and forms but a small part of this little volume which sets itself to account for the horror we have of dying, and to show how that horror may be subdued. It speculates reverently but fearlessly on the after-life, and puts the case for some form of immortality beyond the grave with a clearness and largeness of vision that all who go in dread of the great darkness will find consoling and sustaining. It proves nothing, of course, but it opens wide a door of infinite hope.

[1] "Death." By Maurice Maeterlinck. Translated by A. Teixeira de Mattos. 3s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

The Duel of the Queens.

From a colour-plate by Edward J. Detmold in "The Life of the Bee," by Maurice Maeterlinck. (Allen.)

TENNYSON AND SHELLEY.

Tennyson's style is essentially pictorial: even when he was didactic, as in "In Memoriam," he still thought and wrote continually in pictures, so that almost all his poetry cries out to the artist to give its crowding fancies and glittering imagery visible shape and colour, and none of it more insistently than those glamorous mediæval stories that Miss Brickdale has illustrated very happily in this fresh edition of "The Idylls of the King."[1] Shelley, too, makes a very special appeal to the artist, but offers him less scope and puts a higher tax upon his power of imagination and his gifts of expression; for Shelley has less traffic with the visible world of men

[1] "Idylls of the King." By Tennyson. Illustrated by Eleanor Fortescue Brickdale. 15s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

and facts, and more with that of the spirit and of dreams, with abstractions of the winds, the clouds, and the sky, and

> "dewy morn, and odorous noon, and even,
> With sunset and its gorgeous ministers,
> And solemn midnight's tingling silentness."

But in Messrs. Hutchinson's edition of Shelley's "Nature Poems,"[1] Mr. William Hyde has captured something of the dazzling, evasive meanings that shimmer and darkle under Shelley's glorious lines, and has got into his sixteen illustrations the tone and atmosphere of the poems, and strange shadows of their frail, ethereal splendours.

It is one of Shelley's poems, "The Sensitive Plant,"[2] that has inspired the latest achievements of Mr. Charles Robinson and, to our thinking, the most finely imaginative and most delicately finished paintings he has ever done. The obvious motif that runs through and harmonises his work here is this: starting from the gate that shows upon the cover, he proceeds to conduct you through a wondrous garden in company with the charming little amorinis and cupids who fly or poise or sit or run or lurk among blossoms above or below the text on every page; and from time to time he stops and in the large plates notes some of the more striking, more beautiful of the thoughts and images that arise out of the poem. In a scholarly, interesting preface Mr. Edmund Gosse tells of the origin of "The Sensitive Plant," and of the worthy but somewhat disillusioning lady who was the original of that sweet lady the mistress of that wonderful garden in which the plant grew.

**"They found a naked child upon the sands
Of dark Dundagil by the Cornish sea;
And that was Arthur."**—*Tennyson.*

From a colour-plate by Eleanor Fortescue Brickdale in "Idylls of the King." (Hodder & Stoughton.)

[1] "Shelley's Nature Poems." With Water-Colour Drawings by William Hyde. 7s. 6d. net. (Hutchinson.)

[2] "The Sensitive Plant." By Shelley. Illustrated by Charles Robinson. 15s. net. (Heinemann.)

FOR CHILDREN.

"A Book of Children's Verse,"[1] compiled and arranged by Miss Mabel and Miss Lilian Quiller Couch, must be about the largest and most magnificently produced anthology in existence for children; certainly it is the amplest I have seen, and the best. There are poems among the two hundred included that will suit boys and girls of all ages and all dispositions, and they are well and comfortably arranged in sections under such artful headings as "Fairies and Fancies," "Birds and Flowers, Beasts and Insects," "Stories in Verse," "Romance and Heroism," "Fun and Frolic," "Bedtime," and "For Sundays and Quiet Days." You feel secure of the editors' fitness when you notice that they have not kept to the beaten paths, but know their subject so well that in addition to poems by many of our greatest poets of the past, they take in much delightful work by lesser known writers, living and dead, and that in addition to some of the most characteristic of Jane and Ann Taylor's quaint, inimitable verses they give you a goodly number of the dainty, fancifully humorous poems of that too little remembered laureate of the nursery, W. B. Rands.

The greatest writers of stories for children have always been also the greatest writers of fiction for adults, so it is not at all surprising that the first of living French novelists should have given us such a book as "Honey Bee"[2]—"one of the loveliest and noblest of stories," as Mrs. John Lane, the translator, says in her introduction: "a story overflowing with poetic imagination, wisdom and humour," and yet with

[1] "A Book of Children's Verse." Arranged by Mabel and Lilian Quiller Couch. Illustrated by M. Etheldreda Gray. 15s. net. (Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton.)

[2] "Honey Bee." By Anatole France. Translated by Mrs. John Lane. Illustrated by Florence Lundborg. 5s. (John Lane.)

its golden-haired princess, who gives her name to it, and her good and lovable dwarfs, all as simple and enchanting as Cinderella, Aladdin, the Sleeping Beauty, and those other immortal romances of childhood. Mrs. Lane has caught and kept the charm of the original in her excellent translation, and Miss Florence Lundborg has repeated it in her very pleasing and sympathetic illustrations.

OLD ROMANCE.

Three books that come trailing with them a glory of old-world remembrances are these "Stories from the Pentamerone," [1] "The Romaunt of the Rose," [2] and that most haunting and impressive of morality-plays, "Everyman." [3] The first follows the translation that was made by Taylor in 1847; it includes some of the best and most famous of the Pentameron stories, and finds an understanding and gifted illustrator in Mr. Warwick Goble. "The Romaunt of the Rose" is, of course, in Chaucer's rendering; no modern poet could hope to surpass the winsome quaintness and fitting naïveté of that ancient paraphrase, and it is the highest praise the artists could have to say that their carefully reproduced water-colour drawings harmonise perfectly with the text. I should need more space than remains to me if I attempted to say all that should be said of "Everyman." Nothing but its own inherent beauty of idea and the native sweetness and goodness of its poetry has saved it from being lost long since with the hundreds of other moralities that Time has ages ago dropped into that wallet at his back wherein he puts alms for oblivion. This is a very worthy edition of what has become a classic in its kind, and Mr. Amschewitz has subtly preserved the unaffected, effective simplicity and rich mediævalism of the play in his remarkable series of colour-plates.

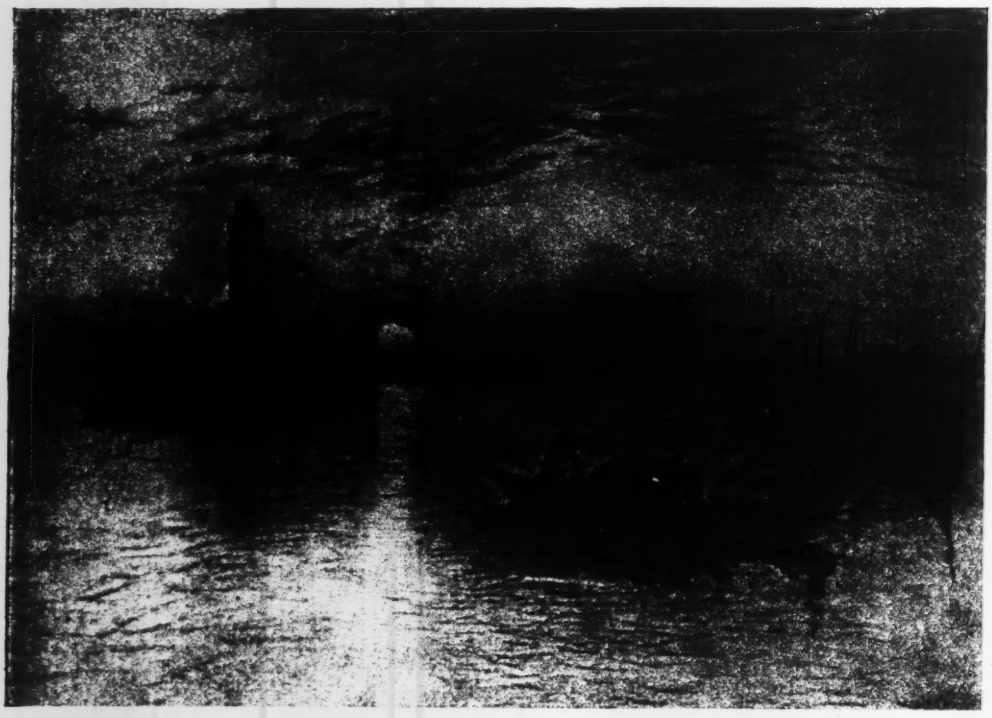
There is a fragrance in the look of Mr. Wright's "Roses and Rose Gardens" [1] and in the sound of its title that somehow brings it into harmony with those old imaginative stories I have just turned from. Roses are inseparable from romance, but Mr. Wright limits himself to the indispensable, practical aspect of them, and tells you all about their history and how and where to grow them. The amateur gardener cultivating roses for pleasure and to glorify his own garden, and the more serious horticulturist growing them for the market or for exhibition purposes, will find all the hints and information he requires to those ends in this volume of Mr. Wright's. It is the rose-grower's complete vade mecum.

I have left myself no room to do more than add a passing reference to the several good books that still remain on my table—good books, I premise, because I selected this handful only from among such of the Christmas volumes as for the merits of their authors or artists, or both, I can unreservedly recommend. One is Izaak Walton's "Complete Angler" [2]—"so redolent," as Mr. R. B. Marston writes in his capital preface, "of everything that adds delight to fishing," and in the pictures to which, I think with Mr. Marston, the artist, Mr. James Thorpe, "has caught so admirably the light-hearted, joyous, almost boyish spirit of Walton." Another is a new and very beautifully illustrated edition of Michael Fairless's one immortal volume of picturesque and graciously philosophical esssays, "The Roadmender." [3] Others are

[1] "Stories from the Pentamerone." Selected and Edited by E. F. Strange. Illustrated by Warwick Goble. 15s. net. (Macmillan.)

[2] "The Romaunt of the Rose." With 24 Illustrations in facsimile from Water-Colour Drawings by Keith Henderson and Norman Wilkinson of Four Oaks. 21s. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

[3] "Everyman." A reprint of the text as edited by F. Sidgwick. With 10 Plates reproduced by the Medici process after the Water Colours by J. H. Amschewitz. £2 2s. net. (Lee Warner.)



Venice.

From a colour-plate by William Hyde in "Shelley's Nature Poems." (Hutchinson.)

[1] "Roses and Rose Gardens. By Walter P. Wright. 12s. 6d. net. (Headley Bros.)

[2] "The Complete Angler." By Izaac Walton. Illustrated by James Thorpe. 15s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

[3] 'The Roadmender." By Michael Fairless. Illustrated by E. W. Waite. 7s. 6d. net. (Duckworth.)

Messrs. Bell's new edition of "Jane Eyre,"[1] which is in the series that Miss M. V. Wheelhouse illustrates so charmingly, and has an admirable preface by Mr. Clement Shorter; an attractive edition of "Don Quixote,"[2] with illustrations by Paul Hardy, from the same publishers; a beautifully got-up reissue of Blackmore's great romance of Exmoor, "Lorna Doone,"[3] with seventy-three illustrations by Gordon Browne, thirteen of them in colour—a most desirable Christmas gift-book; and Dana's "Two Years before the Mast,"[4] from Macmillan's, with a very good introduction by Sir Wilfred Grenfell, and a series of colour illustrations by Charles Pears that, to my thinking, include some of the finest of those sea-pictures that he paints so effectively and with such an individual touch.

Gubbio: Via Carmignano.

From a drawing by Yoshio Markino in "A Little Pilgrimage in Italy," by Olave M. Potter. (Constable.)

YOSHIO MARKINO.

I start a new line with "A Little Pilgrimage in Italy,"[5] partly because the last paragraph was getting long, but chiefly because the art of Mr. Yoshio Markino is a thing of itself and cannot be bracketed with anything else. Miss Potter tells us that she set forth on a summer morning with two other pilgrims "in search of sunshine and the middle ages," and she found both in Italy, in the streets of the great towns on the plains, and more especially in the hills and among the ancient cities of the hills, and she relates the story of that pilgrimage in these fascinating pages. It is, as she promises at the outset, "a book of simple delights, a chronicle of simple pleasures," and this delight and these pleasures are accentuated for the reader by Mr. Markino's exquisite presentments of the haunts of peace and beauty that the pilgrims visited.

Two large and handsome volumes containing a number of delicate and strikingly effective etchings and drawings by Mr. Muirhead Bone and Mr. Hanslip Fletcher[6] are among the most notable of the year's art books, but I am leaving the remarkable work of these two artists to be fully and adequately dealt with elsewhere. Another to be dealt with elsewhere is the dainty new edition of Mr. Alfred Noyes's mystic, tenderly fanciful narrative poem, "The Forest of Wild Thyme."[7]

[1] "Jane Eyre." By Charlotte Brontë. Illustrated by M. V. Wheelhouse. 3s. 6d. net. (Bell.)
[2] "Don Quixote." Illustrated by Paul Hardy. (Bell.)
[3] "Lorna Doone." By R. D. Blackmore. Illustrated in colour and with pen-and-ink drawings by Gordon Browne. 10s. 6d. net. (W. & R. Chambers.)
[4] "Two Years before the Mast." By Richard Hanry Dana. Illustrated by Charles Pears. 8s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)
[5] "A Little Pilgrimage in Italy." By O. M. Potter. Illustrated by Yoshio Markino. 12s. 6d. net. (Constable.)
[6] "Glasgow: Fifty Drawings." By Muirhead Bone. With Notes on Glasgow by A. H. Charteris. (Maclehose.)—"Edinburgh Revisited." By James Bone. With Etched Frontispiece, 16 Mounted Collotype and 50 Line Drawings by Hanslip Fletcher. 21s. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)
[7] "The Forest of Wild Thyme." By Alfred Noyes. Illustrated by Claude E. Shepperson. 6s. and 10s. 6d. net. (Blackwood.)

"The Flower of Gloster"[1] was the name of a barge on which Mr. Temple Thurston went a voyage up the less-frequented canals of England, and in a book named after the barge he describes with all his wonted charm and humour the characters he met and the places and things that he saw. Incidentally he sows his pleasant pages with shrewd reflections and light but acute bits of philosophy, and beautifies them with Mr. W. R. Dakin's graceful colour-drawings.

But as it does not seem appropriate to end a Christmas article with a summer voyage on a barge, here is yet one more book, and one that is of a Christmassy and in every way different kind. It is "Below Zero"[2]—a collection of irresponsibly humorous verses by A. E. Johnson, illustrated by laughable and equally irresponsible colour pictures by Noel Pocock, and all about bobbing, ski-ing, curling, skating, and those winter sports that belong to this time of year and so help me to a seasonable note to close on.

S. J.

[1] "The Flower of Gloster." By E. Temple Thurston. Illustrated by W. R. Dakin. 7s. 6d. net. (Williams & Norgate.)
[2] "Below Zero: A Travesty of Winter Sport." By Noel Pocock. With Verses adapted to the Occasion by A. E. Johnson. 7s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

DECEMBER, 1911.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

The date fixed above for sending in answers does not apply to Competitors resident abroad, except in the case of competition No. 2; answers from foreign or Colonial readers for competitions 1, 3 and 4 (the subjects of these being the same each month) will be admissible to the first competitions that are adjudicated upon after the date of their receipt.

Each competitor may send in any number of attempts, provided each attempt is written on a separate sheet of paper.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best New Year resolution supposed to be made by any well-known living author, in four lines of verse.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of authors and publishers at head of their reviews.

IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

V.—A SPECIAL PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS, beautifully illustrated in colour, will be given for the best selection in prose or verse of what has been said in literature about (1) The companionship of dogs, (2) The loss of a dog, (3) The intelligence of dogs.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

I.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is awarded to Miss A. J. NORTON, of 63, Ivy Road, Northampton, for the following:

A KEEPER OF THE ROBES. By FRANKFORT MOORE. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"O my prophetic soul—my uncle!"
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, V. 40.

We also select for printing:

THE MISSING MILLIONAIRE. By CHRISTOPHER WILSON. (Blackwood.)

"Blow him again to me."—TENNYSON, *Sweet and Low.*

(Beatrice A. Hotten, 42, Thornhill Road, Islington, London, N.)

A BAD BEGINNING. By KATHARINE MACQUOID. (Smith, Elder.)

"Her 'prentice han' she tried on man. . . ."
ROBERT BURNS, *Green Grow the Rashes, O.*

(Miss M. O. Bartlett, 128, Bethune Road, Stamford Hill, N.)

THE DANGER ZONE. By FANNY HEASLIP LEA. (Melrose.)

"'Will you walk into my parlour?'
Said the spider to the fly."
M. HOWITT, *The Spider and the Fly.*

(Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown, The Manse, Derby Road, Woodford, N.E.)

CHURCH CUSTOMS: DESCRIBED AND EXPLAINED. By the VERY REV. VERNON STALEY. (Mowbray.)

"It cannot be—it is, it is—
A hat is going round."
O. W. HOLMES, *The Music Grinders.*

(Mrs. Dora Maw, 2, Heathfield Park, N.W.)

PAY DAY. By C. H. HENDERSON. (Constable.)

"Hail! smiling morn,
That tips the hills with gold."
Old Glee, Music by SPOFFORTH.

(Miss M. Dean, 38, Hall Lane, Hindley, nr. Wigan.)

TWO TO NOWHERE. By A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK. (Unwin.)

"The dish ran away with the spoon."
Old Nursery Rhyme.

(E. A. Pearson, Heath House, Fleet, Hants.)

THE IRON WOMAN. By MRS. MARGARET DELAND. (Harpers.)

"I fear thy kisses, gentle maiden."
P. B. SHELLEY.

(Daisy H. Badland, 41, Bickerton Road, Wadsley Bridge, Sheffield.)

THE QUEEN'S TRAGEDY. By ROBERT HUGH BENSON. (Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons.)

AN IMPERIAL VICTIM. By MRS. CUTHELL. (Stanley Paul.)

"The Queen of Hearts she made some tarts,
Upon a summer's day,
The Knave of Hearts he stole those tarts,
And took them all away."
English Nursery Rhyme.

(Grace Kinnear, Kirkby Road, Ripon, Yorks; Miss Shaw, Chesterholme, Park Road, Ipswich; Miss W. McCormick, Rocklands, Tramore, Waterford, and Leslie M. Priest, 101, College Road, Norwich.)

II.—We have received so many good passages from English literature concerning Christmas that it has not been easy to arrive at a decision. Some forty or fifty competitors have sent extracts from Dickens, and nearly as many from Washington Irving; four have sent the same excellent paragraph from James Smetham's Letters; a goodly number have chosen something from Addison, Ruskin, Lamb, George Eliot, Richard Jefferies, Hardy, Kipling, Stevenson—eight have sent the same famous passage from the latter—and it is pleasant to find Alexander Smith well remembered. On the whole we have decided to award the PRIZE OF THREE NEW

BOOKS to Mr. J. RICHARD ELLAWAY, of Lynmoor, Basingstoke, for the following:

"For at least one night on each year over all Christendom there is brotherhood. And good men, sitting amongst their families, or by a solitary fire like me, when they remember the light that shone over the poor clowns huddling on the Bethlehem plains eighteen hundred years ago, the apparition of shining angels overhead, the song, 'Peace on Earth and Goodwill towards Men,' which for the first time hallowed the midnight air—pray for that strain's fulfilment, that battle and strife may vex the nations no more, that not only on Christmas Eve, but the whole year round, men shall be brethren, owning one Father in heaven."—ALEXANDER SMITH, *Dreamthorpe*.

The best of the other extracts have been sent by the Rev. Charles Henry Hodgson (Wells-next-Sea), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), R. C. Cochran (Paisley), Edna Smallwood (Highbury), Mrs. Couchman (Exeter), Thomas Lanfear (London, S.E.), Mrs. Chas. Wright (Sutton), Mrs. Pocock (Yeovil), H. P. Ogle (Budleigh Salterton), Barbara M. Pippet (Solihull), K. Capper (Saffron Walden), A Cameron Shore (Croydon), Janet Tatham (Guildford), Alice M. Morgan (Sheffield), Miss Oldham (St. Andrews), Mrs. Sybilla Stirling (Glenfarg), Miss C. Ogle (Budleigh Salterton), Miss Shaw (Ipswich), George Stanton (Leicester), W. Everitt (Nottingham), Charles Webb (King's Lynn), Helen Crawford (Ballymena, Co. Antrim), Mrs. G. M. Norman (Bury), Mary E. Everitt (Ipswich), Muriel M. Jones (Swansea), Ernest F. Seymour (Kilburn), M. Cornish (London, S.E.), A. R. Williams (Worcester), Grace Kinnear (Ripon), Fredk. Edgar Bolt (London, S.E.), A. Mannington Sayers (Sheffield), Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown (S. Woodford), R. G. Wyatt (London, E.), Rev. F. Hern (Rowlands Castle), Mrs. Tyson Waller (Hull), A. Smith (Leith), E. Beckett (Wolverhampton), Evelyn M. Abbott (Old Malton), Charles Powell (Manchester), Daisy H. Badland (Sheffield), Edward John Hales (Wolverhampton), Miss Mackechnie (St. Andrews), Emily Hunt (Llanfairfechan), John W. Aspinall (Liverpool), Mrs. Mabel Webb (King's Lynn), Nora Davison (Somerset), Lucy J. Taylor (Birmingham), Miss M. S. Lambert (Putney), George Fawcett (Belfast), L. H. Cooke (Stockport), Irene Pollock Lalonde (Bath), Miss M. L. Swain (Gillingham), Alex. McLennan (Callander), Harold Dorning (Hale), J. N. Lloyd (Godalming), Miss E. C. Rhodes (Harrogate), Miss L. Mugford (Sutton-at-Hone), Grace Pardoe (London, S.W.), J. A. Adamson (Liverpool), William Morriss (Sheffield), E. Waller (Wimbledon), Ellen L. Clutterbuck (Bromley), Daisy L. Smith (Walsall), W. A. Gilmour (Kingstown), J. B. Young (East Croydon), Mrs. Lister (Northallerton), Thomas George Sloane (Belfast), Vivien D. Newman (Birmingham), Isa M. Jackson (Glasgow), Ronald H. Kidd (Hampstead), Gerard W. Meuter (Worthing), T. B. Worthington (Barrow-in-Furness), Leslie M. Priest (Norwich), Mrs. Creswell Payne (St. Austell), Miss E. Porter (Belfast), Emily Harrison (Kensington), E. Railton Ward (Altrincham), Mary C. Jobson (Middleton-one-Row), Ernest A. Fuller (Greenwich), Edith E. Davies (Cardiff), John Murdoch (Edinburgh), Mary Brice (Hyde Park, W.), Miss R. Goodwin (Clapham), F. W. Johns (Taunton), Ethel Lord (Gt. Malvern), J. Herbert Brown (Hull), Mrs. Tyson Waller (Hull), Lilian James (Beaconsfield), M. L. Hobson (Malton), Beatrice Craig (Straidanan, Co. Derry), Miss B. Spencer (Weston), H. Jacob (Greystones), and H. Caby (Fordham).

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to Miss EMILY HUNT, of Glasfryn, Llanfairfechan, for the following:

POOR EMMA. By EVELYN TEMPEST. (Hodder & Stoughton.) The just retribution meted out to Emma in the last chapter

The Wind in a Frolic.

From one of M. Ethelreda Gray's illustrations in colour in "A Book of Children's Verse." Arranged by Mabel and Lilian Quiller Couch. (Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton.)

Drawn by F. D. Bedford for "Peter and Wendy," by J. M. Barrie. (Hodder & Stoughton.) See page 131.

is a real solace to the sympathetic reader, who has followed with no small indignation the heartless tyrannies practised upon her husband and stepson. Her character is, unfortunately, not untrue to life. The pleasing difference between the sisters' dispositions is well drawn out—Linda's fine independent spirit as contrasted with Emma's cringing toadyism. One of the most life-like characters in the book is the strenuous old aunt, whose adherence to the system of "thorough" in domestic matters, even when away from home, makes a very amusing picture.

Other good reviews received are:

ETHAN FROME. By EDITH WHARTON. (Macmillan.)

It is impossible to praise this little masterpiece too highly. Though a tragedy, it is written with such simplicity, restraint, and complete mastery of style as to be without any sordidness. The theme is an old one—that of a man in love with a woman not his wife—but the ending, grave, tragic, yet curiously inevitable, is one we have never met before. A sense of atmosphere is conveyed throughout the book with peculiar strength. While reading it we could see the "waves" of snow described and hear the wind scouting round that deathly New England farmhouse.

(Miss M. V. Woodgate, 68, South Eaton Place, S.W.)

THE MAHATMA AND THE HARE: A DREAM STORY. By RIDER HAGGARD. (Longmans.)

Rider Haggard has done as much for English country life as any living man. He tells this beautiful dream story with fairness, humour, and delicacy. Mahatma, in Shadowland, meets a hare who relates his bitter earthly experiences. He is eventually rescued in the open sea by Tom, the Squire's son. In the Land of Shadows the hare and Squire meet. When the Shining Presences appear to admit souls from South and North, from West and East, the hare is bidden to pass in first, because he has suffered most and has the first right to taste of peace and oblivion.

(M. A. Newman, The Old White House, Badingham, Suffolk.)

THE CRITICAL ATTITUDE. By FORD MADOX HUEFFER. (Duckworth.)

Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer is singularly fitted for the rôle which he has assumed. He exhibits, in an exceptional degree, that air of detachment so necessary to the balanced critic, and shows himself capable of constructive as well as destructive work. Whilst it is the true function of criticism to expose faults and shortcomings, nothing is gained by the use of the heavy hand. Even a castigation may be benevolently inspired, and in the book before us the heart is never entirely dominated by the intellect. The result is an excellent piece of sane criticism and literary craftsmanship.

(Wallace West, 66, Lady Somerset Road, Highgate Road, N.W.)

THE LETTERS OF A SPINSTER. By WINIFRED JAMES. (Chapman & Hall.)

Perhaps the most interesting thing connected with this book is the fact that on its title-page Miss James acknowledges the authorship of "Letters to My Son." These other letters are written with just the same charm, and with delightful inconsequence. As the "spinster" herself says, they are really "talks," and that is why they so very much remind us of Mrs. John Lane's essays. Miss James's heroine reveals herself as such a charming person that the hitherto opprobrious name "spinster" must become

"He halted to the stile whence I had just risen and sat down."

From a colour illustration by M. V. Wheelhouse in "Jane Eyre." (Bell & Sons.)

a synonym for a truly sympathetic and delightful woman. May we soon have some more letters.

(Irene Pollock Lalonde, 14, Forester Road, Bath.)

THE SONG OF RENNY. By MAURICE HEWLETT. (Macmillan.)

Mr. Maurice Hewlett's new story, "The Song of Renny," is a strongly coloured, full-blooded romance of the middle ages. He avoids giving it the character of an "historical" novel by carefully omitting all data that would identify places or personages. It is a vigorous story which breathes the spirit of a lawless time, when might was right and when religion, which might be styled "superstition," had a really controlling influence over society. There is a certain touch of brutality in the telling of the story, but it must be allowed that it is quite in keeping with its subject.

(Miss B. O. Anderson, 11, Lonsdale Road, Scarborough.)

MAETERLINCK. By EDWARD THOMAS. (Methuen.)

Maeterlinck has found in Mr. Edward Thomas a subtle critic and eloquent interpreter. The Belgian writer's elusive personality, his symbolism, his quasi-mystic philosophy, his unique dramatic productions, his limitations, are all ably presented in the pages of this interesting book. His work as poet, essayist, and playwright is fully reviewed, and his development traced, from the dreamy poetic vagueness and alluring beauty of his earlier plays, such as "Pelléas et Mélisande," to the fuller-blooded later dramas of "Monna Vanna" and "Mary Magdalene," and the charming "Blue Bird." For his marvellous "Life of the Bee" Mr. Thomas has unstinted admiration.

(Kate Lee, 9A, Vaughan Road, Harrow.)

THE POST-IMPRESSIONISTS. By C. LEWIS HIND. (Methuen.)

Mr. Hind distils joy and hope as inevitably as the sun. Reading him you are impressed again with the immense privilege of life: he guides you down the illimitable avenues of Art; and, glimpsing its possibilities, you feel that the eternal riddle is half solved; for opportunities of light and leading are beckoning on every hand. His book is well done; and the articles, selected from various sources, are most adroitly dovetailed. He is the high priest of Post-Impressionism; and his championship should surely prove auspicious, for he is the most persuasive of our living art critics.

(Beatrix Terry, 374, Brixton Road, London, S.W.)

We specially commend also the reviews sent in by Wm. Currie (Edinburgh), Geo. Stanton (Leicester), Louise A. Beveridge (Belfast), Miss O. W. Sinclair (Bedford Park), Miss F. S. Alexander (Stoke Newington), Miss L. Mugford (Sutton-at-Hone), Mrs. A. G. Cheverton (St. Margarets-on-Thames), Evelyn M. Abbott (Old Malton), E. H. Burgess Smith (Golders Green), William Morriss (Sheffield), E. C. Luin (Stamford Hill), J. Swinscon (Tunbridge Wells), Miss Van der Pant (Ashford), W. M. Lodge (Norwood), Miss E. Moore (Oxford), Mildred Thorp (Hull), G. M. Ellwood (Grimsby), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), M. H. A. Jewell (New Malden), E. Rippon (Hull), J. Howard Francis (Merthyr Tydvil), E. F. Seymour (Kilburn), Emily Kington (Blairgowrie), M. Cornish (London, S.E.), Miss L. M. Wagstaff (Leighton Buzzard), Edna Smallwood (Highbury), A. I. Williams (Worcester), Arthur B. Blundell (Southport), H. McKnight Miers (Muswell Hill), F. E. Bolt (Anerley), Mrs. H. M. Creswell Payne (St. Austell), Janet Tatham (Guildford), Alfred Victor Waller (Sunderland), A. H. Scales (Paddington), Miss A. M. Morgan (Sheffield), E. R. Ward (Altrincham), Mrs. Sybilla Stirling (Glenfarg), I. Harrison (Bristol), Margery Wilkins (Uttoxeter), Lilian James (Beaconsfield), James Brenton (Tottenham), Vivian Ford (Bristol), S. A. Doody (Boscombe), Annie Jones (Brixton), Rev. C. H. Hodgson (Wells-next-Sea), F. W. Johns (Taunton), William F. Robinson (Cambridge), and Edith Dolton (Newbury).

IV.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE BOOKMAN" is awarded to Mr. GEORGE STANTON, of 47, Kirkdale Road, South Wigston, Leicester.

John Knox's House.

Drawn by Hanslip Fletcher.
From "Edinburgh Revisited," by James Bone. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

PHILANTHROPY AND PUBLIC SPEAKING.

By George Bernard Shaw.

NOTE.—Mr. Charles Rowley has written a very remarkable book that he has called "Fifty Years of Work Without Wages." It is the story of his own life; he was born at Ancoats, where five or six years before the founding of Toynbee Hall in London he and some kindred enthusiasts founded an institution of that kind that did much good work towards the betterment of his native town and the teaching its people something of the arts of life. He numbers, or has numbered, among his friends Madox Brown, William Morris, the Rossettis, Holman Hunt, Walter Crane, Canon Barnett, George Bernard Shaw—to mention only a few of the great men of whom he has much of interest to tell in his pages; and in the following characteristic article Mr. Bernard Shaw, in return, expresses his personal opinions and experiences of Mr. Charles Rowley.

ROWLEY would be a delightful man to know if it were not for the Ancoats Brotherhood. Palissy, the potter, is said to have kept his furnace alight at a crucial point in his process of white enamelling by throwing all his furniture into it. But this was only once in a way. The Ancoats Brotherhood is always at a crucial stage and requiring the sacrifice, not of Rowley's furniture (though it will probably come to that some day), but of himself chronically and continually, and, at intervals of a few days, his friends. No matter on what spot on the globe you may happen to be, you are never safe from a summons to come to Ancoats and speak for the Brotherhood, or sing for the Brotherhood, or fiddle for the Brotherhood, or do something else equally exhausting and distressing for the Brotherhood. Its appetite for art and oratory is insatiable. It is my firm belief that 99 per cent. of the deaths that have occurred within the last quarter-century among the public-spirited men of this country are due to diseases of which the seeds were planted during untimely journeys to Manchester. Rowley is the only man alive who could induce any sane man to go to Manchester unless he had urgent and lucrative business there; and he abuses his powers mercilessly. My friendship with Rowley has taught me to avoid disinterested men like the plague: they never want anything for themselves; but their rapacity on behalf of the community costs more than the visits of ten burglars.

"'You old villain!' cried my mother."

From a colour-illustration by Gordon Browne in Blackmore's "Lorna Doone." W. & R. Chambers.)

Rowley's friends once tried to buy him off. Having ascertained that he was rather hard up at the moment, they persuaded him that his health was failing, and that he should go to Italy to recover. They also begged him to accept a sum of money sufficient to keep him there in luxury until he had acquired idle habits and that love of Italy which makes people so loth to leave it when it has once got hold of them. Rowley, somewhat to their surprise, made not the smallest difficulty about accepting the money, and went off to Italy without a blush. This seemed a good beginning, and his friends breathed freely at last, and told each other that it was the best investment they had ever made. The next thing that happened was that Rowley came back in triumph with a beautiful twelfth-century baptismal font, which he presented to the Manchester Corporation for their School of Art. He was in great spirits, having been able to procure the font at the cost of all the money he had taken away with him plus £25 of his own. Of course this fixed the yoke on our necks more firmly than ever. How can you refuse a journey to Manchester and a platform speech to a man who does things like this? I believe I was the only one who had strength of mind to revolt. "This," I said, "is not philanthropy: it is slavery. Perish Ancoats and its murderous Brotherhood:

I'll have no more of them." But even I did not arrive at this point until Rowley had got every speech out of me that I was capable of making.

The climax came when, in an attempt to behave myself particularly well for Rowley's sake, I preached a really good sermon, which was received with great enthusiasm, enforcing the Christian view of life as a continual effort to ascertain the right (Watch and Pray, in short) as opposed to the Judaic view that one's religious duty begins and ends with observing the law. In Manchester such opinions are unfamiliar. A Manchester reporter who was present—he had probably mistaken the Brotherhood for the football club — proclaimed in print next day that I had advocated, as a rule of life, the systematic breach of the Ten Commandments (the inadequacy of which I had no doubt demonstrated with some pungency). A Bishop very naturally thereupon denounced the Brotherhood as a temple of Satan, leaving it an open question whether I or Rowley was the arch-fiend; and the north was aflame for several weeks with pious indignation. One incident of that stressful time that stands out in my recollection is that one of the most liberal annual subscriptions to the Brotherhood was withdrawn. I saw my chance and jumped at it. For ever after when Rowley ordered me to the front, I sheltered myself behind that subscription. "No, my dear Rowley," I would say, "if I could do you any good by coming down and speaking for the Brotherhood, I would, as I have so often proved; but I should only create misunderstandings and do you harm. Remember that subscription," etc., etc., etc. When the subscription was resumed, which of course it was soon (you don't get away from Rowley so easily as that, Ten Commandments or no Ten Commandments), I had to fall back on evasions so barefaced that out of mere regard for my soul Rowley stopped tempting me to make them; but I do solemnly believe that if I had not extricated myself from the jaws of the Brotherhood I should either have perished miserably like so many others or else have been compelled to deny my services to every other public institution in the kingdom.

"Here's the turkey. . . . How are you? Merry Christmas!"

(Reduced.) From a colour-plate by A. C. Michael in "A Christmas Carol," by Charles Dickens. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Besides, orating in Ancoats is attended with every circumstance that can make public speaking trying both to the speaker and his audience. Rowley proceeds on the sound principle that however good sermonising may be for people's souls, it will bore them so fearfully that unless he begins with some good music they will not come, and unless he consoles them with some more afterwards they will not stay. The wretched speaker is thus placed in the position of a man who is interrupting a concert which everybody is enjoying. To understand the horror of this, you should see Rowley saying to the audience with an air partly of forced geniality, partly of veiled menace, "I am sure you will give our friend a hearty welcome," and then lifting his hands as high as possible and clapping violently. Of course the audience politely does its duty, and the speaker, with a feeble grin, rises and, nine times out of ten, begins with "Mr. Chairman, the words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo," at which the audience, who have heard that opening so often that it is like "Dearly Beloved Brethren" to them, resign themselves to the worst, and generally get it. I will not be mock modest enough to pretend that I am an exceptionally dull chin-musician; but I bar having to come in on top of Beethoven. The intensity of effort required to pick up a concert, and carry it on without dropping the pitch by pure tub-thumping, without even the orchestral accompaniment that the meanest melodramatic villain is granted, can be appreciated only by those who have tried it.

And then the tea afterwards! Nice kind people, with "Well, you did your best, old chap," in every wrinkle of their smiles. It has been my lot to address audiences whose one object has been to prevent a word of my utterances being heard, and whose frenzied insults have kept my utmost powers of repartee and hard-hitting argument at full stretch for an hour. I would cheerfully take on ten such audiences rather than this

quiet, friendly, consolatory, but knowing and critical Ancoats Brotherhood.

Still, Rowley is right in his methods. The problem he has to solve in his propaganda of high art among the people is not, as many people imagine, the imposition of a refined culture on a class of coarse persons who are intensely recalcitrant to it. Ancoaters who are by nature recalcitrant to Bach and Beethoven simply do not join the Brotherhood, just as the same sort of people in the richer classes do not go to Symphony Concerts but to races and shoots. The Brotherhood automatically selects from the population of Ancoats the people who need and appreciate music and literature as naturally as others need and appreciate bull-dogs and tobacco. The proportion of them is quite as large as, possibly larger than, the proportion in Mayfair. The real difficulty is to provide these people with high art without making the Brotherhood a sort of Capua, like those German towns which impress the English tourist so deeply with their atmosphere of music and painting and drama and discussion of art, but as to which you will learn, if you ask in the most thoughtful quarters, that promising men who go to live there do no more good work, and crowds of young students who imagine they are entering on a career as artists are really doing nothing but leading very loose lives. High art, taken by itself, and cut off from all the other foods of mankind, is rather more mischievous than an exclusive diet of brandy would be. When Rowley says, in effect, to the Brotherhood, "You shall not wallow in Beethoven all the afternoon: you must have a tonic: you must wake up and think about public affairs and about the soul of your country between the quartets," he is precisely right. The result justifies him: his people are cultivated but not demoralised. And this is why public speakers must suffer the contrast with Beethoven, and rouse the audience out of its beauty sleep with the discordant tones of the platform orator shouting facts and figures—mostly very uncomfortable ones—at them. I shall be reminded, of course, that a Beethoven Allegro or a Bach toccato is no bad preparation for a strenuous grapple with real life. My reply is that if art is taken neat, so to speak, Beethoven and Bach drop out of the programmes and give way, first to Schubert and Brahms, and then to music in which pure sensuousness has extinguished the last spark of thought and conscience—"art for art's sake," as foolish people used to call it. I therefore plead for the unfortunate speakers that with all their air of driving Beethoven and Bach off the platform it is they who really keep them on it. And it is by his discovery of this that Rowley scores over all other Sunday entertainers of the people, and maintains over his friends, without losing their friendship, that tyranny which I have faintly attempted to describe.

ONE OF THE GREAT MASTERS.*

By Walter Jerrold.

A SHORT while ago a lady asked me to my great astonishment, "Do you know anything of Edward Lear's books?" I was doubtful whether to regard the question as a reflection upon my knowledge of literature—and incidentally upon those responsible for my upbringing—or as an indication that the great master of nonsense had fallen into such neglect that any one happening upon him felt the glory of a new discoverer. Another lady, seeing upon my desk the daintily attired portly volume of "Later Letters" and the earlier "Letters" which it now so pleasantly companions, said "Who *was* Edward Lear?" The second of my questioners is old enough to have been brought up on fairly early editions of the "Books of Nonsense"—and she knew not Lear! She is herself a writer of some standing—and she knew not Lear! Surely there can be but few people who have had the good fortune to have had a healthy upbringing in circles where books are used at all, who are in so deplorable a plight. Deplorable it is, for

> "A little nonsense now and then
> Is relished by the best of men,"

and it is vitally necessary to the proper education of the young.

These two books may make but little appeal to those who know not Lear; but those who do know him will hold out both hands in welcoming the one as a supplement—verse, prose, and pictures—to the "Nonsense" books (immortal as childhood), the other as a further revelation of the character of the writer of those books, a further addition to the shelves on which we keep the letters of Lamb, FitzGerald and the rest of that small company of correspondents who, writing for the few, delight the many. Lord Cromer says: "Perhaps the

From a drawing by Edward Lear in "Later Lettrs of Edward Lear." (Fisher Unwin.)

* "Later Letters of Edward Lear, author of 'The Book of Nonsense,' to Chichester Fortescue (Lord Carlingford), Frances, Countess Waldegrave, and Others." Edited by Lady Strachey of Sutton Court. With 83 Illustrations. 15s. net. (Unwin.)—"Queery Leary Nonsense: a Lear Nonsense Book." Edited by Lady Strachey of Sutton Court. With an Introduction by the Earl of Cromer. 3s. 6d. net. (Mills & Boon.)

Edward Lear in 1867.
Taken in Alexandria.
From "Later Letters of Edward Lear," edited by Lady Strachey. (Fisher Unwin.)

best monument to the memory of Edward Lear is to be found in the merry laughter which his works and drawings have excited amongst children whom he loved so well. He lives, and will continue to live, in the minds of the public as one of the great classical authors of nonsense." The two volumes of his correspondence, of which Lady Strachey has now given us the second, should ensure his living also among the letter-writers.

It was as a landscape painter that Edward Lear first won his fame, his "Nonsense" (originating in the playfulness of his spirits in company or correspondence with his friends) at length reached the public and gave him popularity, and the happy preservation of so many of his letters should give him a new kind of reputation. Lear was a man who retained throughout life something of the naïveté, something of the perennial capacity for wonder, of a child, and his letters, with his unselfconscious bubblings of fun, will assuredly delight all who retain some share of that same capacity. The joy in nonsense is the joy which will keep a child agog with delight before Punch and Judy, and send it to sleep at a performance of one of Mr. Bernard Shaw's plays. There is the genuine nonsense which justifies its name and the nonsense which is employed as a mask for the disguising of the ironic and the sardonic and other uncomfortable masqueraders, and it is as master of the first kind that Lear won his popularity, and will long continue to hold it. So surely had he struck the vein of nonsense from the first, that when "The Book of Nonsense" was originally published just half a century ago, one of the severest of the review-journals referred to it as a reprint of nursery rhymes! Lear was not of course the inventor of the "nonsense" form of verse, and what his reviewer of 1861 had in mind was probably a booklet published about forty years earlier, consisting of crude drawings accompanied by such verses, some of which soon found their way into the collections of nursery-rhymes. Mr. Thomas Congreve, who contributes some prefatory reminiscences of Lear to the "Later Letters," says: "I have always believed that in his heart of hearts he was prouder of his 'Book of Nonsense' than of his paintings," and recalls what delight Lear always had in a favourable review, how he chafed under an unfavourable one, and yet how unconcernedly he took all criticisms of his pictures. Lord Cromer, on the other hand, thinks that Lear felt some slight disappointment that his fame rested on the "Nonsense" rather than on his merits as an artist. From one of his letters we learn that ingenious people tried to give the credit for the book to an eminent statesman, for in the course of a letter to Lady Waldegrave in 1866 Lear said:

"A few days ago in a railway as I went to my sister's, a gentleman explained to two ladies (whose children had my 'Book of Nonsense') that thousands of families were grateful to the author (which in silence I agreed to) who was not generally known—but was really Lord Derby: and now came a showing forth, which cleared up at once to my mind why that statement has already appeared in several papers. Edward Earl of Derby (said the Gentleman), did not choose to publish the book openly, but dedicated it as you see to his relations, and now if you will transpose the letters LEAR you will read simply EDWARD EARL.—Says I, joining spontanious in the conversation—'That is quite a mistake: I have reason to know that Edward Lear the painter and author wrote and illustrated the whole book.' 'And I,' says the Gentleman, says he—'have good reason to know, Sir, that you are wholly mistaken. *There is no such a person* as Edward Lear.' 'But,' says I, 'there *is*—and I am the man—and I wrote the book!' Whereon all the party burst out laughing and evidently thought me mad or telling fibs. So I took off my hat and showed it all round, with Edward Lear and the address in large letters—also one of my cards, and a marked handkerchief: on which amazement devoured

Ann Lear.
Lear's eldest sister, who brought him up.
From a miniature by kind permission of Mrs. Allen.
From "Later Letters of Edward Lear." (Fisher Unwin.)

those benighted individuals, and I left them to gnash their teeth in trouble and tumult."

Although there is much of delightful nonsense in these letters, there is much else as well, in the way of anecdotes and reminiscences of notable people, and many touches on serious subjects which show once more that the true humorist is a man who thinks and feels deeply; above all, the letters are delightful in their revelation of the author as one whom it must have been good to know. In the "Queery Leary Nonsense," Lord Cromer quotes a letter which he received from Lear, every word of which is mere nonsense-coinage, and often in his regular correspondence he introduced such amusingly meaningless words. Writing to his friend Lord Carlingford he said:

Edward Lear in 1881.
From a photograph.
From "Later Letters of Edward Lear." (Fisher Unwin.)

"I have often seen in lists of dinners 'Cabinet puddings' named. Now what I have a painful curiosity to know is whether all your Cabinet Ministers have such a pudding placed before you at Cabinet Councils, and if W. E. G. has a huge big one at the head of the table? Respond—this being an imporant philopobostrogotrobbicle question."

The whole volume is one that is to be read and enjoyed by all who delight in a lovable nature expressed in easy friendly talks on paper, the talk in this instance of one who might well have echoed the wise man's words, "Here comes a fool—let us be serious."

The "Queery Leary Nonsense"—the title, Lady Strachey tells us, was Lear's own—contains a very interesting introduction by Lord Cromer, in which are given many of Lear's droll drawings and brief notes. Lord Cromer tells us, too, that the score of bird-portraits—including the Runcible and Scroobius—in this miscellany were drawn for the purpose of instructing a young child in colour differences. These birds and the many other drawings—some of them to old nursery favourites—with the new nonsense verses together form a volume which should prove a welcome addition to the older Lear books, and serve to delight many children.

New Books.

THE LIFE OF PARACELSUS.*

It is a little difficult at the present day to accept Browning's Paracelsus as the outcome of a serious knowledge respecting the man himself and his writings, or as a help to his understanding on our own part. It is a record at length of the manner in which a singular personality and a strange life presented themselves to the poet's mind. When Browning says that his sheaf of dramatic scenes can be slipped between the leaves of any memoir of Paracelsus, he means that the broad facts are—broadly speaking—respected, while he has a right to his own inferences and constructions on character and purpose. All this is legitimate, and does not need debating, but that which remains over is the distinction between him who aspired and attained within the consciousness of the poet, *anno* 1835, and him who toiled, suffered, aspired and made his bid for attainment between the years 1493 and 1541. The late Miss Stoddart gives us her assurance that the poem inspired her Life of Theophrastus, though it might be more literal to say that her interest in the one—as an old admirer of Browning and member of the Browning Society—led her to those studies which so late as this present year have culminated in the other.

Mr. John Murray in a few memorial words, which read pathetically, tells us that Miss Stoddart, whose death took place a few hours after passing for press the last sheets of this volume, had devoted her whole life and energies for some years to the work. The statement can obtain only in a very general way, for she depends almost exclusively on German research, which is quite ready to the hand of the seeker, and during recent times has provided ample material. From her preface it appears that she had meditated the possibility of the Life for a period of twenty years, but did not initiate the undertaking till the early part of 1910. As a biography on the external side, it is in most respects excellent. By following her German authorities, Miss Stoddart has given us not only the literary, medical, and scientific history of Paracelsus, but the itinerary of his whole life. As a vindication of his motives and character, it commands my whole sympathy. It must be said that we have for the first time a worthy memorial in English, and there is nothing which ranks second thereto. She has shown his utter devotion to the art and science of healing, with the ground from which he worked. Amidst the manifest pride and overwhelming self-praise which are features so marked in his writings, she has shown also his sincerity, his singleness and his great charity towards the poor, for whom all his gifts and experience were available, without money and without price. She is not entirely and

* "The Life of Paracelsus: Theophrastus von Hohenheim (1493—1541)." By Anna M. Stoddart. With Illustrations. 10s. 6d. net. (John Murray.)

always right amidst the enthusiasm of her vindication, which here and there blunts her critical perception and in matters of expression takes her into unfortunate paths of the superlative. Nor does the need of vindication arise, in the measure which she supposes.

It is generally understood and allowed that Paracelsus was a new light in medicine and surgery at his period. No one qualified to express an opinion has said otherwise for a considerable number of years. It was different in the days when Robert Browning wrote his quasi-dramatic poem. Then very few understood on what principle or in respect of what disposition he selected his character, whose very name, if it spelt anything, stood for imposture and the bombast which was one of his titles. But it is in no sense now necessary to speak of rescuing his memory from contemptuous oblivion, or to suggest, as Mr. Murray says, that Paracelsus is known mainly in this country through Robert Browning. He is perfectly well known, appreciated, and in some respects over-appreciated, not only here, but in America and in France. It is true that the interest is largely of what is called the occult kind; it is not too thorough, and it is not of the critical kind, but about its diffusion there can be no question. The work of Miss Stoddart is not the first Life which has appeared in English, so to speak, at full length. There is that of Dr. Franz Hartmann, which, for all that I know to the contrary, may be still in print, and has certainly passed through more than one edition. It is not a satisfactory memoir, for it is an attempt to explain Paracelsus along modern theosophical lines; but it exists and, for those who can accept the construction, it is as much a vindication of its subject as the work of Miss Stoddart. In quite another category there is also my own edition of the Hermetic and Alchemical Writings by or attributed to Paracelsus, containing nearly everything outside his surgical and purely medical works. I agree with Miss Stoddart that these last may call for scholarly editing, and whether they will receive it in France I cannot say, but the fact remains that they are in the course of publication in the French language and will, I understand, be followed in due time by the texts which belong more especially to the domain of occult philosophy.

Miss Stoddart's memoir stands, however, by itself, and as she knows nearly all that has been said and done in Germany during the past twenty-five years, her book is assuredly a new light on its subject in several important respects. She has made it, moreover, one of living interest from the first to the last page. Perhaps she has here and there overlaid it a little, but this is pardonable enough, and this too has its own side of interest. One does not usually begin the life of one's hero by a history of his birthplace through the early Christian centuries, and yet it is good to read what is said about Einsiedeln, while certain digressions on contemporaries of Paracelsus complete a picture which is throughout well filled otherwise.

Of his life itself I can say a few words only. Paracelsus was of Swiss origin, but part of his boyhood was passed in Carinthia, and it is probable that he became a student at Basle. The foundation of his knowledge was laid in his father's library and in conjunction with his father's studies. In the same way he was grounded in chemistry, which then signified alchemical research, theories of alchemy, transmutation and hermetic medicine. Of medicine also he learned much from his father and probably pursued the regular course at Basle, but there is no account of his graduation. Among many other places, we hear of him at Vienna and Paris, at different Italian centres, and even in England. He visited the Netherlands, Denmark, Sweden, and Russia, proceeding subsequently to Constantinople. In 1526 he was appointed town physician and lecturer on medicine at Basle. It was there that his persecutions began, for a reform in medicine found no favour with the vested interests. He relinquished the appointment and resumed his wanderings, over which it is impossible to follow him. His last travelling stage was Salzburg, and there he died on September 24, 1541.

Paracelsus, aged 24.

From the painting by Scorel, 1517, now in the Louvre Gallery.
From "Life of Paracelsus," by Miss A. M. Stoddart. (John Murray.)

When Miss Stoddart passes from external things, from the claims of Paracelsus in medicine and surgery to what may be called the inner doctrine of his writings, we enter a different field, and become acquainted with her limitations. Ordinary readers will bring away an impression that the sage of Hohenheim was an enlightened doctor of his period, using some of the jargon which connects with occult sciences but quite liberal and modern in his views concerning them. Miss Stoddart is not intending to apologise for a great man accused falsely of magic, yet she reduces his connection with certain arts of which he was a chief exponent. If he sometimes derided astrology, like Thomas Vaughan, at others he defended it, as shown by his treatise on Hermetic Astronomy. He was, moreover, no less an alchemist in the accepted sense of the term than physician in the accepted sense, as other texts remain to make evident. Miss Stoddart is also an unsafe guide in the side-issues of her subject; her digressions, for purposes of elucidation, on Neoplatonism, Kabalism, Rosicrucianism and so forth bespeak very slender acquaintance, while her application of the term "mystic" to certain personalities, including Paracelsus himself, indicates that this subject is also beyond her province.

These facts do not seriously alter the value of her monograph; it culminates in the force of the end, when a plain and simple style rises for a moment to eloquence, and we feel that hers has been truly a successful vindication of its subject and is likely to be a lasting memorial.

A. E. WAITE.

THE ODYSSEY OF THE NORTH.*

Never before has there been an arctic book like unto this one which, strictly speaking, is not an arctic book; it was to have been one, according to Dr. Nansen's plan. His object was to show how and where arctic exploration began, whither it led and what it did. But in looking for a starting point, he found himself in a fog of conjectures, false literary traditions, and the unquestioned copying of one author by another. So he came to probe deeper and deeper, aided all the time by learned professors, into ancient myth and legend, till mist after mist had been dispelled and he could show us clearly, almost irrefutably, how the ancients extended their knowledge of northerly Europe; and how, in later times, further north-easterly and north-westerly exploration was carried on by the early Celts and Norsemen, and subsequently by the more modern adventurers. The book is *the* saga of its subject; and fitting, indeed, it is that the work should come from the hand of a Norseman who has penetrated deep into ice-bound latitudes, has the spirit of adventurous daring in him, yet is a man of science and learning. It is truly a wonderful story of human effort, persistency, and achievement that he tells us in plain language, in the very style of which there is a continual ring and sense of high endeavours and great fruition.

By such means as references in ancient MSS., amber, existing cromlechs, and hard logic, Dr. Nansen proves—so far as it can be proved—that long before the beginning of history there were trading routes from what is now Spain to the cradle of the Teutonic race, possibly to the south shore of the Baltic. Then, taking up the story of Pytheas, we find that this young Phœnician went farther than Britain; that he voyaged up north to the Shetlands, then crossed to Norway and called it Thule. We see how the Irish of the eighth century, in nothing more than sea-going coracles, discovered the Faröes, then Iceland—only to be driven out presently by adventuring Norsemen. Writing of the Scandinavian voyagers—who, primarily for plunder and conquest only, were moving back the barriers of ignorance and darkness—Dr. Nansen says:

"First they crossed the North Sea and sailed constantly to Shetland, Orkney, North Britain, and Ireland; then to the Faröes, Iceland, and Greenland, and at last they steered straight across the Atlantic itself, and thereby discovered North America. We do not know how early the passage of the North Sea originated; but probably it was before the time of Pytheas and much earlier than usually supposed."

With deference, however, to the learned and intrepid author, we venture to think that here he claims too much—in other words, he does not advance sufficient proof of what he claims to be facts. We are entitled to ask—as we are desirous of believing, when it is put before us—where is the actual evidence that Norsemen had crossed the North Sea prior to the discovery of Britain by Pytheas? Not in the rude rock-carvings of boats which are to be seen in Scandinavia to-day, with their fifty rowers and an additional armed crew to a boat only fifteen feet in length, and are so like Greek and Roman galleys that they were probably copied—with such changes as suited the native mind—from representations carried north by those overland traders whose existence Dr. Nansen has taken such enormous pains to prove; or might have had their originals in the vessels of Pytheas and the Phœnicians who followed him northward. Again, we ask for proof of the statement that the Norsemen discovered America by sailing directly across the Atlantic. We are quite ready to believe they did, if we can but see evidence enough—such as the doctor has produced on other points, and at such great length and previous labour.

Besides, we are shown so clearly, step by step, how the Norsemen came to the islands immediately north of Scotland; how they then heard of the Faröes and sailed there, next of Iceland and went marauding there; then how Eric the Red discovered Greenland by being storm-driven out of his course, and how he and others made new homes there. Thus point by point we have actual history of their crossing the Atlantic to within a few days' sail of the coast of Labrador. Thus we find it so easy to believe—and really do believe—that the Scandinavian Icelanders were the first Europeans to reach North America, but not by a direct crossing of the Atlantic.

Still, in spite of our thinking that Dr. Nansen claims rather too much for the early Norsemen, we quite readily say that he has written a truly important book on the subject of early northern and western exploration; a book which, as it has taken years of hard work, much learning, and great natural abilities to produce, must stand as the last word on its subject till newer material be found, and that is very likely to be never. As to the arctic ventures proper—with which the doctor deals so much less than with the more valuable researches and deductions concerning ancient things—he writes, and who shall deny?—

"Every complete devotion to an idea yields some profit, even though it be different from that which was expected. . . . From first to last the history of polar expeditions is a simple mighty manifestation of the power of the 'unknown' over the mind of man. . . . Ever since the Norsemen's earliest voyages arctic expeditions have certainly brought material advantages to the human race, such as rich fisheries, whaling and sealing, and so on; they have produced scientific results in the knowledge of hitherto unknown regions and conditions; but they have given us far more than this: they have tempered the human will for the conquest of difficulties; they have furnished a school of manliness and self-conquest in the midst of the slackness of times of transition, and have held up noble ideals before the rising generation; they have fed the imagination, have given fairy tales to the child, and raised the thoughts of its elders above their daily toil."

All in all, the book is, as we have said, so great a contribution to northern and north-western exploration as to be a monumental and a permanent landmark in the tremendous wastes whereof it treats so masterly and on the whole so conclusively. The two handsome volumes are exceedingly well-indexed, and really enriched by numerous illustrations and reproductions which considerably help the reader to a closer grasp of this absorbing story of human heroism, striving, and success.

J. E. PATTERSON.

* "In Northern Mists: Arctic Exploration in Early Times." By Fridtjof Nansen, G.C.V.O., D.Sc., D.C.E., Ph.D., Professor of Oceanography in the University of Christiania, etc. Translated by Arthur G. Chater. Illustrated. 2 Vols. 30s. net. (Heinemann.)

MR. TRENCH'S POEMS.*

There are fifteen new poems in "Lyrics and Narrative Poems." The rest of the book—with one or two omissions such as "The Voice from the Column" and the "Ode on the American Massacres"—consists of the contents of "Deirdre Wed" published in 1901, and of "New Poems," 1907. Among the fifteen are three—"Prelude to a Masque," "Requiem of Archangels for the World," and "Bitter Serenade," which, if they do not surpass, certainly do not fall short of Mr. Trench's previous achievement. Still, this is not a large body of work to represent four years of a man's lifetime, and Mr. Trench may not escape the charge of sterility which it is the fashion to level at poets who, unlike those of another time, make the writing of poetry the delight of their leisure rather than the task-work of every day. Every lyrical poet has to resist the temptation to say over again, more eloquently, practisedly, but less well, what he has said once and for all in his first impulse. Only the few refrain their hearts and leave the little that they really burned to express, and gave life to out of their enthusiasm, to represent their true and complete accomplishment.

Every such poet's work, too, if it be scanned closely, is usually found to reveal one recurrent definite idea, one prevailing theme of inspiration. No words could better

* "Lyrics and Narrative Poems." By Herbert Trench. 5s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

express the haunting fundamental thought that underlies Mr. Trench's poetry than a line from his "Prelude to a Masque"—Ben Jonson's "The Vision of Delight"—"Life it hath still and fragrance, infinity and repose." "Who can with fulness of tongue," he asks, "Utter this widening World of to-day with old completeness?"—

"And so some Dance like a wind, some snatch of a Song or a Stave
Is our times' best incarnation—all we can humbly demand
Who feel a power through the ages thrilling, Wave upon Wave
Each Wave by a greater that follows compelled to expand, expand!"

That aspect of the world and of human life never wearies his thought, though the outcome of his brooding contemplation and questioning be only that we may "become at length aware of an audience DIVINE. Who knows?" Again and again this intense realisation of the infinity, the complexity of this riddle—the world's whither and why—is expressed, now in one form, now in another, together with the reiterated remembrance of the despair or hope or courage, the unabashed, however vain, effort with which man confronts and endeavours to answer it—man the solitary and transitory, man the eternal and ever-returning. The "Stanzas on Poetry" the "Ode to Beauty," the "Requiem," "Apollo and the Seaman," "Starlight Distilleth," the old fable "Multatuli Remoulded," even that exquisitely peaceful echo of war, "I heard a Soldier," and many other poems repeat—each one in its own fashion—an effort to discover and to reveal a motive, a design beyond life's present power to grasp, and beyond the power of words to do much more than adumbrate.

To self, as to the world and the universe, Mr. Trench puts the same questions in such poems as "I seek thee in the heart alone" and, indirectly, "Bitter Serenade"—Whither am I tending? What is the meaning and value of it all? So also, in thinking of the loved one in "Come let us make love deathless" and "You were stay'd," swift on the moment of peace presses the question—whether regarding the world without or the world within—what shall survive the ashes it leaves behind it? "There comes a moment in the twilight," again, describes the hush, the transfiguration, the still ecstasy of light that precedes at times the fall of dusk. Many poets would be content to leave the impression simply recorded. Mr. Trench turns from the flowers—

"Even so are ye,
All standing now at such a moment
Smoulderers, objectless, uncertain,
Artists and priests of all religions,
Shapers of clay, sound, colour,
Shapers of perfection and of symbol,
Shapers of passion and of awe!
Hath it gone, last hem of all that glory
For which we came to be?"

The same question again—Who knows?—a pressing retort against the "clouds of glory." But though question so often remains in Mr. Trench's poetry, the suggestion of scepticism or of negation is very far from being the residuum, as it were, that remains in the mind after reading this volume. The delightfully simple and telling close to the "Apollo" is far rather that. And very rare is such fundamentally reflective, introspective poetry—the work of a thinker and a dreamer—the extraordinary keenness of feeling, the edge of sensuousness and beauty, the spiritual and intellectual passion which are so much the mark of these poems, which give them their unquestionable individuality and yet do not disturb their essential "repose."

The defects or exaggerations of technique in Mr. Trench's work are precisely what are natural to it—the word too well chosen that draws attention away from the thing it is intended to express, the too elaborate or ornate phrase, a certain hardness of outline, a tendency towards hyperbole, towards orotundity, and towards becoming a little vague, like the idea of infinity itself. Such poetry too, when it declines from its own level, does not decline into the naïve and thin, but into rhetoric. This is the wrong side, as it were, of Mr. Trench's clear, delicate, often brilliant and beautiful web of poetry, the design of which, and the means by which he endeavours to execute it, are, as is so often the case, best described in his own words—a stanza from a poem entitled "Fragment":

"I die. The treasure-ships I sought,
The glories and the glee,
The lives wherewith my own was wrought
(As in some tapestry gem-fraught)
Nearly and tenderly,
And the tune mine ear had almost caught,
All sink away from me.
Then dreamless æons interpose.
The gap, perchance, is long.
Will the Self wake to strains it knows?
Will the vast star-lit throng
Take up, renewed by deep repose,
The full theme of the song?"

WALTER DE LA MARE.

THE MAN OF NO SORROWS.*

Reduced to simplest outline, the story of Mr. Coulson Kernahan's new religious booklet is this: There arises in the East a new Messiah, who has power to heal the sick and raise the dead. In personal appearance he bears a strange likeness to Christ himself, but he wears robes of fine linen embroidered with jewels, and instead of preaching that through sorrow is the only way to perfection he comes with a gospel of joy and would lift all thought of sorrow from the world's heart. "The burden of the Cross I lift from your shoulders; the shadow of the Cross I banish for ever from your sight. Here and to-day we take an eternal farewell of the Religion of Sorrows."

His doctrines have won acceptance elsewhere, and are at last received with acclaim throughout England. He is the new Messiah, full of love and reverence for the Master he displaces, but strong in the conviction that mankind will be raised and regenerated and find peace through joy and not through sorrow, for "to sorrow is to sin against our fellow-men, and to be guilty of black ingratitude to the Giver of All."

The people are eager to accept his teachings and transform the earth into a holiday garden. "For a season men and women were happy and contented, turning life into a feast at which all were greedy to eat their fill." But they cannot long be satisfied with such simple and innocent pleasures as his religion sanctioned; they are presently wallowing in extremes of self-indulgence, and with the passing of sorrow pity and love pass also, and something of inner, spiritual grace and beauty fades from their faces, and they are fast degenerating into an utterly selfish, bestial, ravening race of primitive barbarians, when the Christ, the Man of Sorrows, returns and the new Messiah, in humble and contrite despair, owns his error and is pardoned and reassured that the Cross he had cast down shall be lifted up again, and "now not only the Religion of Sorrow but the Religion of Love, which cometh out of that Sorrow, shall rule men's hearts and conquer the world."

It is its underlying truth, its oblique, imaginative comment on the religious life and thought of our own day that give this poetic parable its significance and its power. The book is alive with meaning and suggestion. Mr. Kernahan has vindicated the central truths of Christianity in other allegories, in other visions, but in none more earnestly nor with a more delicate literary skill than in this, in which he sets himself to interpret the mystery and the ministry of Sorrow.

* "The Man of No Sorrows." By Coulson Kernahan. 1s. net. (Cassell.)

THE FREEING OF ITALY.*

It is pleasant just now, for reasons that do not need particularising, to be reminded of a time when Italian patriots fought for what was beyond doubt a noble cause and might rightly claim to be consumed with a passion for liberty. Few revolutionary movements have had such justification as that which resulted in the making of a United Italy; in few have the favours of fortune been so thoroughly earned by patient and unselfish effort. Two men may be credited with about an equal share in realising the dreams of Mazzini, and their co-operation was none the less real for their seeming to be rivals who were often at odds. Without Cavour's sleepless vigilance, no less than without Garibaldi's inspiring leadership, Italy's nationality must have remained an ideal; the statesman was as necessary to the success of the *risorgimento* as the guerilla-chief. Yet it is to Garibaldi, the modest and self-effacing soldier, the hero who in the interests of the country he had liberated could give up power and step back into obscurity, that our affections instinctively turn, because greatness is here seen combined with simplicity and no excuses have to be made for anything which even approximates to double-dealing. The traditional estimate of him, it is agreeable to note, still holds the field, despite the emergence of new historical documents and the scrutiny to which his every action has been subjected by modern critics. Among the latter an English historian has made his mark, thus continuing those friendly relations with Italy which have characterised no less our literature than our politics. No foreign event, I think it may be said quite safely, apart from the French Revolution, has ever left such an impression on our poetry and fiction as the struggle for Italian freedom. Mr. G. M. Trevelyan, then, was but treading in the footsteps of a line of distinguished English authors—George Meredith and the Brownings among the number—when he devoted himself to the work of composing, as it were, a Garibaldian trilogy. The final volume of his series has now been completed, and here once more he proves himself admirably equipped for his task, bringing to it the right discrimination, enthusiasm, and gift of picturesque description. This time he has had to deal with the all-important developments of the summer of 1860, that *annus mirabilis* indeed which saw within a few months the Bourbon régime driven from Naples, and the barrier of the Papal States broken through so effectively that the last hindrance to Italian unity was swept aside. Mr. Trevelyan's style does justice to his subject alike in its vivacity and in its self-restraint, and the reader will turn the last page of his book only regretful that its writer has come to the end of his labours and deeply impressed with the romantic nature of the theme.

Into the details of this story of "Garibaldi and the Making of Italy" or of the character of its hero there is no necessity to enter. The fact that King Victor Emmanuel was afraid to face the crowd of Naples without the popular dictator sitting by his side is evidence enough of what an actor in the drama thought of Garibaldi's achievements. And we need no other testimony to his courage or his humility than that which is furnished by two well-authenticated pictures of history. When on the withdrawal of the Bourbons he accepted the Neapolitans' invitation to enter their city unguarded by his troops there were friends of his who feared lest he should in his triumphal progress draw on himself the fire of the garrisons left behind in the forts. Garibaldi deliberately stood up in his carriage and faced the loaded cannon, with the result that some of his enemies saluted and none of them discharged a shot. Again, when owing to the jealousy which the Piedmont regular soldiers felt for his volunteers he found his services rewarded with neglect, so far from reproaching

* "Garibaldi and the Making of Italy." By G. M. Trevelyan. 7s. 6d. net. (Longmans.)

Garibaldi in Old Age.
From "Garibaldi and the Making of Italy" by G. M. Trevelyan. (Longmans.)

the monarch whose claims he had always recognised, he slipped away quietly by night to his island home of Caprera, taking but a bag-full of seed-corn for his farm as the loot of all his victories and descending to the rank of a petty farmer. Those events speak for themselves and no historian could enhance their appeal by the embroidery of comment. The author of the volume before us avoids making any such mistake. Where, however, Mr. Trevelyan does "let himself go" with advantage to the student of modern Italian history is in the matter of the assistance Garibaldi obtained from three different quarters. Little as he would have liked to admit it, nay, perhaps little as he knew it, the victor of the Volturno was greatly in Cavour's debt. His biographer is not extravagant in terming Cavour his good angel. That the diplomatist would have preferred to see the kingdom of the Bourbons overthrown by an internal revolution rather than by Garibaldi's red-shirts is true enough. But when once he discovered that he had miscalculated the mood of King Francis's army, he did all he could to make his rival's invasion a success. Just as it was he whose secret benevolence equipped Garibaldi with troops and ammunition and transports, so at the critical moment when the repulse before Capua might have been followed up by more serious defeat, he launched the army of Piedmont against the Papal States and took the Bourbon force in the rear. His own Sovereign's interests no doubt also influenced him in this move, but it was always his idea that the King and the Dictator must act in alliance, and it was due to his clever tactics and apparent duplicity that the Powers did not intervene in Italy. England, of course, thanks to its Premier, was always, if the term may be permitted, a friendly neutral. But there was a time when, at the instigation of Napoleon, she seemed likely to act in a way that would have meant the ruin of the cause Cavour and Garibaldi alike had at heart. It was suggested to

Lord John Russell that the English and French fleets should police the Straits of Messina and prevent Garibaldi's landing in Italy. He, thinking the proposal was instigated by Piedmont, would have agreed had not Cavour in post-haste sent an envoy who was a personal friend of Lord John's, and was able to explain the fatal significance of any such policy. This story Mr. Trevelyan is able to put in print for the first time, as a result of a study of the Russell family papers. He is also able to reveal another fact, hitherto unknown, which illustrates the enthusiastic interest taken by Victor Emmanuel in Garibaldi's enterprise. When the Dictator contemplated invading Naples, the King wrote a formal letter condemning the idea, but at the same time he sent a private note urging Garibaldi to disregard these orders and to say in reply "you cannot obey the wishes of the King, but must reserve full freedom of action." The note is still extant.

After such instances have been given, it is unnecessary to say that this volume shows in every chapter signs of the most painstaking research. It has also, besides an index and several appendices, four capital maps which render aid to an understanding of Garibaldi's marches and campaigns, and in the text will be found graphic accounts of the scenery through which the red-shirt army passed that prove that the writer must have covered the whole ground himself. Indeed, no more conscientious contribution to history than Mr. Trevelyan's has been issued for many a long day.

F. G. BETTANY.

THE UNDERMAN.*

It is difficult to read Mr. Grierson soberly. He has been praised by Maeterlinck. He was praised by Professor William James. In America "a veritable Grierson cult has sprung into existence." And he has certainly written one very vivid book on his childish memories of the American Civil War. But it is his essays and not these memories which are praised—his "Celtic Temperament" and "Modern Mysticism," or rather the two collections so named after their first chapter. Those essays are wonderfully easy to read. They are graceful, flowing, and at a glance urbane and lacking in exaggeration. The writer is obviously a very clever man with a natural talent for the pen, infinite assurance, and an impressive cosmopolitanism. He speaks *ex cathedra* without argument and with very little illustration. He advances by a series of assertions all made in the same cool, easy way, whatever their degree of probability. He is a great admirer of aphorisms and epigrammatic sentences, or, as he says himself: "I seek the soul of an author in two things: the aphorism and the descriptive passage." There is no lack of aphorisms in his own work; in fact, almost every sentence is an aphorism. I will take an example from his note on the question of endowing artistic talent: "No man," he says, "who does not believe in the immortality of the soul cares much what becomes of anybody with a gift."

My second example is from his essay on "Memorable Expressions": "Four things are usually found in memorable expressions: a clear idea, a deep sentiment, the right words, and a rhythmic arrangement of words." Here "usually" and "the right words" should be noted.

Looking back over this book I find again and again examples of those rapid strides so characteristic of genius—one footmark on one hilltop, and one on the next, not a continuous hobnailed chain. See, for example, how he glides in a later passage of the essay on "Memorable Expressions":

> "Writing of Shelley's 'Prometheus Unbound' Francis Thompson alludes to a poetic world 'where the very grass is all a-rustle with lovely spirit-things, and a weeping mist of music fills the ear'; which is one more proof that it takes a genius to deal adequately with genius. How tame, after writing like this, is the prose of people who sit in easy chairs and moralise about the intellectual meanings of the poets!"

He assumes at once, and without mentioning the assumption, that Thompson's words are good and good in their place, which his quotation does not prove; and then he declares that because one genius *has* written, as he pronounces, adequately about another, therefore "it takes a genius," etc. The remaining sentence would not do credit to any one, let alone Mr. Grierson. Sometimes these strides seem to denote an ordinary *non sequitur*: for example:

> "It is the mission of an epigrammatic age to reduce to a minimum the power and influence exercised by the merely formal and respectable. The position a man has occupied in society counts for nothing in the judgment of posterity."

Naturally the essay on "Mystery and Illusion" contains most of those strides. One moment he is speaking of spiritual serenity, and of a particular kind, "the result of inborn goodness, strengthened and brightened by the going and coming of a thousand illusions, those phantoms that elude the sentinels at the threshold of reason." The next moment he is off with illusions unrelated to serenity; the next after, he returns with the statement that "it is through the gate of illusion that most of us attain the fairest glimpses of the Eden of serenity. Illusions are the fretwork of the house of life, the belfry of sounds and symbols. . . ." His exuberant fancy makes illusion a phantom, a gate, a fretwork, and a belfry. Here is another curious specimen:

> "As for the thing we are pleased to call respectability, there never was a man or woman of original power who gave it serious consideration. Spinoza polished spectacles, Shakespeare was an actor, Burns a ploughman, Lincoln a rail-splitter, Milton a despised Puritan, Whitman and Stevenson bohemian adventurers."

I confess I find these things bewildering, and the most bewildering are too long to quote. But not to end on a note of doubt I will give a few further specimens of Grierson's epigrammatic wisdom:

Francis Grierson.

From a portrait by Geslin, St. Petersburg.
From "Humour of the Underman," by Francis Grierson. (Stephen Swift.)

* "The Humour of the Underman, and Other Essays." By Francis Grierson. 3s. 6d. net. (Stephen Swift.)

"Dante has to be reached, while Michelangelo reaches us; the one works on our imaginations, the other on our feelings."

"At no special time has the world progressed more rapidly than at any other time."

[If there were committees for endowing genius] "The little man would always 'take the cake,' and genius, if it got anything at all, would get the dog biscuit."

"What we call a classical age is always brought to an end by a period of criticism, for it is characterised not so much by critical ability as by method, patience, and judgment."

"Words of more than three syllables are fatal to direct and simple emotions, but in much of the greatest prose and poetry words of one syllable evoke the most potent charm and the most haunting images."

"There are writers and thinkers in the world as great as any that ever lived."

"The secret of perennial youth is wonder."

"Almost all modern art is theatrical, like age itself."

"Perhaps the most discouraging thing of the present time is the increase of knowledge and the decrease of wisdom."

Probably no living writer could write so many sentences which invite remembrance.

EDWARD THOMAS.

THE SONG ARTISTIC.*

This is the month, though perhaps not precisely the happy morn, when the domestic vocalist overhauls his repertory and complains bitterly that there is nothing new. His gorge rises at the old stuff sung and sung again by him and by everybody else till the notes are an abomination and the words unutterable. These words! Well for the singer if he be frankly and incurably unliterary; otherwise the "lyric" of the commercial modern song would revolt his taste and insult his understanding. And the last condemnation of the usual setting is that it fitly matches the words. Outwardly and visibly in crotchets and quavers, it is as desperately lacking in every quality of good music as the "lyric" is in good poetry. Of course there are many good, even many great, modern songs. There are, for instance, the songs of Brahms and Richard Strauss and Hugo Wolf; but, not to mince matters, even when these are not beyond the technical capacity of singer and player (as they usually are), they are almost always beyond the receptive capacity of the household audience. I speak of the ordinary, not specifically musical family. You may go back to Grieg, or further still to Schumann and Schubert; but, without disloyalty, you cannot help wishing that you could add to these something else with the contemporary note and accent.

Let me, then, after this egregiously long preamble, introduce to your notice six songs by Johan Backer-Lunde, a compatriot of Grieg's, but speaking for himself with his own matter and his own style. The first, "My luve is like the red, red rose," has a quaintly harmonised accompaniment that seems alternately to echo and anticipate the voice. It is in marked contrast to the second, a boldy, even grimly, original setting of Tennyson's "The Owl." With No. 3, "The Snow Bird," set to a poem that is, I fancy, of American origin, we get, as it were, a change of sex; for while the first two seem to demand a male voice, this is essentially feminine. The same may be said of No. 4, a cradle song, called "My Little Bird," and No. 5, a "baby" song by Laurence Alma Tadema, called "Strange Lands." An ethereal fairy-song to the words of Moore's "Hush, hush," completes the half-dozen.

I commend them all to singers of taste. Their strength is harmonic, perhaps, rather than melodic, but they are really vocal. Moreover, Mr. Backer-Lunde is merciful to the harmless, necessary accompanist. One or two of the songs are as simple to the player as "Du bist die Ruh'," and the hardest is not beyond the reach of quite a moderate pianist. I do not know whether the copies I have seen are the only forms available. If so, I suggest that a transposed edition would be welcome, as these are all fairly high for the voice. "The Owl," with its wide compass of two octaves, is the only one that would not bear putting down a tone, or even a third. But in any form they are welcome. They are not only original, but their originality is of the kind that tells; in other words, they appeal both to the cultured amateur and the casual listener. THE BOOKMAN is not a definitely musical periodical; but just as it has always stood for style in literature, so it may, without impropriety, offer its welcome to style in another and, after all, a kindred art. The ears that are keen to the modern harmonies of our best contemporary prose and verse will not be closed, I am sure, to these other harmonies and melodies of Mr. Backer-Lunde's—effects that are, in their way, as decisively literary as they are authentically musical.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

* "English Songs." By Johan Backer-Lunde. 2s. net each. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

MR. MAX BEERBOHM'S EXTRAVAGANZA.*

In "Les Fourberies de Scapin," Molière says: "However short the absence from his home of the head of a family, he should turn over in his mind all the unpleasant incidents that may greet him on his return; imagine that his house is burnt down, his valuables stolen, his son crippled for life, his daughter dishonoured; and whatever of these things has not happened, put it down to his good fortune." Surely something analogous to this should be the attitude of mind in which to approach a new book by one of our favourite authors. Prepare for the worst and you shall never know disappointment. Prepare for the best and you are asking for disillusionment.

Unfortunately for myself, before receiving "Zuleika Dobson" for review, I came across an article on Mr. Max Beerbohm's latest venture by Mr. Alfred Sutro, which led me, and must have led every one else who read it, to suppose that here we were at last face to face with a new satirical masterpiece, an epoch-making book worthy to take its place on our bookshelves by the side of "The Tale of a Tub" and "Gulliver's Travels." Further, I was unfortunate enough to read in the publisher's foreword that Zuleika Dobson's going to Oxford and becoming the Helen of an Undergraduate Troy was described in this volume "with all the piquant wit and light, subtle, cunning satire that in his caricatures and dainty essays have made 'Max' the joy of the most fastidious public," and that the dénouement, "the final universal suicide of all Oxford," headed by the Duke of Dorset in his Garter robes, "is one of the most delightful pieces of extravagant comedy in the world." Poor Mr. Max Beerbohm, how he must cry "Preserve me from my friends!"

Now I am a professed admirer of Mr. Beerbohm's genius, as indeed, but a month or two ago, I was privileged to prove at some length in these pages. And nothing would have pleased me better than to have found myself agreeing with Mr. Sutro that Mr. Beerbohm had in this book done something transcending anything that he had hitherto accomplished. But I am jealous for Mr. Beerbohm and I refuse to be party to scratching his back when he does not deserve it, and so encouraging him to waste his invaluable gifts on what must at its best be pronounced an imposing failure.

Let it not be supposed that there is no cleverness in this book. There is plenty, enough indeed to have made a volume of a quarter of its size an almost worthy companion to "The Happy Hypocrite" with which he delighted us fifteen years ago. Let me give a taste of it. Of the Duke of Dorset he writes:

"The clock of the warden's drawing-room had just struck eight and already the ducal feet were beautiful on the white bearskin hearthrug. So slim and long were they, of instep so nobly arched, that only with a pair of glazed ox tongues on a breakfast-table were they comparable."

That is a triumphant simile. Of Oxford's married fellows:

"There are the innumerable wives and daughters around the Parks, running in and out of their little red-brick villas; but the indignant shade of celibacy seems to have called down

* "Zuleika Dobson." By Max Beerbohm. 6s. (Heinemann.)

on the dons a Nemesis which precludes them from either marrying beauty or begetting it."

Of the Rhodes scholars :

"The Duke was not one of those Englishmen who fling, or care to hear flung, cheap sneers at America. Whenever any one said in his presence that America was not large in area he would firmly maintain it was. He held too in his enlightened way that Americans have a perfect right to exist. But he did often find himself wishing Mr. Rhodes had not enabled them to exercise that right in Oxford. They *were* so awfully afraid of having their strenuous native characters undermined by their delight in the place."

That's good satire and done in the best Oxford manner. Of man as a gregarious animal :

"You cannot make a man by standing a sheep on its hind legs. But by standing a flock of sheep in that position you can make a crowd of men. . . . A crowd, proportionately to its size, magnifies all that in its units pertains to the emotions and diminishes all that in them pertains to thought."

I admit the cleverness of these passages and am duly grateful for them, but the gems are too far apart, as though a jeweller had essayed to decorate an ironclad and had carefully inserted a diamond over each porthole. They are lost in the immensity of the setting. In a word, Mr. Beerbohm has proved once more, as Mr. Kipling and a dozen other literary miniaturists have proved, that a six-shilling novel is too large a canvas for their meticulous art. To switch off to another metaphor, they are splendid sprinters but a mile or three mile race is outside their limit. I am of course perfectly aware that, just as Oscar Wilde said that at the première of a play it was not the playwright who came up for judgment but the audience, so I run the risk of its being thrown in my teeth that in condemning the work of a professed humorist I am myself being found guilty of a lack of humour. But it must be understood that the condemnation is only relative. I so heartily admire Mr. Beerbohm's work that I judge him by the high standard which he has hitherto set himself. I do not say for a moment that judged by itself "Zuleika Dobson" is not worth reading, but I do distinctly say that, judged by Mr. Beerbohm's merit as an author, it is not worthy of him. For the first chapter or two I was "inverideed" all aglow with Mr. Sutro's enthusiasm. I found myself laughing out loud as I read of Zuleika's triumphs in Paris, Berlin, Yildiz Kiosk, Petersburg and Madrid—but as I proceeded I laughed no more. Indeed I could have cried with disappointment at finding how, after the first good wine, the feast grew, if I may be allowed the expression, Barmicider and Barmicider. I think Mr. Beerbohm was growing tired. He could not stay the course. And I caught the infection.

G. S. LAYARD.

FREDERIC HARRISON'S AUTOBIOGRAPHIC MEMOIRS.*

The title of Mr. Harrison's book is well chosen, for it is a collection of *mémoires pour servir*, and not an autobiography such as Gibbon and Franklin have given us. And although there are many letters, public or private, and manifestos printed or reprinted in these 763 pages, the reader is frequently referred to other of the author's publications for a fuller development of his views. He has avoided reminiscences of living persons and controversies. Whilst this may increase the placidity of the book it has the defect of rendering it less complete as an autobiography. The story of a life devoted to conscientious efforts for the public good, such as Frederic Harrison's has been, is well worth telling. The English apostle of Positivism differs from many who have striven to benefit the community in the important circumstance that he has never had to struggle with the sordid cares of everyday existence. He came of prosperous middle-class stock, and has had no bitter fight for bread, education, or recognition. His circumstances were easy but instead of doing as so many of his class, when so placed, have done, instead of sacrificing himself and his ideals for money or social position, he has joined the sacred band "Who scorn delights and live laborious days" in the service of humanity.

Born in 1832, Mr. Harrison has lived through a period of rapid and far-reaching change which has left him keenly conscious of defects and dangers in the new order and yet genially optimistic as to the future. He has sometimes had to stand in a minority of protestors against the madness of crowds and the folly of "statesmen"—falsely so called—and has done so with a courage and dignity worthy of the best traditions. He has come in contact with men and women of distinction in different lands. There are fewer graphic details or good stories than might have been expected. One of the best relates to Thackeray : "Once when I was invited to meet the great rebuker of snobs at dinner he was kept away by an attack of 'gout.' We learned from the *Times* next day that the remedy he had taken to cure his gout was dining with a duke." Matthew Arnold he compares to "a free-thinking Abbé at Voltaire's supper-parties." Zola's action in the Dreyfus case he regarded as not "more than literary effusion"—surely a harsh judgment. As an exponent of Comte he came in touch with many Frenchmen, but his sympathies with Latin Europe make him look askance at the Teutons. His dislike of "Bismarckism" perhaps hinders him from frank appreciation of Germany's great gifts. He has a generous word for the much-maligned Commune of Paris. Its misdeeds were small compared with those of Versailles. Mr. Harrison justly regards Gambetta as the real founder of the Third Republic, which in its earlier years had to struggle against treacherous "statesmen" who would willingly have murdered the new constitution if they could only have agreed as to the succession.

Exceedingly interesting chapters are those in which Mr. Harrison describes his relations to Positivism and the work done at Newton Hall. His constant and healthy endeavour has been to make the British public see and study the data of history and of science not as isolated facts but in their true relations to each other and as parts of a great and systematic whole. In a careless age, in which even sound learning sometimes gets lost in a wilderness of specialism, this insistence on looking at things in their entirety is as wholesome as it is necessary. Mr. Harrison has printed a number of his familiar letters ; those written during his tour in the United States will be recognised by other visitors as photographic in their accuracy as pictures of the bustle, excitement, intellectual keenness, and overflowing hospitality of the Americans. It is interesting to find in Mr. Harrison a champion of the county J.P.'s, but he also sees the defects of a system by which the benches are packed with a large majority of men of one political colour and of one class. Whilst the bulk of the population live by the work of their hands, Labour has practically no representation in the county magistracy. The case when stated carries its own condemnation.

In memorable words Frederic Harrison records that he has had "a long, happy, busy life." His spiritual experiences have led him from "Orthodox Christianity" to the Church of Humanity—one of the smallest of the many sects that exist in this country. He has done good service for real education ; he has striven to secure juster relations between Capital and Labour ; he has had the courage to advocate unpopular causes ; he has reminded the British people of their international duties and has sternly reproved the godless jingoism that thinks the possibility of conquest or of monetary gain justifies the abolition of the Decalogue. He has had his share of controversy and evil words, but in his serene old age he claims to have "resignation, peace, and hope." He has more : he has the respect and admiration of all those who value honesty, courage, and fidelity to ideals of truth and good citizenship.

WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

* "Autobiographic Memoirs." By Frederic Harrison, D.C.L., Litt.D., LL.D. With Portraits. 2 Vols. 30s. net. (Macmillan.)

A ROMANCE OF COMMERCE.*

Disraeli has said in one of his novels that there are always adventures awaiting the adventurous. The truth of this remark will be apparent to everybody who follows Mr. Ross's account of how a sea-captain's son built up a vast and prosperous business, of how this Captain Northwood and his son Johnnie were irretrievably ruined, and, finally, of the courageous manner in which both father and son struggled gallantly but vainly to recover their lost position. From the first page to the last incident crowds upon incident and adventure follows adventure with a profusion such as perhaps the East alone can supply nowadays. Even a Henty did not imagine experiences more thrilling than those which the Northwoods (and doubtless many another man besides them) underwent. And these experiences lose the minimum in the telling. His style, indeed, is far from being literary, and one notices the employment of many slang phrases, but Mr. Ross writes in a bold, robust vein which is, on the whole, admirably suited to his narrative of the doings and sayings of men in whom the natural passions often ran tumultuous and who had in them much of that epic spirit which characterised the old sea-dogs of Elizabethan days.

Captain Northwood's first expedition was typical of the man's courage. He found in Batavia a revenue cutter which the Dutch Government had rejected as unfit to ply round the Java coast on preventive service. This vessel he bought, made some alterations in her, and then, putting his young wife and child and a cargo of cocoa-nuts aboard, sailed the ship successfully into Melbourne harbour. His intention to make a fortune on the Australian goldfields failed, and, returning to Singapore, Captain Northwood began to trade between that port and Labuan and Brunei. The trade was dangerous as the seas swarmed with pirates, but Northwood beat off all attacks and had the faculty of winning the friendship both of the native potentates and of the British naval officers and civil servants. His advice to his son—"never ill-treat or kill a native if you can possibly help it. It's ungentlemanly and wicked, and it never pays in the long run"—marks him out as a man of a different stamp from many of his rivals, and, no doubt, goes far towards explaining his success with the natives. The Europeans were equally delighted with his genial, straightforward manners, and, it may be confessed, were prepared to assist the undertakings of a man whose arrival in port was always signalised by invitations to Sybaritic banquets washed down with copious supplies of iced champagne and such-like luxuries. These friendships he turned to good account—notably when he induced the captain of H.M.S. *Sharpshooter* to tow his sailing-vessel the whole way from Labuan to Singapore, and thereby performed the voyage in a dead calm in six and a half days!

The son was a true chip of the old block, but he does not appear to have possessed so much commercial ability as his father. He had a genius for getting himself into tight places. The story of how he was rescued from one peril by his Scottish engineer deserves mention. The *Alastor* had run upon a dangerous reef and was being attacked by a swarm of natives in their prahus. When the pirates boarded the ship Johnnie Northwood was prepared to shoot, but McCracken fitted up a hose on the main deck and announced his intention to "*wash the decks* wi' hot water, and if they pirates happen to get what I might ca' a *fit bath*, it'll no kill the scoundrels." The ruse was completely successful. As the torrents of boiling water hissed along the deck the savages yelled with agony, and jumping overboard left behind all their pistols, muskets, krisses and even articles of clothing.

Nor was young Northwood without presence of mind himself. On one expedition he found himself alone and unarmed amidst a number of mutinous Papuans. To have seized his gun from the man who was carrying it and to have fired would have been fatal. Walking up to the biggest "he dealt him a smashing blow between the eyes, which he followed up with a rib-roaster which sent the sooty ruffian end over end. To his surprise the rest of the Papuans broke out into roars of laughter. They had never seen fighting before which knocked a man over without killing him, and the whole thing appealed strongly to their aboriginal sense of humour."

Episodes such as those quoted might be paralleled almost *ad infinitum*, and indeed these volumes contain in themselves the materials for countless stories of adventure. It would, however, be an injustice to Mr. Ross if one gave the impression that his books are nothing but a collection of exciting incidents. On the contrary, he has embodied in his memoirs a quantity of valuable information, and he has many hints to offer which are worthy of consideration not only by commercial men, but by even more august personages. It remains to be said that the book is illustrated with a number of excellent photographs.

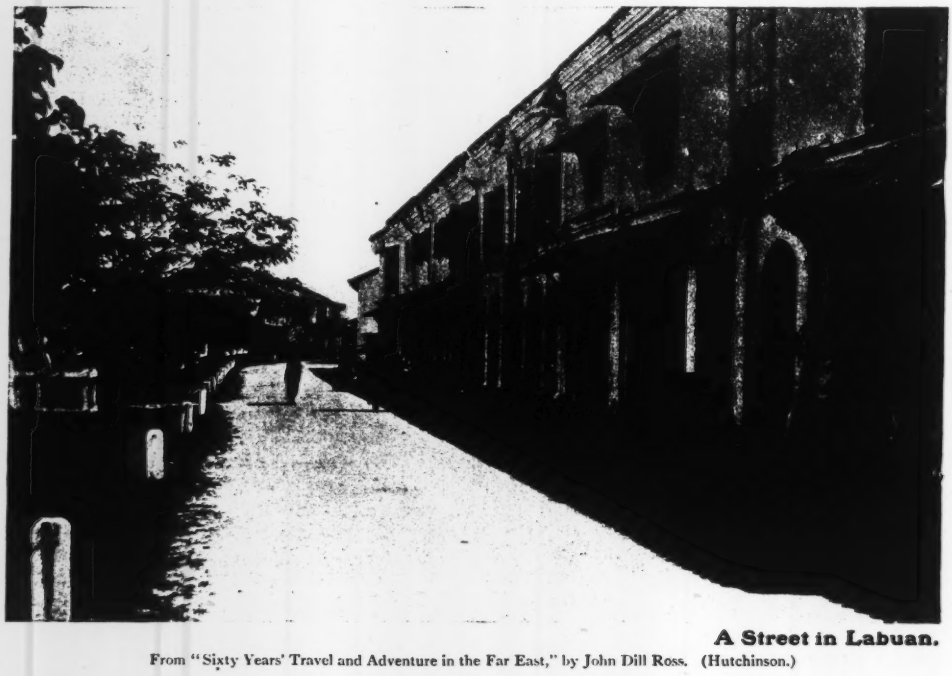
M. H. H. MACARTNEY.

* "Sixty Years' Travel and Adventure in the Far East." By John Dill Ross. 2 Vols. 24s. net. (Hutchinson.

BEHIND THE DIKES.*

Mr. Meldrum has covered a far wider field than his title advertises, and a more illuminating treatise on every aspect

* "Home Life in Holland." By D. S. Meldrum. 10s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)



A Street in Labuan.

From "Sixty Years' Travel and Adventure in the Far East," by John Dill Ross. (Hutchinson.)

of Dutch life we have never seen. Throughout the book on every page there are unmistakable signs that we have here the work of one who is thoroughly at home with his subject. Never have we occasion to undergo that unpleasant sensation of having information laboriously pumped straight out of the sea of the library into our own private dike. Instead, we have the pleasant satisfaction of feeling that the writer not only speaks from intimate personal acquaintance with his subject, but, what is even more important, from intimate love of it.

His thorough acquaintance with the country shows itself in a refusal to dogmatise on questions of the most vital moment. Among casual observers, one will say that the country is "frightfully religious," another will complain that it "does not seem to have any religion at all." Mr. Meldrum declines to commit himself either way. Part of the truth seems to be that the old deep religious feeling of the country is largely obscured from the view, not only of strangers, but of the Dutch themselves, by their love of dissent springing from the sturdy independence of the national character.

This individualism, this independence, born of the eternal struggle against the forces of Nature, disappears sometimes in a way astonishing to strangers, and gives place to its opposite. The most individualistic among peoples suffers from the most excessive State regulation. How this comes about, how the life and death struggle with the sea, with all the minute and scientific forethought it entails, has produced a passion for the formal and precise, and how this passion reconciles the Dutchman to a multiplicity of rules and regulations is brought out by our author in one of his most luminous chapters. This same struggle with the sea also acts more directly in curbing the intensely independent spirit of Holland. When danger threatens all unite to obey the "dike count": they allow their property to be impounded if necessary, their own persons to be impressed for the work.

Thus it comes about that such an individualistic people has been able to digest the all-saving gospel of co-operation, which in the last ten years has given a fresh lease of prosperity to agriculture. Dipping down beneath the broad surface of national life our author introduces us to a thousand and one delightful and instructive pictures of life in Holland. Just beneath the surface, if not on it, we come across the revolution on a small scale wrought by the bicycle. Mixed with the bicycle bell we hear the eternal clatter of the sabot, the "konk-k" of the bucket set down on brick, and the "gulp-t" of the pump in the village square, we hear the beautiful ferry call of "o-ver," see the market cart "cart of Holland's plenty! What visions are awakened by thy green amplitude! of gardens from Limburg to the Langedyk, where the blunt toes of ten thousand sabots brush the dews of morning from leguminous verdure." By means of his magic carpet the author takes us right into the family circle, explains the servants' positions, particularly the mystic "juffrows," goes into details over costumes, manners, lessons, and other things too innumerable to mention, and does it all in the pleasantest possible fashion, so that we part excellent friends.

Sir Henry Vane, the younger.

From the original by William Dobson, in the National Portrait Gallery.
From "Life of Edward, Earl of Clarendon," by Sir Henry Craik. (Smith, Elder.)

CLARENDON CHAMPIONED.*

Whiggery, avowed or latent, has long laid down the law as to the merits of the men who made kaleidoscopic history in the seventeenth century. Its estimates have been practically unchallenged except by the puny voice of the sentimentalist, uncritically reverent of all things appertaining to the Stuart. These little Ajaxes make but laughable defiance of Macaulayan lightnings. The Tory point of view, however, voiced by one having authority and applied to a central figure of the epoch in question, is another matter. The Tory and the churchman's view of Clarendon, put forward by Sir Henry Craik, must command respect even where it does not find adherence.

Sir Henry Craik makes no bones about his partisanship. Clarendon, for him, is as near a hero as so eminently staid and conventional a figure can be. It is, perhaps, unfortunate that the author's should coincide so nearly with his subject's own valuation of himself and his environment. While not actually stultifying Sir Henry's arguments, this might provoke a criticism which needs skilful answering, and against which there is little provision made in the book, except the guarantee on the title-page. As a matter of fact no one is likely to accuse Sir Henry Craik of tamely accepting Clarendon's own estimate either of himself or of the men and affairs with which he came in contact. But against the book itself, as the work of an untried man, such a charge might justifiably he levelled.

This is largely the author's own fault. "Even to reproduce, with copious annotations, the foundations upon which my narrative is based," he writes, "would have encumbered my main object, which is, by examining the evidence available, to show to the ordinary reader how the events of his time presented themselves to Clarendon, how his part in them was justified, and how sound are the reasons for believing that part to be a great one." The first of these objects (and the better fulfilled) does not seem perfectly compatible with the other two. Clarendon's views are of the utmost interest to students of his age, and a modern digest of such lengthy works as his is by no means to be sneered at. But at the bar of history a man is hardly to be judged on his own evidence alone. Sir Henry Craik is possibly right in not loading his pages with references, though one would have thought that the susceptibilities of even the most "ordinary reader" would not have been hurt by an unobtrusive bibliography. But the only authority he does name with any frequency is Clarendon himself—though Gardiner is periodically

* "The Life of Edward, Earl of Clarendon." By Sir Henry Craik. 2 Vols. 21s. net. (Smith, Elder.)

hauled up for reprobation for having dared to differ from the Chancellor—and the contemporary estimates and portraits which he quotes are likewise always Clarendon's. Hyde was undeniably a shrewd judge of men and admirably candid, but no one would insult him by calling him impartial. His dicta, therefore, cannot be accepted without critical examination; and Sir Henry Craik by eschewing chapter and verse makes it difficult for us to accept his valuation against that of students like Gardiner and Ranke. Indeed, it seems a pity, since no one is likely to take the trouble to write Clarendon's life again, that all the valuable data were not once for all amassed. Thoroughness is not pedantry; that is a matter of touch. And there must be much in the less obvious contemporary sources which would have added to the accuracy of the portrait; sources which there is no evidence that the author has tapped.

The weight of Sir Henry's judgment of his subject's achievement, as apart from his intentions, is another matter. It may be asked whether a statesman can be called great whose effect on his country's history was so small as Clarendon's. In practical politics, ideals without the power of carrying them out, at least in part, are insufficient. And Clarendon was, after all, rather an ineffectual figure. As a paper politician he was admirable, if a little hide-bound. His moderating influence, both before the war and after the Restoration, was what was needed; if only he had had the influence as well as the moderation. He lacked the personality which can mould events. He stands, a monument of many excellent qualities, and the troubled waters of the seventeenth century swirl past him. Compare him with a man on whom Sir Henry Craik heaps unmitigated and uncritical vituperation. Shaftesbury, whatever his vices, had, for the last ten years of his life, an ideal as clear as Clarendon's. He drove at it through mud, he died believing in its failure, but in the end his ideal was accomplished as it would not have been but for his restless, brilliant, unscrupulous energy. Surely he was a greater statesman than Clarendon.

But if the value one attaches to the Chancellor's ideals is a question of politics, the respective values of ideals and achievements is a question of ethics. On one point, however, it is possible to dogmatise. Sir Henry Craik's book is very readable; and that is a book's most necessary virtue. His prose moves on in the pleasant and stately manner appropriate to Tory prose, and he has caught his subject's knack of telling portraiture. In the difficult task of keeping a just proportion between the personal and the general he has succeeded to perfection. Clarendon keeps the centre of the stage, and we are not given a new history of England. But the march of events and the Chancellor's exact relation to them are clearly shown. Little fault can be found with the accuracy of his facts, however one may differ from his or Clarendon's reading of them. And every historian who is worth reading is a partisan. There is much in Sir Henry Craik's volumes which will irritate all except the remnant that thinks with him, but nevertheless they are an interesting and a valuable contribution to biographical literature. Clarendon's life was well worth writing anew, and it is suitable that he who—whatever one thinks of his statesmanship—was undoubtedly a prince among historians, and the king of historical portraitists, should have a worthy biography.

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

HISTORY OF ENGLISH NONCONFORMITY.*

Three or four years ago, in his Hulsean Lectures upon the Rights and Responsibilities of National Churches, Professor Masterman remarked that "the supreme purpose of all Church organisation should be to give to this voice [of the Holy Spirit] an adequate vehicle for the utterance of itself." He further argued against clericalism as an obstacle to this purpose. Mr. Clark, in the introduction to his history, defines the Nonconformist spirit as the tendency to exalt life above organisation. "This is the Nonconformist spirit—the spirit which does not begin by looking outward for something to which it may cling, but which flies at once to the innermost place, sets the spiritual processes going there, and then lets the outward things determine themselves as they may. Organisation has no primary value in its eyes, but only a derived." Accordingly he views the Establishment of religion by the State as a contradiction of "the principle that organisation must be made by life." He is careful to explain that Nonconformity is not a mere negation; it cannot be defined in terms of opposition to any organisation, for organisation is secondary on the scale of its values. He candidly admits that there may be seceding bodies which are not informed by the genuine Nonconformist spirit. As a matter of fact, he begins by saying that historic Nonconformity has not been a perfect embodiment of the Nonconformist ideal. Still, his postulate is that no single organisation has the right to claim finality and that the adherents of any one organisation are not entitled to "set themselves up as the autocrats of the religious world." This flows from the positive Nonconformist principle that life determines organisation.

Whether this definition is satisfactory or not, whether, as some might argue, it is theoretical rather than practical, it determines the point of view from which the following chapters have been written. As the tone of the introduction suggests, the book is by no means a partisan plea for the Dissidence of Dissent. Mr. Clark has too fine a temper and too wide a knowledge of history to produce a one-sided statement which masses and twists facts in support of a ready-made conclusion. He has his convictions upon the essence and bearings of what he calls the Nonconformist spirit, but any one who will read, for example, his pages on Laud will admit that his religious assumptions have not warped his charity or his historic sense.

In the present volume he is dealing with the earlier manifestations of the Nonconformist principle. Its first exponent was Wiclif. In him the Nonconformist spirit, with its emphasis upon the inner life of the Christian as essential, came suddenly and powerfully before the English mind. The reformation under Henry VIII. advanced Protestantism but really gave a set-back to the Nonconformist spirit. Mr. Clark refuses to regard Lollardism as the genuine heir of Wicliffism, and is therefore unable to accept Dr. Gairdner's view that the quasi-religious reformation was carried out on Lollard lines. But when the Protestant organisation was crystallised under Elizabeth the call for the Nonconformist spirit arose, and the remainder of the volume is devoted to "the childhood of Nonconformity," *i.e.* to the rise of the Independents, the Nonconformist movement within the Church, and the struggles of the Puritan period.

It is rather a depressing survey. Perhaps Mr. Clark would reply that any such feeling of depression is due to the facts. An ideal becomes more or less corrupted in entering the rude world of men and things. One has often to admire the spirit and to deplore the policy of the chief agents. Even the heroic Independents were not always true to their principles. As for the stricter Presbyterians, they were as much sticklers for organisation as the Episcopalians. The result is that, on Mr. Clark's reading of the religious history of England, the Nonconformist spirit is always hovering round the organisation of the Church, correcting, protecting, and asserting itself, but apparently unable to gain any coherent or effective expression. Which leads one to ask whether it is not possible that such factors as discipline and tradition may not have been allowed

* "History of English Nonconformity: From Wiclif to the Close of the Nineteenth Century." By Henry W. Clark. Vol. I., From Wiclif to the Restoration. 15s. (Chapman & Hall.)

sufficient weight in the author's definition of religion, and whether any Christian organisation which is vitally active ought not to be able to correct itself normally from within. Mr. Clark seems to feel something of this when he comes to deal with the Quakers. In speaking of Quakerism he notices "its religious individualism, the excessive lengths to which its contempt for organisation was driven, the extreme readiness with which it gave the protesting and negative spirit the rein." But, it might be retorted, is not this the logical outcome of the Nonconformist spirit in its depreciation of organisation? The Christian Church as a society and institution must exercise some discipline over its members and adhere to some forms of government. So long as it is Christian, the inner life can surely be relied upon to react on the organisation and maintain the supremacy of the spirit. A corporate body is no more the necessary antagonist of the spirit than is any other form. Granted that it is more difficult in a State-established church than in any other to preserve this vitality and flexibility, still, is it accurate, for example, to assert that "the less highly, or more flexibly organised churches . . . have always been nearer to toleration than those more elaborate or more unbending in their system"? They may have been in theory, but in practice they were not—and are not always.

These are some queries suggested by Mr. Clark's reading of English religious history. But it is not possible to lay down his thoughtful and educative book without a sincere word of praise for the admirable spirit in which it has been written. It is characterised by what Bagehot called "an animated moderation" which is only too rare in church histories of any school. The blend of strong conviction and of fairness to the other side is extremely attractive.

JAMES MOFFATT.

DAN RUSSEL, THE FOX.*

It is refreshing to get away from the artificiality of the new Irish convention in literature and to find oneself again in the somewhat narrow but very real world depicted by the charming joint authors of "Dan Russel, the Fox." That is not to say that they penetrate very deeply into the heart of the Irish people or endeavour to unravel the tangled skein of perplexities which make Irish life at once the most fascinating and the most baffling of all studies in sociology. Mr. Stephen Gwynn says somewhere that the Irish priest holds the secret of Irish life. The saying is true, and in the volume under notice the priest makes a single appearance, "big and black, in his soutane and biretta, a figure fraught with the romance of the religion that satisfies the political as well as the practical side of the Irish people." Katharine, the English heroine, sees a woman in a dark blue cloak coming forth shriven from the confessional and wonders what sins she had been ingenious enough to commit in what appeared to be complete solitude. That gives the keynote of the book: the spiritual life of the people is untouched and no attempt is made to link up the causes which make Dark Rosaleen the most sorrowful figure in the history of the world. And this is perhaps as well. What the authors have given us is a story full of movement, of cloud-dispelling humour, of speeches racy and whimsical, with only a hint of tragedy and despair.

The characterisation is excellent. There is Mrs. Delanty, the pretty little widow who made a living out of horse-dealing and could vet. a horse or a hound better than any one in the county, a brave and pathetic if not always edifying figure and deserving of a better fate than to be forced to accept the maudlin mug, Fanshawe, to save the man she loves from having to go to America because his stepbrother has decided to relinquish the mastership of the hounds and dispense with his services as huntsman.

* "Dan Russel, the Fox: An Episode in the Life of Miss Rowan." By E. Œ. Somerville and Martin Ross. 6s. (Methuen.)

The contrast between the M.F.H., Augustus Fitz-Symons, a vulgar, selfish, and half-drunken bully, and his step-brother John Michael, with his Spanish beauty, shy, gentle manners, and unrivalled courage and skill, is perhaps the most effective in the book:

> "John Michael was a younger brother of the old-fashioned tribal type, who existed happily, and pennilessly, under the suzerainity of his elder brother. There had indeed been a vague period when he was 'going to be a doctor,' during which he had acquired by some process of natural selection such facts as were of value to him when he relapsed into the state to which he was born, kennel-boy, stable helper, and his mother's right-hand man. . . . The process of earning a livelihood presented itself to him in but one form, that of picking a 'likely colt' and 'passing him on.' What remained of his mental horizon was occupied by the hounds."

Here is a characteristic experience of the M.F.H. He had taken it into his head to visit the kennels before breakfast:

> "Save for a thin wisp of smoke, he abode of the kennel-boy, some fifty yards away, showed no sign of life. Mr. Fitz-Symons advanced upon it; as he did so the kennel-boy's mother burst forth, and in the shock of meeting the master, revealed that she was on her way to 'let out the dogs into the yard.'"

Mr. Fitz-Symon's reception of this intelligence need not be set down, but it at once drove the kennel-boy's mother into the higher realms of fancy. She declared that there was not a day in the year that that little boy wouldn't let a yowl out of himself, below in the kennels, at five o'clock in the morning, but, she called Heaven to witness, he had a gumboil inside in his mouth this three days, and he was dead with it; "it would take him six months to eat a biscuit." Remembering "The Real Charlotte" and "The Silver Fox," one more than half regrets that the public insists on the authors being humorists mainly, but that is to look a gift horse in the mouth.

H. A. HINKSON.

THE FALL OF NAPOLEON III.*

By his personal experience of France, and particularly by his acquaintance with leading Frenchmen and his wide knowledge of Empire literature and memoirs, Mr. Legge is well qualified to write on the brilliancies and blindnesses of the court which Napoleon III. raised so quickly. For the most part historians have condemned the Emperor as an unscrupulous international adventurer or belittled him as a charlatan. Victor Hugo, the most fecund genius of his day, branded him as Napoleon le Petit, and naturally enough France, by the pens of a thousand writers, indicted the author of her great disaster. Yet his last Prime Minister, M. Ollivier, valiantly continues his defence, and the monumental apology is already in its fifteenth volume. Other less biassed writers, especially those on Italian history, are inclined to take the view that the Emperor was more an idealist in difficulties than an adventurer, and there must have been gifts almost amounting to genius in the man who held the Paris of last century fascinated for more than a decade, won the alliance and allegiance of Palmerston and the esteem of Queen Victoria. He must always be condemned for certain crimes at the bar of history; he did not desire war with Prussia but, intoxicated by glory or benumbed by opiates, be allowed Bismarck to force on the contest; he really wished to see an Italy freed from Austrian control, but he mixed his generous humanitarianism with a desire for gain, so that the man who lost Alsace and Lorraine was the man who gave Savoy to France; he dreamed of a "Liberal Empire," but he stooped to the lowest devices and trickeries of despotism. Moreover, the society which grew up round his court was brilliant with

* "The Comedy and Tragedy of the Second Empire; Paris Society in the Sixties, including Letters of Napoleon III., M. Pietri, and Cte. de la Chapelle, and Portraits of the Period." By Edward Legge. 7s. 6d. net. (Harpers.)

the brilliance of vulgarity, with the ostentation of wealth and the extravagance of fashion—a society of tinsel and display in which the millionaire bestrode the world. Nero would have been happy in it, but Marcus Aurelius and even Louis XIV. would have disdained it. "It smelt of gunpowder and patchouli," says Lord Ronald Gower.

Perhaps Napoleon's marriage to the beautiful Spaniard, who declared that her motto was "all or nothing," was the most creditable action of his life, and Mr. Legge has much that is interesting to tell of the Emperor's courtship and married life. From a political standpoint the marriage was a folly and Thiers declared: "There is nothing to be feared from people who are only tipsy, but they are to be dreaded when they get quite drunk." Lamartine, however, said that the Emperor did wisely in marrying the woman he loved, instead of bargaining for a German princess with large feet. Later in life the Empress said that greatness could be purchased too dearly. Few women have had more tragic sorrows to endure, and the sacredness alike of sorrow and of age forbids any criticism of the living. Mr. Legge proves himself a chivalrous advocate, as in his earlier book; to some extent he disproves the charge that the Empress was the main personal influence in instigating the great war, and he places to her credit at least one saying of insight and high spirit: "No Buonaparte can return to Paris unless victorious."

In the pamphlet published under the name of the Marquis de Gricourt, but written by Napoleon himself during his captivity after Sedan, the Emperor discusses with plausibility and detachment the responsibility of the war. He argues that the Ministry and the Chamber, which for years had insisted on reducing the army, were determined on war, and that public opinion had been so violently agitated in France that it spurned all conciliatory measures.

> "At the same time we own that the duty of the Emperor was to have shown himself wiser than the nation, and avoided war even at the cost of his crown. His excuse is that he accepted the contest, but without ardour, as a man who engages in a duel because his honour and duty demand it, not considering that his opponent may be stronger than himself. Doubtless he may have been carried away at the moment by national *élan*, by unlimited confidence in the power of his army; and dreams of military glory, perhaps even of territorial aggrandisement, may have stifled in his breast the calm reasoning of the statesman."

This is probably a true statement of the personal position, but it cannot alter the fact that the Emperor neglected—or allowed his ministers to neglect—alike the military warnings of Colonel Stoffel, his attaché in Berlin, and the diplomatic preparations which were essential for success. The situation of Europe was such that the only hope, either of peace or of successful war, was an agreement between France, Austria, and Italy. The Emperor's attempts to secure this showed that he realised the necessity, but he allowed the war to be forced on while he was still negotiating and still haggling about the protection of the Pope's temporal power! History has few more bitter ironies than that a great nation should have been temporarily overwhelmed because its ruler was dazed and entangled over two such questions as the Spanish marriage and the Papal sovereignty. Bismarck meantime had made his agreement with Russia and the German forces leapt upon France so that her army was "surprised *en flagrant délit* of formation," while her ministers were still negotiating.

WALFORD D. GREEN.

MORE JACOBS.*

I give Mr. Jacobs up. Two or three years ago I said with many others: "He can't go on. He is bound to work this vein out soon. He will have to change his types of character and take up some new line of humour." But Mr. Jacobs is still going on; he is still working the same rich vein and still bringing gold out of it, and neither he nor the particular range of life and character to which he deliberately limits himself begins to show any signs of exhaustion. So in one sense I give him up, and shall prophesy about him no more, but in another sense I do not give him up, and so long as he can go on offering us such joyous, mirth-compelling books as "Ship's Company," I certainly never shall.

There are a dozen new stories in this volume, and the worst you can say of them is that some are even better than others. One can give no fair idea of any of them by outlining their plots, for though they depend largely for their fun on oddities or farcicalities of action and incident, they depend even more for it on the curiously quiet drollery of their dialogue, on whimsical, unexpected turns of phrase, and on the quaint individuality and humour of Mr. Jacobs's style of narration. You have the authentic Jacobs touch that tells things most effectively by leaving them unsaid in such bits as the night-watchman's remarks, in "Good Intentions," on jealousy:

> "You can't argufy with jealous people, and you can't shame 'em. When I told my missis once that I should never dream of being jealous of *her*, instead of up and thanking me for it, she spoilt the best frying-pan we ever had."

Or again when the night-watchman, in "Skilled Assistance," discourses on the short tempers of women:

> "The way she talked to me just now you'd think I was paid a-purpose to wait on her. I asked 'er at last what she thought I was here for, and she said she didn't know, and nobody else either. And afore she went off she told the potman from the 'Albion,' what was listening, that I was known all over Wapping as the Sleeping Beauty.
>
> "She ain't the fust I've 'ad words with, not by a lot. They're all the same; they all start in a nice, kind, soapy sort o' way, and, as soon as they don't get wot they want, fly into a temper and ask me who I think I am. I told one woman once not to be silly, and I shall never forget it as long as I live—never. For all I know, she's wearing a bit o' my 'air in a locket to this day, and very likely boasting that I gave it to her."

The night-watchman's stories are always among the best, but there are others here that are at least equally good—"Fine Feathers," for instance, which tells how a greengrocer's wife and aspiring family tried and for a while succeeded in forcing him to wear a collar, a tall hat, and a decent suit when he went out of doors after business hours, till he turned the tables on them by introducing so much etiquette into the house that they were glad to let him fall back into his old easier habits; "Friends in Need"; "Fairy Gold"; and "For Better or Worse," a delightfully humorous tale that ends on one of those casual, elusive, pathetic notes that Mr. Jacobs now and then introduces into the most farcical of his stories with such unobtrusive art and such cunning effectiveness. If Mr. Jacobs were a new writer "Ship's Company" would make a reputation for him; for the humour of it is as free and irresistible, as sparkling and as full of sly laughter as it was in "Many Cargoes," with which his reputation was made.

S. J.

* "Ship's Company." By W. W. Jacobs. 3s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

THREE ESSAYS IN SELF-REVELATION.*

There is always pleasure in finding among the crowd of books made for the market any that seem to have been written for their own sakes. Three such books are before us: a dialogue, a book of short essays, and a book of still shorter poems in prose. All three are attempts at more or less intimate self-revelation. The first, by Mr. Robert Douglas, is the least intimate of the three. It discusses the place of art in the modern state, and the value to the community of unsuccessful artists. The question is interesting and worth discussion, but the value of the book lies not in its opinions but in the revelation of a charming scholar who has resigned the Civil Service for the service of literature and is concerned to justify himself to a friend.

* "The Choice." By Robert Douglas. 3s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)—"Between Two Worlds." By A. E. Lloyd Maunsell. 5s. net. (De La More Press.)—"The Invaded Solitude." By Magdalen Rawlins. 2s. 6d. net. (Gowans & Gray.)

He shows in the reasons of his resignation a rare breadth of mind and a noble disinterestedness in the service of mankind. He would not be out of place in that club whose discussion of politics made the delicate work of art that Mr. Dickinson called "A Modern Symposium." Plato, Emerson, and perhaps Mr. Dickinson have taught him to speak, and his speech, though it is not on the level of his masters' prose, is worth hearing.

The other books are less concerned with things outside themselves, and, as experiments in literature, are more interesting. "Between Two Worlds" is a curious, windy little work, with flashes of power. The manner is borrowed from Carlyle, by a youngish author (feminine, we almost think) who has read W. B. Yeats, and learnt to hypnotise herself, and to write in a kind of waking trance. She recognises as good writing whatever passages seem to be dictated by something of which she is not conscious, of which it would be almost blasphemous to suppose she might be mistress. There are many such passages in the book, passages whose power is reflected from the vehemence of her self-hypnotism. Such writing is not common, and always contains a conditional promise. Any young man (or woman) who has been able to write in this way may, when he dares to write unhypnotised, find that he possesses one at least of the secrets of literature. But there is always a danger lest a mistrust of the apparent barrenness of writing that is without this quality of trance should frighten him into a continued imitation of himself, a substitution of a conjuring trick for what, once in his life, has been a real manifestation of the magi. We suspect this author is a woman, in spite of the fact that the supposed confessions are those of a man. The man is crippled, and lies in a bed by a window, thinking of life and death. Incidents of a charming unreality occur; he suggests that Carlyle should have said "vestments" instead of "clothes" (a quite unconscious self-revelation); he lends books to a "Celtic" shepherd; he ends this book of his own with a description of death comparable to Poe's dialogue between "Monos and Una." We hope that the author's own death will at least be postponed until she has shown whether or no she has the strength to write without first setting herself within a magic circle and putting her pen at the service of wandering spirits.

"Between Two Worlds" is a psychological phenomenon interesting to all who care about the secrets of literature. Miss Rawlins's book ("The Invaded Solitude") is a psychological phenomenon interesting to all who care about the secrets of womanhood. It has but little to do with art. It is impossible to think of literature while reading it, unless a remembrance that there is such a thing as good writing makes one annoyed at such phrases as "lostly wandering." It is impossible to think of literature because of the insistence of life. It is a naked and violent book. The desire in it is fierce; the possession vehement; the despair desolate. It is a book in which soul and body are one. It is an animal book, and yet its desires and griefs are translated into the sun on the hills, the grass in the wind, the reflection of stars in water. There is a certain drunkenness in its adjectives, but it corresponds with the drunkenness of soul and body that is the inspiration of the book. "Pour ne pas sentir l'horrible fardeau du Temps qui vos brise épaules et vous penche vers la terre, il faut vous enivrer sans trêve. Mais de quoi? De vin, de poésie ou de vertu, à votre guise. Mais enivrez vous." Why not with adjectives? Miss Rawlins attempts the most painful, the most difficult task of vivisection. One by one, these pages, these half-pages (most of the pieces are scarcely more than a few sentences) build up a ruthless exposition of a woman's heart. The very nerves seem to have learnt the use of words. We think not of literature but of life, and are grateful for the momentary relief of those occasional uncertain adjectives. That gratitude is the proof of Miss Rawlins's success. R.

FRANCE AND THE FRENCH IDEAL.*

What modern nation rouses the same interest as France? Its political and literary ideals have been nearly always in the van of European thought, and even the ideas of other nations have found it necessary to go to Paris in order to become universal. Italy delights us with its monuments of vanished greatness; Spain has sunk into a lethargy from which she shows few signs of awakening; while Germany, once the home of plain living and high thinking, has chosen to devote her best energies to a mere material advancement. But it would scarcely be an exaggeration to call France the laboratory of Europe, and, to take a single instance, it is within her borders that the labour troubles which are at present felt throughout Europe are most intense, and it is to France that many shrewd observers look for their solution. "They talk loudly," wrote Duruy in the depressing years that followed the war with Germany, "of our faults and our caprices. They vaunt the glories of their own lands . . .

Fénelon.
From "The French Ideal," by Madame Duclaux. (Chapman & Hall.)

but ours is the first language they learn after their own, and the first glance they cast beyond their own frontiers and their own history falls on our France."

Even those who think this an exaggerated estimate of the French influence will turn with interest to the two volumes at the head of this notice. They are very different in scope, yet in a sense they are complementary. Madame Duclaux has attempted, in four essays dealing with four great men, to extract the quintessential qualities of "the French ideal." Mr. Dawbarn, who is the Paris correspondent of a London journal, gives us a general survey of the France of to-day, "a moving picture of this intellectual and brilliant people, a picture founded upon personal observation and inspired by strong sympathies." The method of Madame Duclaux is intensive and intimate; that of Mr. Dawbarn extensive and external. The one is content to watch the procession as it passes by, pointing out its most striking features, and speculating as to the

* "The French Ideal." By Madame Duclaux. 7s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)—"France and the French." By Charles Dawbarn. 10s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

direction in which the main body seems likely to go. The other places her four sitters before the reader, draws their mental and moral portraits in careful detail, and leaves upon the mind her own view of the leading characteristics that make the people to whom these four sitters belong.

The four personages in whom Madame Duclaux studies the French ideal are, to give her own classification, "Pascal, the Pragmatist; Fénelon, the Theosophist; Buffon, the Naturalist; and Lamartine, the Romantic." The last two are not very happily chosen, but in Pascal and Fénelon —who occupy more than three-quarters of the book—we have most of the qualities which every thinking Frenchman would recognise as ideal. "Physicist, pragmatist, artist in prose, inventor, mathematician, man of the world, and saint," Pascal was almost a microcosm of France. He held, as M. Fortunat Strowski has recently demonstrated, from Montaigne, that type of French scepticism and French amenity, and piercing through all his earnestness and austerity there are gleams of scepticism as well as flashes of that vivacious mocking humour, that delight in paradox, that fondness for throwing dust in the eyes of the world which are distinctive of French *blague*, and are seldom to be seen to advantage in the writers of any other country, with the possible exception of the Frenchified Heine. To live the intellectual life in all its fulness is, perhaps, the biggest section of the French ideal, and this Pascal undoubtedly achieved. And yet the geometer who pointed the way to Laplace, the physicist who ranks with Newton and Torricelli, the profound author of the "Pensées," was able and willing to hold his own in the elegant exchanges of fashionable *salons*, to give proof in the "Provinciales" of a refined malice which Voltaire might have envied, and to write a "Discourse sur les Passions de l'Amour" which, as Madame Duclaux says, is "the last faint murmur of *l'amour courtois*." What could be more essentially French?

When we turn to Fénelon, we encounter another aspect of the French ideal, and not the least merit of Madame Duclaux's book is that she does something like justice to Fénelon's greatness. Towards the end of his life, Brunetière's hatred of mysticism and leaning towards reaction led him to judge Fénelon harshly—"Ce coquin de Fénelon!" he used to say. Lord Acton's is a sounder and more generous estimate:

> "He is the Platonic founder of revolutionary thinking. Whilst his real views were little known, he became a popular memory; but some complained that his force was centrifugal, and that a Church can no more be preserved by suavity and distinction than a State by liberty and justice. . . . Until he came, the ablest men, Bossuet and even Bayle, revered the monarchy. Fénelon struck it at the zenith, and treated Lewis XIV. in all his grandeur more severely than the disciples of Voltaire treated Lewis XV. in all his degradation." "There were moments when his steps seemed to approach the border of the undiscovered land where Church and State are parted."

The four words "suavity," "distinction," "liberty," and "justice" give the key to Fénelon's character, and had Louis XIV. been less dazzled by his own splendour, or the placidly selfish Madame de Maintenon less of a bigot, Fénelon might never have gone to Cambrai and France might never have seen the Revolution.

Little space is left for Mr. Dawbarn's volume, which, as was said above, is the book of a detached observer of the passing show. He is strongest when writing on politics and education, but his judgments on contemporary literature are not very illuminating. He dismisses Anatole France in a sentence, considers Rostand to be one of the greatest French writers living, and reaches the conclusion that "the French have momentarily become exhausted in their literary expression, and have little left to say." This is a strange verdict on a nation whose living and active writers include Anatole France, Bourget, Barrès, Lemaître, the Margueritte, and Faguet, and these are but a few of the names that at once present themselves.

A. W. EVANS.

SEVEN NOVELS.

"Infinite variety" or "to suit all comers" might be the general title of an article on the following seven books; for to some extent they form a study in contrasts. In "Broken Arcs," by Darrell Figgis,[1] we get, as the title suggests, a serious story of modern life, in which the intentions and the actions of a group of humans sometimes clash, sometimes contradict, yet sometimes triumph together. The early part of the tale where Rose Foggetty, child of a stern, religious farmer, goes to service, and is brought low through her great love, is almost reminiscent of the work of Thomas Hardy. The after-life of Rose, of her early lover, and of the man who comes to her later, the scenes in the world of larger schemes and commerce, are blended into a strong story, with an underlying insistence upon the power of destiny.

In contrast to this novel, we come to "Daisy the Minx," by Mary L. Pendered,[2] in which the reforming of a prig is the main event. Humphrey Shaw was certainly a prig among prigs, only saved by the fact that there was a foundation of manliness and decency in him. The music-hall favourite who undertakes his "cure" is well, if conventionally, drawn, and readers who enjoy the frivolity of the story will not grumble at its inevitable conclusion.

A note of tragedy is touched in Ernest Davies's "The Moment,"[3] a book which well sustains the favourable impression created by his earlier satire. A midnight quarrel with his brother-in-law ended in the accidental drowning in the Seine of Rupert Haines. The surmises of the shrewish widow, skilfully fostered by a blood-sucking lawyer, expose the brother of the dead man to the baseless slander of a gossiping country town. Mr. Davies describes the genesis and growth of a slander with much incisive satire, and exhibits real psychological power in analysing the distress of mind of the real causer of the accident, the brother of the incensed widow. How to head off his family from their mistaken revenge, without revealing his own share in the tragedy, is the *motif* of this powerful story. Mr. Davies is too skilful an author to overdo his satire, and there are love and loyalty in the book, as well as passion and meanness.

In Tom Gallon's company we enter the region of pure farce.[4] The title of his story, "As He was Born," refers to the remarkable posthumous revenge exacted by his uncle on light-hearted Felix Delany. The uncle's unexpected intrusion in the middle of one of his nephew's bohemian supper-parties was followed by a scene of outrageous horse-play, during which the uncle was hurt both in his person and his feelings. Later on, when the spendthrift had arrived at bankruptcy, he learned that he was made his uncle's heir on condition of entering Umberminster, his uncle's native town, naked as he was born, and remaining there a month to shift for himself as best he can. Thanks to the imagination of Ninetta Monday, a humble member of the Mapletoft Orphanage, Felix was accepted as a River God, and provided with the necessary blanket. Felix then, in colloquial language, never looked back, and was presently installed in the house of Alderman Twentyman (where he was first discovered "borrowing" the aldermanic wardrobe) as a hewer of wood and drawer of water. From such a situation Mr. Gallon may be depended on to wring all the possible fun, and there is no dull page right up to the triumphant return of Felix, with his bride Ninetta.

A quieter tone is struck in "The Third Miss Wenderby,"

[1] "Broken Arcs." By Darrell Figgis. 6s. (J. M. Dent & Sons.)

[2] "Daisy the Minx." By Mary L. Pendered. 6s. (W. J. Ham-Smith.)

[3] "The Moment." By Ernest Davies. 6s. (Alston Rivers.)

[4] "As He was Born." By Tom Gallon. 6s. (Eveleigh Nash.)

by Mabel Barnes-Grundy.[1] The story introduces us to a circle of charming people, Mr. and Mrs. Wenderby and their children; but it is of Diana, the third Miss Wenderby, that the book chiefly tells—Diana as child, girl, and woman. We first see her when suffering, at the age of seven, from "religious mania": a complaint brought on by the verse in the Bible which assures sinners that their scarlet sins may become white as snow. The sins which Diana committed, that she might witness some miraculous whitening of scarlet naughtinesses, ranged from the tearing up of valuable books to the smashing of her mother's watch; and she bravely scourged her infant heart that she might become an angel. The same courageous, unhesitating carrying-out of actions which she considered "straight" marked her character from infancy to womanhood, and scourged her grown-up heart many a time as fiercely as it had done in her childhood. But the book must not be thought to be all striving and sober hammering-out of character. It is written with a most attractive lightness of touch, and contains the amusement as well as the seriousness of life. Diana Wenderby possesses "personality" and enjoys and suffers accordingly. The end of the book, we are pleased to say, leaves the hero and heroine happy, and convinces readers who have followed the author's literary career of her steady advancement in her art.

The next book is by an old favourite in an old favourite style. It is "The Smugglers," by S. R. Crockett,[2] and its sub-title, "Being Some Chronicles of the Last Raiders of Solway," promises that it shall be an adventure story, and one which shall give us again the good stuff with which Mr. Crockett first captured our attention and affection. We know that all will be well when the first chapters find the hero, the nephew of the minister, plotting with a bare-legged gipsy-girl to prevent the stealing of the minister's pony by the girl's own people; a compact having been made between them and sealed with blood that "thus we mingle our hearts' blood and are for ever bound to be true the one to the other." The blood, we hasten to say, came from the lips, brought to the surface by a special splinter of wood—but the sealing of the vow held its solemn emotions for the boy and girl comrades. From this picturesque beginning down by the shore, we pass on to an adventurous chronicle which brings Scots and gipsies into close touch, and takes the reader from the village of Orraland to the dangers of the sea, and on to the forts and deserts of the East. When Mr. Crockett is in this vein we get excitement on every page; and what with fighting, escapes, kidnapping, mutiny, and love, we have a story quick and thrilling written in the author's old, best manner.

The last of our seven contrasts is a collection of ultra-sensational tales by M. P. Shiel; the first of which, "The Pale Ape,"[3] gives its name to the volume. We feel that in these pages Mr. Shiel has yielded to temptation, and has been so much carried away by his craving to horrify us that he has made his stories suffer in consequence. The pale ape is horrible enough, and all the surroundings are made sufficiently creepy to please the sensation-lovers, but we cannot help feeling that the scenery is painted and the horrors arranged as if for a cinematograph show. We see too clearly the paint, the mechanism, and the intense desire of the writer to make our flesh creep. Mr. Shiel can do better than this.

L. Q. C.

[1] "The Third Miss Wenderby." By Mabel Barnes-Grundy. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

[2] "The Smugglers." By S. R. Crockett. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

[3] "The Pale Ape." By M. P. Shiel. 6s. (Werner Laurie.)

HISTORY IN DOUBLET AND PERUKE.*

History is transformed into a new and living thing when inside the dry hard shell we find the rich ripe kernel of a family's history. We are no longer dealing with facts but with flesh and blood, men of like passions as ourselves. Nowhere is the transformation so complete, nowhere is history so unified as in the two handsome volumes before us. The battle of Marston Moor assumes a totally different aspect when we realise that one of those who charged into the thickest of the fray was a deformed, stunted man who had left his beloved mathematical books in order to help his brother and his king: a man so humble about his great attainments, so sweet in temper in spite of his terrible thorn in the flesh, so cheerful and merry as to win the enthusiastic admiration of all who knew him.

Old familiar towns and streets assume a new and picturesque garb when we restore to them their rightful possessions, their part in the highly-coloured family life of years gone by. In Fleet Street we hear, as perhaps Shakespeare did, the clash of swords when the Capulets and Montagus of Elizabethan times, the Stanhopes and Shrewsburys, engaged in one of the many combats that marked their seven years' feud. Even the dull purlieus of Gower Street seem illuminated with we know not what, some shy retiring will-o'-the-wisp light, when we picture to ourselves Henry Cavendish in one of these houses fleeing from the face of man and woman to bury himself in his scientific researches, or calculating by formulæ the date of the next appearance of his tailor. Even Tunbridge Wells becomes a place of light-hearted gaiety as we imagine the great Georgiana and her companions passing the evening with whist, Macao, or catches such as "I'm come a lusty wooer, my dildin, my doldin." How dull, flat, and unprofitable was the episode of Arabella Stuart in the old history books. How instinct with life and reality it becomes when the curtain is drawn and we see the fair adventuress, clad in a man's doublet and peruke, boots with red tops and sword, leave Barnet stealthily and ride to Blackwall. We can picture the agonised wait in the tavern for the husband who never came, the row down the river to the French brig, while the belated husband pursues in the disguise of a carter. We can see the flurry of the alarmed officials, the putting of men and shot into an oyster boat, and the exciting pursuit. Scarcely less romantic is the story of the love-match between Lady Jane Grey's sister and the young Hertford, and "one leaves the story of these lives with a haunting sense of the injustice of fate," for while the fair women perished miserably, their lovers managed to restore their shattered prestige, and lived to make a brave show in the annals of their time. From the purely family point of view these records are interesting as showing the connection between the two great houses of Cavendish and Newcastle, and how the Cavendish houses of Bolsover and Welbeck Abbey became the property of the Dukes of Portland. Finally the philosopher will here find ample material for reflecting how often the regular descent of a title from father to son fails to materialise, and how in some cases, the Newcastle family, for example, Nature seems to set her face against the continuance of the time-honoured line.

THE FRENCH AND BRITISH GENIUS IN PAINTING.†

The two new volumes of Mr. Macfall's "History of Painting" fully maintain the high standard of their predecessors, and again we marvel how the thing can be done

* "The Cavendish Family." By Francis Bickley.—"The Seymour Family." By A. Audrey Locke. 6s. net each. (Constable.)

† "A History of Painting, in Eight Volumes. Illustrated with 200 Plates in Colours." By Haldane Macfall. Vol. VI., The French Genius. Vol. VII., The British Genius. 7s. 6d. net. per vol. (T. C. & E. C. Jack.)

at the price. Were this a mere compilation, a mere *pasticcio* of the Histories of Art which had gone before, it would be surprising enough, but it is nothing less than astonishing that in addition to the beautiful illustrations and the noble printing, we should be presented with letterpress teeming with suggestion, significant, allusive, pregnant with new meaning and new light!

As those who have followed Mr. Macfall so far know, he has all along maintained the thesis that Art, like religion, must not be the mere trimming of life, that it is of vital consequence to, the daily need of, every human being, that its business is not the mere striving after the perfection of idealistic form or beauty, but the interpretation, the emotional utterance, of life, and that, lacking it, we shall never have our eyes fully opened to the wonderful works of God. And his method of treating the History of Painting is consonant with this thesis. His is no dry-as-dust catalogue of artists and works of art divorced from their surroundings, but a cunningly devised tale of artists and art movements interwoven with, demonstrated to be part and parcel of, the general history of mankind and the periods in which they flourished. To take Vol. VI., which brings French painting up to the end of the eighteenth century, he shows historically and topographically how the beginning of art in France was in reality an alien thing, a branch of the Flemish School, transplanted into French soil by the enterprise and patronage of the Dukes of Burgundy, fruitful in itself but fruitless so far as native art was concerned. He demonstrates how alongside this northern plant, another exotic, this time Italian from the south, was rooting itself and flourishing until the two culminated and died within two years of one another, with François Clouet and Primaticcio as their final blossoms. Then how a second Franco-Flemish school arrives with Henry of Navarre, important this time rather for its consequences than for its achievements, because through it inherent French art is stimulated to the birth in the persons of the brothers Le Nain, who were to the underrated seventeenth century what the great Chardin was to prove to the eighteenth. True, the Flemish character is writ large across their work, as indeed the Roman character was to be writ across the work of their greater successors, Poussin and Claud, but for all that they, with Bourdon, were of true French blood and so legitimately the fathers of those who discovered in themselves the individual French spirit which was, after passing through the splendid mock-heroics of Le Brun and others, to culminate in the gay domesticity of Watteau, Lancret, Nattier, Chardin, Boucher, Greuze, and Fragonard. That and a great deal more Mr. Macfall demonstrates with a healthy eclecticism which puts to shame the narrow prejudices of too many of our older art critics. On the same lines he treats the British genius in Vol. VII., showing it under pupillage, longer or shorter, to Holbein, Anthony More, Mytens, Rubens, Van Dyck and others, until it too finds itself, and all the time he continues to impress us with the broadness of his sympathies, the gratitude and admiration he feels for all honest endeavour.

Doubtless there is some crudity in Mr. Macfall's writing, the result of the high pressure at which he has had to work combined with an overwhelming desire to drive home his enthusiasms, but, in saying this, I repudiate any suggestion of crudity of thought behind the writing. Emphatically I find nothing of the sort. On the contrary I find a ripe judgment, which is the essential thing. Not that Mr. Macfall's judgments are final. Indeed, I feel sure that, having a sense of humour, he would be the last to claim for them any such quality. For art criticism, like everything else, is subject to passing prejudices of which the world can only estimate the value or no-value when it has moved sufficiently far away to see the true perspective. But this I do say, that, for the moment, nothing could be more wholesome, pleasant, and stimulating for no matter whom, than to read steadily through these delightful volumes, not accepting everything for gospel, but taking all into serious consideration because it is the mature thought of a man worthy of attention.

One word as to what we are promised in the eighth and last volume, which must of necessity plunge us into the lively polemics of our own times. Mr. Macfall seems to me to stand for Hope as against the Academics who, looking on the past as holding a finality of achievement, stand for Hopelessness of the future. Throughout he insists, and insists rightly, on the development of the craftsman's orchestration, giving full credit to such capital departures as that of Caravaggio and his Tenebrosi, by which the instrument of art was preparing itself for the touch of the superman whatever time he might arrive.

G. S. LAYARD.

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD'S NEW NOVEL.*

It is twenty-three years since Mrs. Humphry Ward took the reading world by storm with "Robert Elsmere," and the problems of life—especially its religious problems—that she handled so effectively in that memorable novel still remain unsolved, though many of them have assumed new aspects; and in "The Case of Richard Meynell" she faces the later development of those obstinate questionings of sense and outward things and the doctrines and dogmas of religious belief to the broadening and simplifying of which Robert Elsmere was devoted. Richard Meynell takes up the torch that was lit by Elsmere and carries it forward into the widening world of modern thought.

Richard is a "Modernist"; he has no patience with the bondage of petty forms and creeds and kindergarten ritual, and aiming at breaking down the obsolete barriers that divide sect from sect in the Christian Church he founds a brotherhood of sincere believers and hopes to be allowed to keep this brotherhood within the pale of the Establishment, but the mediæval forces of bigotry, the narrow autocracy of Church government, prove too powerful for him, and in the end he is driven out from that timorous body which always martyrs its pioneers and then slowly follows in their footsteps.

But into the strong religious interest of her book Mrs. Humphry Ward has woven a poignant romance of love and sorrow that the majority of her readers will find more interesting still. The love of Richard for Robert Elsmere's daughter, Mary, is a comparatively quiet and anyhow a charming idyll. It is the story of the gentle, kindly Miss Puttenham and the tragedy of Hester Fox-Wilton that appeals most potently to our imagination and our sympathy; it is a story that wears such a vesture and colour of living humanity that the religious and theological wrangling with which it is environed sounds as mean and soulless by comparison as the inconsequent chatter of voices heard in the pauses of some great music. When Richard is in the thick of his struggle for religious freedom and has been summoned before the Ecclesiastical Courts, his position is undermined by a scandalous rumour that he and Miss Puttenham are Hester's father and mother. The rumour is true so far as it concerns Miss Puttenham; Richard could easily prove his own innocence but will not stoop to explanations that would involve the reputations of others and that Mary Elsmere and the friends who know him do not require him to make. There is a fine moment when, at the inquest on the unhappy Esther, Miss Puttenham comes forward and publicly claims her as her child; but this is only one of many striking scenes in a very remarkable book. Mrs. Ward has never drawn her characters with surer knowledge and insight. "The Case of Richard Meynell" is a worthy pendant to "Robert Elsmere"; in dialectical skill it at least equals the earlier novel, and in point of sheer human interest we think it surpasses it.

* "The Case of Richard Meynell." By Mrs. Humphry Ward. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

XUM

BART KENNEDY, HIS BOOK.*

One-tenth of the world—the governing tenth—seldom knows what the other nine-tenths think, since votes may often express nothing but a choice between two evils. Many of the errors which have hampered the progress of democracy are due to the fact that the man who works is inarticulate; he cannot guide his leaders nor instruct his teachers, for lack of the faculty to express what he knows and feels. Therefore a book by a man who preserves intact the attitude of mind and the conclusions of the great dumb masses has value as a document apart from any other merit it may possess. Such a book is "The Human Compass," by Mr. Bart Kennedy, in which he sets forth the philosophy of life as it reveals itself to a poor man in a rich world.

Every class believes itself to have a monopoly of the more obvious virtues, and the class which is called "lower" is no exception to this rule. Its members see in themselves standards of usefulness, of honesty, of unselfishness, and the rich are those who have sacrificed this standard. They can conceive no other way of becoming rich; Mr. Kennedy is clear that no man can make his way in "this knock-'em-down and drag-'em-out planet" who observes "copy-book maxims" of conduct and principle. He has an anecdote of "the charitable parson with the gigantic heart," who philanthropised by giving a tramp a job at less than the current rate of wages and so made a profit on his benevolence; and there is an implication that some such commercial motive is the inspiration of most, if not of all, philanthropy. The tramp, it is true, was attempting a simple variant of the confidence trick on the parson, but that is not admitted as an excuse.

Mr. Bart Kennedy.

It is not a new discovery that the economic world sorts its inhabitants into hermetically sealed compartments labelled "classes," but is it true that our house is as strongly divided against itself as Mr. Kennedy represents? His only remedy for the evils of our system is for the poor to unite to abolish wealth: he takes no account of those tendencies, daily more manifest and more effectual, to justify the balance of existence and equip both labour and capital with a plain duty towards humanity. The outlook for reform is a poor one if the great mass of the people have not perceived these tendencies, and if there exists among them no answering spirit of moderation, tolerance, and social purpose.

In previous works—I note they already number fourteen—Mr. Kennedy has favoured his readers with glimpses of his origin and career, when his life was an adventure, and he was by turns tramp, sailor, opera singer, navvy. In his present book he returns freely to his reminiscent vein. In the chapter entitled "The Fast," he relates how he waited sixty hours to obtain two dollars from a theatre manager, and while he waited he starved. He remembers with zest his partnership with the Birmingham sailor, when the pair of them sang for a living in the saloons of a colliery town on Vancouver Island. Mr. Kennedy would like to repeat that experience, even now. "How fine it would be to wander along the roads singing and gathering in the coin," he sighs. He has even endured the "knock-out," of which recently we heard so much. He was struck in the middle of the forehead by a navvy, "a particular friend of mine":

> "His fist seemed to touch me in the lightest way in the world. I remember just feeling it—as if it were a kind of gentle, ethereal caress. And then I had a sense of floating. And then came darkness. . . . I was as right as a trivet next day."

Among the author's acquaintances is an American confidence-trickster residing in London, who makes an income of five thousand a year by the practice of his art. He has discovered the great truth that the man who most readily falls a victim to his wiles is the person with the makings of a thief in him—or, as Mr. Kennedy puts it, "a 'mug' must have it in him to be a 'crook' before you can separate him from his 'wad.'" The surest method of robbing him is by persuading him that he is about to make some money by easy dishonesty.

There are chapters on Wagner, on politics, on Continental travel, and these are but a few of the points which Mr. Kennedy enumerates in boxing "The Human Compass."

PERCEVAL GIBBON.

* "The Human Compass." By Bart Kennedy. 6s. (Sampson Low.)

THE WORLD'S HIGHWAY.

Next to the company of a faithful friend, what's better than that of a good book?—the book that represents some phase of actual life not entirely and exactly as it is, for that would be crude, repellent mostly and often offensive to no good purpose; but the book that, with varied geniality, satire that is not mordant, and incisiveness, shows enough of its subject to make us, with some degree of faithfulness, imagine the whole. Such things are, indeed, blessings to the mind. Therefore, and with no lack of reverence, we say: Blessed are those who see truly and show us the best of what they see.

Such a one is Mr. J. Johnston Abraham. A surgeon, apparently in a London practice, he knew that he needed the temporary change which present-day strenuousness forces sooner or later on most of us. A pathologist-friend emphasised the fact by saying, "Ass! It's a ship you want." So for a ship the surgeon looked—first in the City, where (and the irony of it!) he found the main qualification to be teetotalism. In addition to this he was asked if he could organise concerts, did he understand music, could he give references to two persons of recognised position in Society, and was he a British subject? As to his place in the world of healing—ye gods of Humbug! What was that against abilities to entertain the passengers and his recognition in "Society"? To the honest surgeon new to the ways of shipowners the City of London was a city of vain shibboleths. So he up and gat himself to the port of the Mersey, and there shipped for ports east of Suez. The trip took him out to Japan, and home again, with a call at Batavia. And if ever an Eastern voyage was faithfully presented to the reader, this * is that voyage. The lightness, the literary quality, the entertaining glimpses of actual things, the scraps of real dialogue and the genial humanness of it all are irresistible.

* "The Surgeon's Log: Being Impressions of the Far East." By J. Johnston Abraham. With 44 Illustrations. 7s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

The Bungalow.

From "My Tropic Isle," by E. J. Banfield. (Fisher Unwin.)

In Mr. Yexley's volume * we have a literary effort of far higher importance than the surgeon's "Log," yet its literary quality is much the less of the two. His name is, of course, well known as an authority on naval matters; and here, in expounding a brief for contemporary men of the lower deck, he goes some way in showing what the life of blue jackets was in the past. In his Introduction he says: "It is an exceedingly unpleasant, and not always a profitable task, to expose the feet of clay of a popular idol, and he who dares to do it must be prepared for the rending that is sure to follow." But this is just what Mr. Yexley doesn't do. That popular idol, which is known by the word "Navy," is certainly the whole Service in a general way; yet in the mind of the people at large four-fifths, or more, of it are the bluejackets themselves. And it is not the shortcomings of these men which the author so ably and fearlessly exposes; it is the faults of the officers, of the innumerable "Regulations," half of which are silly, of the endless petty things that are made punishable and put into the minds of the men the permanent idea that they are being *driven* instead of *led*. Thus Mr. Yexley, contrary to exposing the clay feet of the people's idol, keeps the idol unsmirched and makes it still more an idol by showing how unfairly it is treated. Well, it needed to be done, and here it is well done,

So from that broad highway of the world we pass to Mr. Banfield's tropical spot thereon. And here, again, we find a literary friend † with whom it is good to sit back in an armchair, the while he, with such sweet sanity and touches of nature, puts us at peace with the world of blatant effort and empty vanities by genially proving how very empty it is. Mr. Banfield will be pleasantly remembered for his "Confessions of a 'Beach-comber.'" (He is not, and apparently never was, a "beach-comber" proper; but never mind that now.) And the man himself along with the *raison d'être* of his book can be seen in the following:

> "How quaint seems the demand for details of life on this Isle of Scent and Silence! Lolling in shade and quietude, was I guilty of indiscretion when I babbled of my serene affairs, and is the penalty so soon enforced? Can the record of such a narrow, compressed existence be anything but dull? Can one who is indifferent to the decrees of constituted society; who is aloof from popular prejudices; who cares not for the gaieties of the crowd or the vagaries of fashion; who does not dance or sing, or drink to toasts, or habitually make any loud noise or attend garden parties; who has no political ambitions; who is not a painter, or a musician, or a man of science; . . . who is a casual, a nonentity, a scout in the van of civilisation dallying with the universal enemy, time—can such a one, so forlorn of popular attributes, have aught to recite harmonious to the ear of the world?"

To the ear of the world? Well, to certain portions of it, no. But when the total is made do those portions matter? Again, no. So we say—Yes,—to us whom circumstances have imprisoned in the hubbub of blatancy give more of your island peace, your sea-lapped content; of that feeling, so common to you and so rare to us, "which comes like the benediction that follows after prayer." Indeed, this is what Mr. Banfield does here, through the warm days and the slumbrous nights, in his "delicious isle" in the South Pacific, and dear is the reading of it all—so dear, so restful, yet so true to its locale that we find it difficult to put the book down.

J. E. P.

* "Our Fighting Sea Men." By Lionel Yexley. 6s. net. (Stanley Paul.)

† "My Tropic Isle." By E. J. Banfield. 10s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

THE MILLIONAIRE AND THE MILLION.*

Perhaps one of the truest things in these four books is the assertion of Mr. Townsend Martin that "the age of arrogance is ended." In this democratic era Jack is, in all essentials, as good as his master—and generally he knows it. The arrogant man no longer impresses people; his fussy self-importance appeals only to our sense of the ridiculous and we have to laugh at him—some of us openly, and the rest behind his back. There really is something little and childish in all swaggering, in all pretentiousness, in all silly pride of mere wealth, and as the world matures and grows wiser it becomes conscious of the stupidity of such qualities; it realises that they are the mere noise of the empty vessel, or the cheap finery in which the poor of soul try to disguise their poverty, and it is setting about a revision of the standards by which it judges of a man's capacities. No doubt a pretty large survival of us do still preen ourselves on nothing better than the size of our bank balances, just as our primitive, more childlike forbears boasted and took precedence according to the number of glass beads they had accumulated, or the number of scalps they had captured from less cunning or less covetous mortals, but these are a dwindling minority, and such of us as still bow down to

* "Inspired Millionaires." By Gerald Stanley Lee. 3s. 6d. net. (Grant Richards.)—"The Passing of the Idle Rich." By Frederick Townsend Martin. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton).—"One of the Multitude." By George Acorn. With an Introduction by A. C. Benson. 6s. (Heinemann.)—"Troubled Waters." By L. Cope Cornford. 6s. (Blackwood.)

them have grace enough to be ashamed to be caught in the act.

Money is an excellent thing in your pocket, but when it gets into your head it makes a pitiable creature of you. Both Mr. Martin and Mr. Lee are agreed that the mere rich man is no longer of any actual use, and that the community is not going to go on honouring him simply because he has got a lot of spare cash. "We have come to the end of the story," says Mr. Martin. "The days of the idle rich in America" (and he might truthfully have added in England) "are as a tale that is told. To-morrow in this land there will be one of two things: either an evolution or a revolution. Either by one of those characteristically swift and marvellous changes for which the history of our race is noted the class which I represent will be merged into and assimilated by the body of the nation, as it was half a century ago, or we shall stand face to face with the forces of anarchy, Socialism, trade unionism and a hundred other cults that either do represent or claim to represent the spirit of this mighty people, and we shall re-enact in this land some of the most terrible tragedies of history." He thinks there is no middle course, but here Mr. Lee parts company with him, for though he says—

"We begin to spell out the new century, a great wonder and pain upon us—some of us. What is it we see as we look forth? Society moved to its foundations, our whole modern life slowly, mightily, across the world and with a great sigh of a hundred years, lifts up from this twentieth century, rousing itself. It is making itself ready for the longest reckoning, the greatest battle in history. The field is already white with the tents. They are going out to meet each other, unless something can be done about it—on the one side Capital, God with a Gun, going out to meet Man—Man with a Fist—a terrible light in his eyes."

—Mr. Lee has a remedy, not in the assimilation of millionaires by the mass, but in the advent of a gilt-edged human being whom he names "the inspired millionaire." I confess that Mr. Lee's notion of what is to constitute an inspired millionaire is not exactly clear to me. This ideal creature is not, as the author explains in a postscript to his book, "a man who necessarily has a million pounds, but the man who is worth it to the rest of us, and who thinks he is worth it." Well, a good many of us are like that. I am not so sure that I don't think I am worth that much myself; nevertheless, the cash does not materialise. Further, Mr. Lee lays it down that his millionaire must be a monopolist without being mean: that is, he should secure his monopoly by some supreme mechanical invention—"by some sheer overwhelming service to mankind, by saving every man on the planet several pounds a year"; that he should be "professional" with his invention, "act like a gentleman or an artist with it—dedicate it to humanity and himself together—keep absolute control of it in order to make it creative and emancipating at every point where it touches human life—scatter the opportunity and freedom of the new invention into the daily lives of the men who are making it in the factory, and the daily lives of the men who are selling it in the streets—in other words, the first man who will present this barbaric world with one industry that has been civilised in spite of it, and with no one to say it nay, will be the greatest and most impressive and most memorable figure in modern times." The business of being such a millionaire and running such a co-operative industry is to be a religion and an art; a fortune carefully and nobly acquired in this way "will be looked upon like a great work of art, like Wagner's Parsifal, Raphael's Madonna. . . . Some one is going to loom up in England or America soon with a factory that will rank with Shakespeare's 'Hamlet,' Homer's Iliad, and the Sixteenth Chapter of Isaiah."

Discounting such extravagances as these, you will find that Mr. Lee has much to say that is profoundly true and suggestive about the ways in which the millionaire may hold his riches in trust for the whole community and stand glorified as a righteous captain of labour, and if only Mr. Townsend Martin could persuade his Idle Rich to read "Inspired Millionaires" they might turn from the disgustingly luxurious orgies that he condemns in them and learn to employ their superfluous wealth as a spade instead of as a toy, as a beneficent bridge to span the gulf that yawns betwixt them and the million that toil for a bare subsistence, instead of as a ridiculous barrier that keeps them apart from the million but not above it. I have seldom read a more scathing indictment of the follies and the wasteful and absurd excesses of a certain section of high society than Mr. Martin brings against his own class in "The Passing of the Idle Rich," nor such a lyrical glorification of wealth and the heavenly uses it may be put to in the service of mankind as Mr. Lee gives us in his "Inspired Millionaires."

And if, while you are about it, you care to know something of that plodding million that is no longer ignorant or inarticulate and that waits for the inspired millionaire to get to work upon and among it, read Mr. George Acorn's "One of the Multitude." It is the life-story of a man who was born in a slum and through squalor, slavery, and many privations worked his way out of it into a position of moderate comfort and humble happiness. It is a human document in the truest sense of that overworked phrase; a frank, vivid revelation of the difficulties, miseries, humiliations which a man born to all the disadvantages of poverty must needs face desperately and overcome if ever he is to emerge into something of the sunlight. In spite of its touching record of sad and sordid experiences, this book leaves one, as Mr. A. C. Benson remarks in his admirable introduction, "hopeful and encouraged; deeply conscious of the problem" (that is, Mr. Lee's inspired millionaire's problem of "how to give all opportunities for orderly life and security and honest work"), "but with a firm belief that the enigma is solving itself and that the surest sign of this is the fact that such a life as is here described can yet pick its way without stain through the mire, and successfully claim its share in the best and richest inheritance of men—the inheritance of light and beauty and truth."

Mr. Acorn, speaking from personal experience, has a good word to say for the University Settlements: "Permeation of the lower classes by Settlements is a splendid thing—the best way, I think, of raising the tone of East End life of all methods I have seen applied." On the other hand, Mr. Cope Cornford, also speaking after close study of his subject, writes with some scorn of those institutions, and in his new novel, "Troubled Waters," makes Nevil Romney, sick and disgusted with what he has witnessed of life and work in one East London Settlement, demand of the Sub-Warden, "I ask you, what in the name of common sense you people think you are doing here? Good God! You sit round and babble while people are dying of slow torture. If there was a man among you worth a damn he'd be carrying the red flag into the West End. . . . I'm not good enough for this place. I can't live next door to hell and amuse myself by looking through the bars."

Those who have read Mr. Cornford's poignant investigation into the conditions of life and labour at the bleaker end of London, "The Canker at the Heart," will know that he does not speak in that quoted passage without most intimate knowledge of his subject. But "Troubled Waters" is not only a study of slum life, it is a vigorous, realistic romance of commercial and industrial life in London and in one of the north-country factory towns, its outstanding character being Dick Denial, a rugged, hard, self-confident, somewhat swaggering fellow who climbs up out of the deeps, and becomes a Labour leader and Member of Parliament. There is a bizarre element of mystery and sensation imported into it with the arrival of the sick and apparently dying Mr. Lereculy, a grim, strange, eerie personage, back from some queer, lawless commercial enterprise overseas and bent upon blackmailing the city magnates he had served there—a grimly grotesque character drawn with considerable subtlety and skill; but it is on the development of the love of Nevil Romney and Ida Borlase amid the change and clash and vicissitudes of life as it is lived by master and worker in the world of to-day that the main interest of the

story centres—a strong and brilliantly written story which dramatises and translates into action something of the struggle between capital and labour that is dealt with more didactically in the other three of these books.

A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

Novel Notes.

GOOD BOY SELDOM. By Oliver Onions. 6s. (Methuen.)

Of English novelists of the day who are still in the thirties Mr. Oliver Onions is one of the most considerable; and his achievement is the more remarkable in view of an adventurous versatility, a quaint spirit of emulation, that leads him to experiment in ever so many different *genres*. Mr. Onions is indeed the De Wet of fiction, you never know in what part of the land he is going to turn up next. In "The Compleat Bachelor" he gave us several quite charming "Dolly Dialogues"; in "Admiral Eddy" he wrote some delightful stories about children; in "The Exception" he tackled a problem novel—somewhat after the manner of Henry James; in "Tales of a Far Riding" and in "Pedlar's Pack" he brought together some extremely powerful and pathetic short stories dealing with rural life and primitive emotions; in "Little Devil Doubt" he made a ferocious attack on the aims and methods of the Yellow Press; while in "Widdershins" he invented some of the most thrilling of new shudders just to show us that Algernon Blackwood is not the only author who can write a fine ghost story. In his new novel, which bears the not too felicitous title of "Good Boy Seldom," Mr. Onions, returning to the manner of "Little Devil Doubt," ventures afresh on the sociological romance, the novel of modern tendencies, the object of his present onslaught being the abuse of advertisement, a business in the service of which he claims that most of the genius and imagination of the day have enlisted themselves. In scope and intention the book is wholly a satire, a triumphal pæan, half ironical, half admiring, raised in honour of the superman, the predatory financier whose fallacious prospectuses entice the money from the pockets of the small investor, and a mordant and remorseless jibing at the underdog, "the five-hundred pounder" whose greedy credulity and aridity of imagination, joined to his devotion to the cult of Samuelism—the ignoble gospel of Self-Help which preaches no higher virtues than thrift, temperance, hard work, and contentment—render him the predestined gull of any advertisement promising large dividends and smacking somewhat of romance. But though Mr. Onions takes this rather Olympian view of human nature, a view which De Maupassant took with such unerring effect in "Bel Ami," he is aware all the time that it is but a partial one, that it is forced on him by the necessity of isolating his sharks and their victims the better to study them at close quarters and to make them subservient to his main idea. So while we are shown James Enderby Wace steadily progressing upwards—printer, caterer, advertising expert, exhibition organiser, at last company promoter and member of Parliament—and finally shipwrecking his career through his one redeeming quality, his love for that superior parasite, Lola Harrison, star of musical comedy, we are never allowed in reading of the characters to lose sight of the doctrine their careers illustrate. This doctrine of the omnipotence—the temporary omnipotence—of advertisement is rammed home again and again in the book and illustrated in the hundred ingenious ways which a man of Mr. Onions' resources can command; while the sidelights on politics, religion, and social questions which the author's development of his main theme allows him to flash are as searching as any furnished by the author of "The New Machiavelli." "Good Boy Seldom" is indeed an amazingly clever and arresting book, the most vital and most stimulating work which Mr. Onions has yet given us. It presents a big idea—the romance of advertisement—with unflagging wit, humour, and irony, in the highest of spirits and with the keenest sense of actuality. It has a real vision of the social evolution of our times and with this, and despite this, a sane and consistent clarity of outlook.

THE MAKERS OF MISCHIEF. By Stanley Portal Hyatt. 6s. (Werner Laurie.)

Says Mr. Bernard Shaw, in one of his caustic prefaces, ". . . no editor, publisher, or manager will now accept a story or produce a play without 'love interest' in it." "The Makers of Mischief" is a notable exception to this dictum, and Mr. Hyatt has proved that he, for one, can escape from "the obsession of sex." Despite its title, misogynists may rest assured that no woman takes part directly or indirectly in the story. The result is essentially a tale of action, a virile tale of life and death in the heart of Lobengula's country. Thrilling indeed are the adventures of Jim Hale, an English hunter under Lobengula's protection, who is tempted to enter the terrible Kalahari Desert in quest of museum specimens of rare animals, and accidentally stumbles upon a German plot for the invasion of Matabeleland. Mr. Hyatt gives a masterful picture of the various forces of intrigue and conspiracy at work in Lobenguia's camp, and his comments are as bold as they are characteristic. For instance: "Cecil Rhodes became a great national hero . . . Lobengula has become the villain of the piece. So it will go on, but sometimes, knowing the facts, I wonder what the gods think about it all. I suppose they laugh." "The Makers of Mischief" is alive with genuine adventure, and so good is the telling that one never doubts for a moment the truth of the story.

LIFE. By W. B. Trites. 6s. (Wyman.)

Our only quarrel with Mr. Trites lies in the fact that his title is a conceited one. His book, indeed, describes "Life," but it is not by any means the whole of life nor even an ordinary part of it. The main characters and their surroundings are unfamiliar and exceptional, though we are bound to confess that the author endows them with conviction. Barbara Gwynne, the heroine, an American shop-girl of great beauty and latent talent, is studied in her relations with the young Dr. Ford—an emblem perhaps of the author's ideal man—and with Jerome McWade. This latter is, we think, the most remarkable character in the book. At the beginning he is merely a pushful shop-assistant, but the accidental discovery of the secret of the manufacture of a face-cream launches him in business as the owner of a "beauty shop." The manner of his gradual advancement, his enterprise in other businesses and eventually in finance, his extraordinary shrewdness and business instinct, and, above all, his unscrupulousness—these are all described by Mr. Trites in a way which cannot possibly fail to impress the reader. "Life" is not entirely a pleasant book, but it is unquestionably one which should be read. We will even call it remarkable, in spite of the fact that the page of extracts from reviews of Mr. Trites's earlier book, "John Cave," shows that that epithet has already been bestowed upon the author at least four times.

THE LOVELOCKS OF DIANA. By Kate Horn. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

In its "motive" this is a story of the good old-fashioned kind, in which poetical justice is inflexibly dispensed. Rogues and sharpers are arranged against love and beauty in distress, and the ultimate triumph of the latter is as complete as the most sentimental reader of melodrama

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could wish. Diana Ponsonby is the drudge-of-all-work in a boarding-house at Malta, where she was left to repay by her drudgery the debts of her dead father, a shiftless and somewhat discreditable officer who had been asked to quit the service for his regiment's good. Then enters Major Cassell, whose villainy is of no uncertain type; and presently the scene shifts to London, showing the beautiful Diana serving as a decoy in a beauty shop kept by the Major's sister, the self-ennobled Baroness von Poppenheim. Almost at the moment of her leaving Malta, Diana in her darkest hour had been saved from suicide by Jem Burne, whom fortune and fiction clearly indicate to be the hero of the romance. But Jem is far away, and meanwhile the Major's stratagems prosper exceedingly. The solution of the plot is left to a rather dreadful Nemesis, for among the crowd who come to witness the dancing of the new assistant in the beauty-shop (one of the Baroness's ingenious methods of allurement) appears an aged sinner who is no other than Diana's grandfather, who does not outlive his shame. The course for the true lover, whose mind had been temporarily poisoned by the Major's slanders on Diana's past, is cleared with a somewhat "Hamlet"-like thoroughness, by the Major's madness and murder of his weak but not unlovable sister. The story satisfies the demands both of interest and justice.

CAN MAN PUT ASUNDER? By Lady Napier of Magdala. 6s. (John Murray.)

Shona Barcaldine had been through several London seasons without securing a husband, and her parents were beginning to feel the strain, both physical and financial, which a London season involves. Up to the time when the story opens Shona had not seriously contemplated the necessity of marrying. She was an only child, devoted to her parents and perfectly content to live with them in their beautiful home in the Western Highlands. But chancing to discover that her mother was really anxious to see her settled, she allowed herself to accept the impetuous attentions of George Gascoigne, and ultimately to be rushed into marrying him, before she had time to realise that she was not in any real sense in love. Gascoigne was wealthy, but he had a past in the person of Lady Cyril Gorhamberry. Lady Cyril was too clever to allow Gascoigne to compromise her, but she was not the woman to surrender him to his young wife without a struggle. What distinguishes this story from a host of others on similar lines is that Lady Napier has the advantage of first-hand knowledge of London society. She has a keen eye for character, and can hit off a type in a few deft phrases, and her people talk and behave exactly as real people do. A certain hardness in the treatment of the London scenes is relieved by some delightful and wholly sympathetic descriptions of the Western Highlands.

WHEN A MAN'S MARRIED. By Rowland Morris. 6s. (Eveleigh Nash.)

With the grave moral questions involved in "When a Man's Married" we have here nothing to do—the author has held up the mirror of life without undue comment. Yet if the reviewer feels distaste for the personality of a heroine who encourages the caresses which involve such elaborate concealment, and cannot lose sight even for a moment of the injury done to John's unresponsive wife, this is due to the imaginative truth of the author, who not only never glosses over a difficult situation, but even presents a character whose spell is supposed to be potent, with such life-like accuracy that the woman in question will be judged like any other acquaintance, according to the temperament and outlook of the reader. Moreover, he reveals the other side of his gift in the fine simple prose of those brief passages in which he gives haunting expression to the fact that a self-renouncing love needs no earthly fulfilment to make it a supreme treasure of this mortal *life*. The closing chapters are the finest, and masterly indeed is the description of the mining accident in which John Owen risks his life to save a man who suspected him of a wrong he had not committed, and expiates a folly into which he had descended when struggling against more subtle misery. Wholly free from priggish or didactic tags, the book is quite untainted by that modern paganistic view which treats the most sacred bond of life as one to be broken at will, and it was probably meant to suggest that there are moral conventions, often lightly scoffed at, which are based upon enduring facts of human nature, so that the man who escapes from the conventions of his own limited circle without the strengthening support of a definite moral ideal or spiritual guidance is likely to bring untold suffering on himself and others, even though, as in John Owen's case, his innate nobility of aim emerge purified and strengthened if he follows the light, so far as he can see it, in unselfish sacrifice.

ANTHEA'S GUEST. By Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick. 6s. (Methuen.)

Although, no doubt, she was very hardly treated, her "guest" probably had a salutary effect upon Anthea, for when she went to Germany at the beginning of the story she was merely the ordinary spoiled young person who has always had her own way, and is convinced that that way is right. But Lydia Jordan was one of the first people she met in Berlin, and Lydia was accustomed to getting her own way—instead of merely having it. In this art she is a past mistress, and Anthea soon finds that acquaintance with her entails consequences of an undesirable nature. At any rate, the despised Lydia to whom Anthea was kind only because it was convenient takes the conduct of affairs entirely into her own hands, and Anthea would have had a very bad time but for the opportune Jem. That is the whole story, but we cannot give any indication of the charm and naturalness of its telling, the quiet and unforced humour of its situations, the admirable art of the book. These things the reader must discover for himself.

THE DOUBLE FOUR. By Phillips Oppenheim. 6s. (Cassell.)

London is always fascinating and often thrilling, but as seen by Mr. Oppenheim it simply palpitates with thrills. No one has ever crowded more thrills into the square inch, no one is more prodigal of sensations than Mr. Oppenheim. Did you notice the fat man lunching yesterday at the Savoy at the next table to yours? You thought he was merely a stockbroker over-eating himself, or a successful publisher stalking a shy novelist. You were wrong, hopelessly wrong. Had Mr. Oppenheim been with you, he would have told you that the fat man was no less a personage than—but hush! The mere mention of his name might set Europe in a ferment. For safety's sake let us call him Baron X. Did you notice something bulging out the breast pocket of his coat? You thought it was a cigar case. Wrong again. Who but Mr. Oppenheim would have guessed that that bulge was caused by a copy of the secret treaty between San Marino and the Emperor of Timbuctoo? That lunch was a mere "blind" to throw the sleuth-hounds of the Double Four off the scent. An hour later, Baron X, wearing clerical attire and a false beard, in the back room of a public-house in Whitechapel handed that treaty to the Ruritanian minister, who was also suitably disguised in accordance with diplomatic etiquette in such cases. Had his mission failed, Baron X would have dashed to some obscure Soho restaurant where he would have committed suicide, which is indeed the only use to which some Soho restaurants can be put. Life in Mr. Oppenheim's company is never dull. You move in the most exalted circles, lunching and dining in the best restaurants, and the darkest secrets of all the chancelleries in Europe are revealed to you. In penetrating the mysteries of European diplomacy

Mr. Oppenheim has but one rival, and his name we dare not mention for fear the minions of the Double Four should remove him—or us.

CAPTIVE HONOUR. By Reginald Evans. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

The author of this fine story has already made a reputation, endorsed by good judges, by his striking romance entitled "Dear Loyalty." It is always interesting to come across an author who, as we believe is the case with Mr. Evans, is not strictly a professional writer, but a man of business, with very special knowledge of the country and the people that he essays to portray. Very wisely then, we think, Mr. Evans takes us back to Spain, of which he writes with a touch so convincing that his readers could have no doubt of its being the result of an intimate and first-hand acquaintance. The subject of this story is extremely attractive; it records the struggle and ultimate success of an almost quixotic loyalty and noble pride against the blows of chance. Don Maximino had been left stranded by the misfortunes of the Carlist cause, and the story discovers him in his feudal retreat where, with his daughter and a few faithful henchmen, he is making a bold face against starvation. The poor Don was unaware of the amnesty which had restored his estates, and the interest of the story turns on the plot of his arch-enemy's son to win his daughter and her undreamed-of fortune. The villain enters the castle as an artist commissioned to copy an heirloom, which should serve as the ensign of the Carlist cause, but Love also enters, in the guise of a wandering painter, who proves to be a versatile and powerful Spanish noble. With the help of a Cardinal, a charmingly drawn diplomat, the Don's eyes are at last opened, and he is liberated from the bonds of quixotic honour which so long had held him captive. It is a gallant story, well and vigorously written, and we like it not the less because the real hero is not the successful lover, but the father who is a worthy kinsman of the Knight of La Mancha.

THE UNOFFICIAL HONEYMOON. By Dolf Wyllarde. 6s. (Methuen.)

Dolf Wyllarde has proved herself a conscientious literary artist, and as such she deserves to be taken seriously. If her latest novel should be esteemed a little daring, it is no matter, for there is nothing exceptionable in it. It is unconventional, if you will. Leslie Mackelt is a Scottish maiden, born of a missionary family, of dour upbringing and stifled feminine instincts, but with a brave and plucky little heart and an original temperament that hungers only when necessity compels her to leave the conventions outside the sphere of her activities. Miles Trelawny is a major in the cavalry, free-thinking, debonair, but possessed of profoundly decent instincts. Fellow-passengers on a mail-boat on the Southern Ocean, the two naturally enough never exchange a word on the ship itself. But they are both hurled by a typhoon on the sandy shore of a little coral island, bruised and battered, but relatively intact. A curious boy and girl comradeship ensues. Their life for many months is described with an art that is reminiscent of Defoe, Stevenson, Stacpoole, and other writers, which is only to say that Miss Wyllarde's book should be added to the ranks of classic coral island yarns. The coming of love was inevitable, of course, but its initial stages are treated with delicacy, albeit with a certain artistic brutality, if the two can exist side by side. The rescue is of course a conventional mechanical appliance of the story-writer, for it would have been difficult to finish the tale without it.

THE CREATURE OF CIRCUMSTANCE. By Lady Troubridge. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

It is the old story, a woman, beautiful and honoured in society, who has an episode in her past which places her at the mercy of another woman. When both women are in love with the same man, trouble begins. It does not end until this novel is almost done, but in the course of it there is plenty of intrigue, blackmail, and sensational doings. Zara, the heroine, is pitted against her rival and former employer. A modern Iago, who is rather melodramatic, is provided in the person of Joe Villars. There is a foreign dancer, and a coarse financier. Such are the main figures of the little drama, which follows the conventional lines for the most part. The tone of the book is fairly represented by the closing words: "'My girlie, my angel, my own, own sweet love!' Oh! foolish words so often said, so little meant, yet there is nothing sweeter on this side Paradise."

THE HOUSE OF MANY VOICES. By Bernard Capes. 6s. (Fisher Unwin.)

Mr. Bernard Capes has crowded a host of good things into this novel—a wealth of varied incident, an alluring atmosphere of mystery, a brilliant array of characters. The strange events resulting in a certain balloon escapade at the time of the Franco-Prussian War are given merely by way of prologue to a story which is decidedly up-to-date in its setting, containing as it does a delightfully humorous skit on the fashionable pastime of pageantry. In the rôle of hero the diminutive Sir James Penney is as refreshing as he is unexpected. Few indeed would look for heroics in so droll a figure as Sir James—"the very embodiment of a human bantam. . . . He was a masterpiece in little, a four-foot-six design for an heroic statue of elegance, an anatomy of perfection interpreted into an atomy. He wore a monocle, his clothes fitted him to a mole, he even affected, by choice, ties suggestive of the speckled 'sebright.'" Yet he was not the kind of man "to truckle because he was tiny," and our admiration for the chivalrous Sir James grows steadily with his exploits from his luckless attempt to rescue Patricia, the heroine, from a bullying tramp—an essay which ends in the baronet's small body being flung ignominiously over a hedge—to his equally luckless tilting adventure in the spectacular tournament, and Patricia's refusal of his offer of marriage: "No, certainly not. How dare you ask me!" "Because I never supposed you would." Nevertheless, though there are far taller and handsomer and cleverer men in the field, Sir James wins Patricia in the end, and thanks to the discovery of a long overdue letter the gloom and the terror of the weird haunted "house of many voices," which with its still more weird occupants broods darkly in the background of the story, are happily dispelled. This is more than a readable novel, it is a really enjoyable one, and should be added to one's library list without delay.

THE DEMPSEY DIAMONDS. By Allen Arnot. 6s. (Lane.)

Most people are familiar with those embarrassing problems of social etiquette which used to be stated in a more or less algebraical form, and led up to the final question—what should A do? The complications of the plot of "The Dempsey Diamonds" tempt us to essay a similar algebraical statement of it. If A is engaged to B and in love with C, and if C is engaged to D and in love with A, and if B is very much in love with A, what should A B C and D do? On the face of it the problem appears insoluble. "Mate in three moves," in the language of the chess problem, seems bound to end in disaster and unhappiness; and so in fact it did. Miss Arnot, whose name, it must be confessed, is unfamiliar to us, has hardly succeeded in solving the insoluble. Besides, the problem was still further complicated by the diamonds, which we were in danger of forgetting in the intricacies of the love entanglement. When an elderly maiden lady attempts to convey thirty thousand pounds' worth of diamonds to a grandchild whose existence is unknown to the world, complications are bound to follow. Especially is this the case where the grandchild is in entire ignorance of her own parentage, and is not intended to know whence the mysterious gift comes.

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Parenthetically it may be remarked that it would be difficult to choose a more inconvenient medium than diamonds for conveying property to an impecunious governess of unknown parentage. The setting of the story is Scotch, and the local colour is well done. Many of the details are obviously taken from life, even if the plot is not. There are hints of amateurishness in the technique and the complications of the plot are rather beyond Miss Arnot's capacity to unravel. But the story is pleasant and readable, though we should advise Miss Arnot to attempt a simpler scheme next time.

THE KINGDOMS OF THE WORLD. By Lloyd Osbourne. 6s. (Methuen.)

Matthew Broughton having been expelled from the United States Naval College at Annapolis for "ragging" a negro cadet, became a wanderer and finally drifted to the South Seas. In the Islands he turned his nautical experience to good account and became skipper of a vessel whose mysterious owner lived in a kind of palace and apparently enjoyed unlimited wealth. This enigmatic personage passed by the name of John Mort, which even the rather slow-witted Broughton guessed to be an assumed name. He was tall and aristocratic in bearing, and his walk suggested that he had served in a cavalry regiment. But he was haunted by the fear that the mystery of his identity would be pierced and when Broughton finally wearied of his roving life and home-sickness drove him back to the States, he gave John Mort a solemn promise never to mention him or do anything to put his enemies on the track. Broughton gave the required pledge readily enough, and had no reason to anticipate any difficulty in keeping it. But, unfortunately, he fell into the hands of an impecunious American journalist, and to his horror—for in the Islands he had had no experience of the inquisitiveness of American journalists—he found his story written up into a sensational article with screaming headlines in the heaviest type. No sooner had the article appeared than Broughton found himself exposed to the strangest persecution. Mysterious visitors offered him enormous bribes for any clue to the whereabouts of his patron. He refused the bribes, and his persecutors determined to secure by force what they had failed to obtain by peaceful persuasion. Broughton, who was now in want of money, found that it was impossible to obtain a job, or having obtained one to keep it. He became the gymnastic instructor at a young men's institute, only to find himself suddenly dismissed without reason. An undertaker's widow took him into partnership, and he no sooner found himself on the way to mortuary prosperity, than the business was bought by an unknown purchaser, and closed down without explanation. Attempts were made to kidnap him, and wherever he turned he found himself engaged in a hopeless contest with a world-wide but nameless organisation. At last he resolved to give up the struggle and return to the Islands, only to find himself on board ship in the hands of his persecutors. He made a desperate effort to scuttle the ship, only to be rescued by an armoured cruiser belonging to the mysterious power. Then, at last, the mystery was unveiled, and he learned the identity of John Mort. It would not be fair either to Mr. Osbourne or to the reader to reveal the secret. We can only say that it turns upon a tragedy of European history which puzzled and shocked the world in the 'eighties. Whether Mr. Osbourne is justified in making his plot hinge on a tragic incident in the history of one of the oldest royal families in Europe is a question for the moralist rather than the literary critic. The story at least is intensely exciting, and the love interest and the local colour are worked in with a practised hand.

The Bookman's Table.

THE BARGAIN BOOK. By Charles Edward Jerningham (Marmaduke) and Lewis Bettany. With 9 plates and 9 Tabular Charts. 7s. 6d. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

Those who know "Marmaduke of *Truth*" as a collector may perhaps open "The Bargain Book" with an idea that it is intended for the guidance and behoof of his brother experts in the curio-collecting field. It is that, and more. Mr. Jerningham and Mr. Lewis Bettany have collaborated in the production of a volume that will interest and amuse not only collectors and the dealers in curios that feed or prey upon that insatiable tribe, but the far larger public who neither buy such rarities nor sell them. It is a perfect mine of good anecdotes; it tells of astonishing "finds"; of treasures that have been recovered from the earth and by all manner of strange chances from all manner of strange hiding-places. Its tales of bargain-hunts, of the ignorance of dealers and collectors, of famous thefts in the art world, customs of the sale-room and tricks of the dealers, make most varied and delightful reading. "A cynic has said," write the authors, "'Some steal for profit—they are criminals; some for pleasure—they are kleptomaniacs; others for profit and pleasure combined—they are collectors.' The attack made on the last-named class is, of course, far too sweeping; and yet it must be confessed that unscrupulous collectors are more numerous than might at first be suspected"; and they proceed to unfold a series of entertaining anecdotes that more than justifies them in saying so. To read of the curiosities that may even now, if you are lucky, be picked up for a trifle in Old Curiosity Shops, and of the precious relics known to exist though their whereabouts is not now discoverable, is enough to start many of us on this exciting and profitable pastime. There is, you gather from this book, more of uncertainty, more

A Typical Scene in the Caledonian Market.
From a Sketch by Oliver Onions.
From "The Bargain Book," by C. E. Jerningham and Lewis Bettany. (Chatto & Windus.)

scope for hope and despair in it than in playing bridge or backing horses—there is enough of stirring incident and rattling good fun in it, anyhow, to furnish Messrs. Jerningham and Bettany with material for one of the best collections of miscellaneous stories we have ever come across.

JEAN DE LA FONTAINE. By Frank Hamel. 16s. net. (Stanley Paul.)

Macaulay, in his essay on Boswell's "Life of Johnson," observed that many persons who have conducted themselves foolishly in active life, and whose conversation has indicated no superior powers of mind, have left us valuable works. Goldsmith, he points out, was described by one of his contemporaries as an inspired idiot; La Fontaine, he continues, was in society a mere simpleton. For an elaboration of Macaulay's estimate of La Fontaine in society, we commend Miss Frank Hamel's biography and study. Though there is a good deal that the reader will probably consider superfluous, the easy and interesting style in which the book is written will (if the reader is of our opinion) certainly condone for that fault. Jean de la Fontaine the man, weak, erratic, and indolent, is not a very appealing figure. Genius, as Miss Hamel hints, is called upon to cover a multitude of sins. Fortunately for La Fontaine his genius was so large a cloak that it all but shielded his shortcomings. True, he was a boor, and the essence of selfishness. True, too, that he treated his wife shamefully, and did not even know his own son by sight. And again it is true that he wrote indecent tales which, as Miss Hamel says, it is impossible to whitewash. No one can deny or excuse La Fontaine his culpable sins, and, let us add, his biographer (to her credit) has not attempted the task. But in contrast to everything derogatory, we must remember that La Fontaine was constant in his friendships; his attachment to François Maucroix lasted his entire life, and, as in Montaigne's love for Etienne de la Boétie, reveals much that is true and tender in his nature. Then again, he was not vindictive, and soon made amends for little squabbles; and for his "Contes" he publicly apologised, confessing on his deathbed that it was an abominable book, and ordering its extermination. Moreover, we must not overlook the fact that his conversion took place (on his deathbed), though Miss Hamel suggests that "it would have seemed much more like him if he had gone to his grave the old reprobate he really was." Finally, of course, Jean de la Fontaine wrote the famous "Fables." Miss Hamel's chapters on "The Fables" are the best in her book.

Jean de la Fontaine.
After a painting by Rigault. Engraved by Edelinck.
From "Jean de la Fontaine." By Frank Hamel. (Stanley Paul & Co.)

THE WIND ON THE HEATH. By May Byron. 5s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

If you read a few years ago a volume of Poems by M. C. Gillington (Mrs. Byron), you will open "The Wind on the Heath" with great expectations, and what is more, you will find that the book realises them. There was work in that earlier volume that marked Mrs. Byron as a poet of true and high inspiration, but there are poems in this new book that are better than the best that was in the old. In her choice of themes, and in her treatment of them, Mrs. Byron covers an unusually wide range. There are swinging, vigorous ballads of seafaring and sea-fighting such as "The Ballad of Foulweather Jack," "Sea Ghosts," "The Ballad of London River," and "The Pageant of Seamen":

"The song of the sea-adventurers, that never were known to fame,
The roving, roistering mariners that builded our England's name:
Foolhardy, reckless, undaunted,
Death they courted and taunted:
In the jaws of hell their flag they flaunted, answering flame with flame."

There are lyrics of intense and passionate emotion—"Childless," or "At Bay," which voices the mother's fierce protest against the influences of ancestry and environment that may drag her child into the dust and frustrate her hopes of him, but cannot break the dear bond that through the worst of it all shall keep him hers for ever; there are "The Little Gardens," "The Household," "Columbines," and many another poem that is instinct with tenderest feeling and dainty fancifulness; and in breezy, spontaneous songs like "The Song of the Tinker," "The Call," "The Gipsy Taint," you feel the very breath and spirit of the open air and the wind on the heath. Mrs. Byron writes in divers moods, and has rare gifts of imagination, a sure sense of the magic of words and a cunning in metrical harmonies that enables her to give poetic thoughts poetic utterance, and to infuse into her ballads of glamorous, rough adventure the fire and forcefulness of strenuous life.

BUSHMAN FOLK-LORE. By W. H. I. Bleek, Ph. D., and L. C. Lloyd. 21s. net. (George Allen & Co.)

It says little for the credit of British scientific enterprise that a work of such outstanding importance to philology as this should have remained inaccessible to the public for twenty-five years simply because no publisher could be found to undertake the expense of a special fount of type. Dr. Bleek, greatest of philologists, was the first scientific man to devote serious attention to the subject of the Bushman language and folklore, and in 1871 he began the careful and laborious collection of data on which the present book is based, the work being continued after his death, in 1875, by his sister-in-law and co-worker, Miss Lloyd. That was thirty years ago, and so long ago as that the Bushman had well-nigh disappeared from South Africa. There is no longer any place in the scheme of things for palæolithic man, even in the Dark Continent. Had it not been for the penal settlements Dr. Bleek would probably never have had any opportunity for making a prolonged study of Bushman types; but three decades ago a few survivors of this persecuted race were still to be found in most of the South African jails, expiating crimes that always

proved to be concerned with cattle-raiding, for had not the white man possessed their fountains, and shot all the game that had been their fathers' from time immemorial? and how else could they stay the gnawing hunger? A genius for the acquisition of tongues enabled Dr. Bleek to construct an alphabet with eighteen additional symbols to represent the extraordinary clicks and grunts that only Bushmen knew how to produce, and the Government allowed him to take prisoners of the dying race away from the jail and attach them to his household. At one time a whole Bushman family were encamped in the compound. The interest and the affection of several members of this extraordinary nation were gained by kind and judicious treatment, with the result that scores, even hundreds, of Bushman legends were enabled to be taken down and transcribed. Kabbo, who provided fifteen of the stories now published, was, says Miss Lloyd, an excellent

A Grass Bushman.
From "Bushman Folk-Lore," by W. H. I. Bleek and L. C. Lloyd. (Geo. Allen & Co.

narrator, who patiently watched until a sentence had been written down before proceeding with what he was telling. One or two youths betrayed capabilities for delineating natural objects by brush or pencil, and several of their works of art, notably a graphic study of male and female ostriches and young ones, have been reproduced.

I REMEMBER: Memories of a "Sky-Pilot" in the Prison and the Slum. By John William Horsley. 7s. 6d. net. (Wells Gardner, Darton & Co.)

"To be a man of Kent is, of course, a great thing." Canon Horsley is proud of his county, and not the least interesting part of his book is the opening section upon his schooldays at Canterbury. One of his school-fellows was Walter Pater. Another "occasional playmate of mine was Kalli—I forget three or four subsequent syllables—an Esquimaux, who had been brought home by an Arctic explorer." From Canterbury he went to Pembroke College, in Oxford, but had to leave without a degree, "owing to loss of income." He then became a curate, and was eventually appointed chaplain to the Middlesex Prison. Here his practical, social bent proved of real service. His chapter on prison work and prison reform is full of sound sense. One remark is striking. "I would here add that it is a pity that reporters always take notice of the statements of ex-prisoners that they have been hounded down by the police and have lost situations through their interference. I have frequently heard these statements and frequently examined them (down to this present year), but I never found one to be true. The story is usually quite baseless; but when work has been lost it has been usually by the man himself opening his mouth." Mr. Horsley's next sphere was in Woolwich, where, as Rector of Holy Trinity, he made matters warm for landlords of insanitary houses and for evildoers generally. In 1893 he was made Rector of St. Peter's, in Walworth, and ten years later he was appointed to be Canon of Southwark, besides being Mayor of Southwark, President of the Conchological Society, and Grand Chaplain of England to the Freemasons. Canon Horsley is fond of quoting his own poetry, and he even gives extracts not only from his evidence before Royal Commissions but from his own sermons. There is a story of a preacher who inserted this advertisement in the newspapers: "Left by mistake in a train, a bag containing sermons, of no possible use to any one but the owner." Canon Horsley's sermons do not seem to justify this description. Still, the practice of reproducing such extracts is not to be commended to writers of clerical autobiography. Apart from this, the book reveals an energetic, versatile personality, with strong views upon the iniquity of betting and drinking, with admirable zeal for the social and moral welfare of the people, and with moderate High Church principles. Canon Horsley's vigour has enabled him to get over a large amount of ground in the course of his strenuous career. The glimpses which this autobiography offers into his manifold activities are decidedly pleasing. For a clerical book of reminiscences there is a remarkable surplus of social interests over ecclesiastical, but probably this will not detract from its popularity. Canon Horsley has generally been an unconventional free-lance; but, if his method and opinions have not always been drilled into the form approved by Convocations and Bishops, he has served the church militant with ungrudging ardour

MEMORIES, PERSONAGES, PEOPLE, PLACES. By Henry G. Huntington. 21s. net. (Constable.)

It must be frankly confessed that Mr. Huntington's memories are rather tantalising. Here is a book written by a man who has known beautiful women like Mrs. Langtry, admirals of the position of Lord Charles Beresford and Sir Henry Keppel, *diplomats* so distinguished as Sir Rennel Rodd and Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, statesmen of the rank of Francesco Crispi and Joseph Chamberlain, politicians as interesting as James G. Blaine and Henry Labouchere, heads of State such as King Edward VII., General Grant, and President Cleveland, and authors so famous as Russell Lowell, Thomas Hughes, Mark Twain, and Henry James—to say nothing of "royalties," counts, and princes by the dozen; and yet so discreet is he that he gives none of these celebrities away, and says nothing about any one of them that is in the least degree intimate, scandalous, or even mildly apocalyptic. What a smile of conscious superiority will wreath the features of the Countess of Cardigan as she turns the pages of this immaculate work! There are, of course, excellent things in it, but they lie rather wide apart. Born seemingly of rich American parents and educated at Harvard, its author has evidently lived a very full life. As a young man he made the tour of India, he went to the Cape, and he travelled over Europe before settling down in his country's consular service in Italy—a land which, in this respect like his friend Ouida, he seems to know and to love beyond any other land. And—though he appears to be a reasonably modest man and of himself says little more than is absolutely necessary for the purpose of elucidating his narrative—we gather that his social gifts are such as to give him a ready *entrée* anywhere. An enthusiastic yachtsman, a devotee of the dance, a duellist *malgré lui*, a lover of music and possessor of a fine voice, a patron of the arts and a painter too, Mr. Huntington seems to have been as popular at Florence as at Washington, as much at home dancing at a Quirinal ball as indulging in his favourite sport at Cowes as a member

of the Royal Yacht Club. The chapters of his book which are most valuable from the informative point of view are the three in which he sets forth the facts of the Italian emigration to America, describes the latest—the 1910—art discoveries at Pompeii, illustrating them by some very effective reproductions in colour, and pronounces his frank and unqualified judgment on Ouida the woman. There is indeed an *olla podrida* of instructive and amusing matter in Mr. Huntington's handsomely produced volume, and the portraits of beautiful women and distinguished men with which it is so lavishly embellished should help to make it one of the most popular gift-books of the day. One word of criticism in conclusion: the author is not, of course, a professional man of letters, but even so he should distinguish between "affectionate" and "affectional" relations.

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. M. H. GILL & SON, DUBLIN.

If **Ardnaree**, by Randal McDonnell, is fiction, then it is fiction written with consummate skill. But it purports to be "The Story of an English Girl in Connaught, Told by Herself, and edited from the original MSS."; and we fully believe the truth of this statement. If it is fiction, we confess ourselves to have been entirely convinced of its being truth. And if indeed it is truth, we congratulate Mr. McDonnell upon a most alluring "find." It is not that the story is remarkable in any way; but it is so naïve, so natural, so revealing, and in the end so touching, that we ourselves have been charmed by it. Ireland in the early nineteenth century are the place and period, and some celebrities mingle with a crowd of men and women in its pages.

MESSRS. MILLS & BOON.

"Sir Allison Mayne walked steadily out on to the landing-stage which ran into the lake, then, one after the other, he flung the twins into the water." This is the promising introduction of Miss Maude Annesley's new novel, **All Awry** (6s.). The twins are Clotilde and Jack Mayne, and Clotilde is really the better boy of the two. Her scorn for her sex leads her later to sign on as a purser in disguise, and there follows a very entertaining Robinson Crusoe comedy. The fourth officer finally reconciles Clo to her sex, and makes a pleasant love-story run smooth.

The Rambles series of Messrs. Mills & Boon makes an excellent beginning with two attractive volumes. It has been the desire of the publishers to make the books something more than the ordinary record of travel, and to this end they have secured the services of writers who may justly claim to be expert in their subjects. Miss Frances M. Gostling in **Rambles around French Châteaux** (6s.) imparts much freshness to a subject which in places is somewhat hackneyed. The motor-car proved of invaluable assistance to the author in a five-weeks' tour which took her from Havre to St. Malo, via Arles and Foix! In **Rambles in the Black Forest** (same price) Miss I. A. R. Wylie also gives the reader the benefit of personal experience of a more restricted area, while she utilises her intimate knowledge of German manners and customs—nowhere more quaint than in the Black Forest—to good effect. Both volumes have numerous illustrations from photographs, as well as a few in colour.

MESSRS. J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO.

A strange mingling of old-fashioned elements in a new-fashioned dress characterises Mr. Will Comfort's novel, **She Buildeth her House** (6s.). The opening chapter is entitled "Paula Encounters the Remarkable Eyes of her First Giant, and Hearkens to the Second, Thundering Afar off." This prepares the reader for the discovery that the entertaining love-story of Paula Linster and Quentin Charter is cumbered by a good many literary affectations, which are not strong enough, however, to smother the vitality of a really good story. The dénouement is worked out under the fiery rain of Mont Pelée and gives us several chapters of really powerful descriptive writing.

MESSRS. SAMPSON LOW & CO.

It is sometimes pleasant amidst the rush of machine-made fiction to come across a specimen of the genuine, old-fashioned yarn. Four excellent examples of this unpretentious genus are provided in **Under Western Skies**, by Francis Sinclair (6s.) Whether they tell of Australian bush, the high seas, or the prairie, they have all the genuine ring, and justify the author's preference for "stories which come from memories in the heart to those constructed by the genius of the head."

MESSRS. DUCKWORTH & CO.

"The realities of the world affected me as visions, and as visions only, while the wild ideas of the land of dreams became in turn, not the material of my everyday existence, but in very deed that existence utterly and solely in itself." These words of Poe might be applied to Watteau, says Camille Mauclair in his volume **Antoine Watteau** (1s. net). And we can well realise, as we look at Watteau's delicate and lovely paintings, that this brave man turned from the actualities of his life, his weakness, his ill-health, the hideous phantom, Consumption, and dwelt upon his visions till they became real to him in his pictures. M. Mauclair has not only written a thoughtful and lucid "Life" of the painter, he has portrayed and criticised him as a consumptive, dwelling on the link between his illness and his imagination, pointing out the *feeling* which underlies his work—feeling which is lacking in the work of his imitators. This little vloume is an admirable addition to an admirable series.

MESSRS. HUTCHINSON & CO.

Authors are justly indignant when their books are reviewed solely upon their prefaces, but Mr. Ryan's preface—an excellent summary of the life of his heroine—completely takes the wind out of our sails. Most readers have heard vaguely of Jeanne d'Albret, afterwards Queen of Navarre, and most of them know nothing more about her. But we cannot possibly enlighten them, save by summarising the preface of **Queen Jeanne of Navarre** (12s. 6d.) net—which is no proof that we have read the remainder of the book. As a matter of fact we have done so, and we think highly of it. It impresses us as a thoroughly well-balanced and well-written biography—perhaps a little unemotional, but entirely sympathetic to its subject. Mr. Ryan is an accomplished and experienced writer, and he shows much skill in the portrayal of the character of the brave and conscientious, but rather unapproachable and unlovable, Queen. There are some particularly interesting illustrations.

MESSRS. HODDER & STOUGHTON.

The Apple of Happiness, by Ethel Turner—Mrs. H. R. Curlewis—(3s. 6d.), is a well-told, vivacious, and very entertaining story. The characters are so natural and true to life that Mrs. Curlewis succeeds in gaining our liking for even the most unattractive and unpleasant of them. The glimpses of child-life are wonderfully true and show that she possesses a sure and thorough understanding of children. The story tells how Edna, the youngest of three sisters—daughters of an exceedingly wealthy old gentleman—has married "beneath her," to the consternation of her relatives, and thus has separated herself from the rest of her family. After many years, to please her own little girl, the eldest sister determines to bring about a reconciliation between Edna and her father and restore her to the position she lost by marrying Hugh Gillespie. Mrs. Curlewis writes with sympathy and charm, and her new book will appeal especially to women, young and old.

MR. ANDREW MELROSE.

Mr. Hubert Druce has a decided bent for the gruesome. At any rate, his **Henry Cassland** (6s.) is a book quite sufficiently thrilling for any reader of ordinary nerves. In plot it is perfectly simple. Henry Cassland, a well-to-do but unsuccessful actor, who is obviously more than half insane, decides to rid himself of the young woman who may prove an obstacle to his marriage with a very charming girl. To this end he schemes and puts into practice a particularly diabolical murder, at the same time contriving a strong circumstantial case against another—and exceedingly harmless—young man. He is a leading witness at the succeeding murder trial, which ends disastrously for the innocent. Cassland's unfortunate dupe is hanged, and Cassland himself is left to make an unjustly happy marriage with the object of his affections. There may be some moral objections against Mr. Druce's book, but, possibly with the object of meeting such objections, the murder is committed in such a manner that its successful issue owes much to coincidence and good fortune. But, speaking quite unmorally, there is no question that the book is a very clever one, and that its author possesses the power of holding the attention of his readers from start to finish.

MESSRS. BATSFORD.

Messrs. A. E. Richardson and C. Lovett Gill have compiled in **London Houses from 1660 to 1820** (15s. net) a valuable and very interesting account of the wonderful examples of domestic architecture of the renaissance and classical revival periods that are still to be found existing in London. The book should prove especially valuable to architects and students of architecture, and it has been so arranged that it will serve as an admirable guide for the visitor to London, each of the ninety-eight full-page plates being separately and succinctly described and all of them being dealt with in a series of three special chapters, according to the period to which they belong. There are introductory chapters devoted to a consideration of the planning of the town house and its interior decoration, and a concluding chapter that touches on architectural developments in the outer suburbs of London. This is not only, we believe, the first book of its kind on this particular subject, but it is done with such ability and so thoroughly that it seems to leave no opening for a second.

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From The Belgians at Home *(Methuen).*

THE EVENING MEAL IN THE BÉGUINAGE. (Photo by Théode Graeve, Bruges.)

NOTES ON PICTURES IN THE ROYAL COLLECTIONS.

Collected and Edited for the *Burlington Magazine* by LIONEL CUST, M.V.O. Published by special permission of H.M. King George V. 12s. 6d. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

The chapters which constitute this exceedingly handsome volume have all, we are told, appeared in the *Burlington Magazine* during the past five years. Such an assurance is, of course, a proof of their quality, and it hardly

seems necessary to quote the names of the various contributors. In 1905–6, Mr. Lionel Cust tells us, two large volumes were issued containing "a selection from the best-known pictures at Buckingham Palace and Windsor Castle. There remained, however, a large number of pictures, chiefly those collected by H.R.H. the Prince Consort, which were practically unknown, and the interest of which, if of secondary importance from the highest point of artistic value, was not inconsiderable for students and connoisseurs." The writing of a series of articles was therefore undertaken, and the articles themselves were published in the *Burlington Magazine* by Royal permission. In their present permanent form we believe that success awaits them. The illustrations, two of which are reproduced in photogravure, seven in collotype, and thirty-eight in half-tone, are of an unusually high order of excellence, and the general production of the book reflects great credit upon its publishers.

From **Notes on Pictures in the Royal Collections** *(Chatto & Windus).*

QUEEN CATHERINE HOWARD.
(Portrait painted by Hans Holbein the younger.)

THE LIFE OF SPENCER COMPTON, EIGHTH DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.

By BERNARD HOLLAND, C.B. In 2 Vols., with 12 Illustrations and a Map. 32s. net. (Longmans.)

The best part of this important work hardly comes within the scope of THE BOOKMAN. We do not profess to be concerned in any way with politics, while the interest of Mr. Bernard Holland's work is largely political, and we are debarred from giving voice to our opinions upon what is certainly the major portion of the volumes. We can, however, say that Mr. Bernard Holland appears to us to have done his work very well. He writes with a deep and sympathetic knowledge of his subject, and he has invested his rendering of the late Duke's character with force and actuality. Nobody who takes any interest whatever in present-day politics can afford to neglect this lengthy and workmanlike biography.

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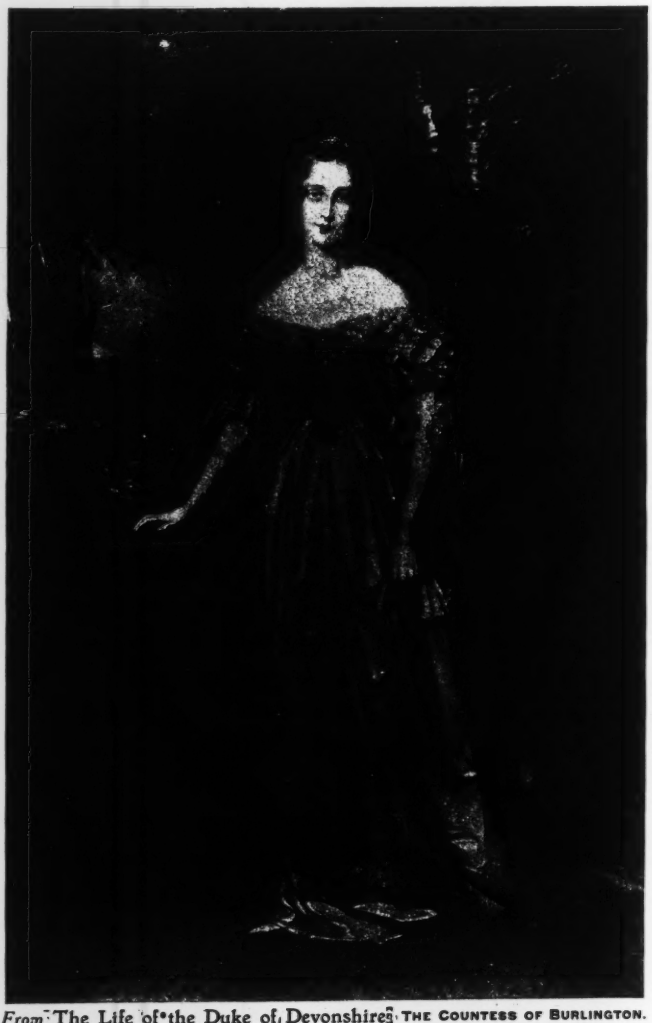
From Messrs. Cassell come half a dozen volumes of "The Pocket Reference Library," an admirably compact and handy little series, the volumes of which are well printed and bound in cloth. Mr. W. Gurney Benham's "Classified Dictionary of Prose Quotations" and Mr. H. H. Thomas's "Pocket Gardener" are frankly condensed from larger works, but they should be none the less useful on that account. The remaining four books are new. Mr. Lawrence H. Dawson gives us a well-arranged dictionary of dates, entitled "When was That?" and Miss Marjory Luxmoore an up-to-date and reliable "Dictionary of Etiquette," while Mr. A. E. Dobbs has hit upon a new idea in an excellent little work dealing with "Abbreviations, British and Foreign," in an exhaustive manner. In his "French Conversation for English Travellers," Mr. F. F. Bovet supplies the tourist with a very large number of useful little phrases. The feature of his book is the simplicity of its classification, for far greater space has been devoted to "miscellaneous phrases" than in any other work of the kind that we remember having come across. It is in every way an admirable compilation, up-to-date—a section of aviation terms has even been included!—simply arranged, and ready of reference.



From "The Life of the Duke of Devonshire" (Longmans).

THE COUNTESS OF BURLINGTON.
(Painted by T. Lucas, after her death, from a miniature.)

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

By her son, CHARLES EDWARD STOWE, and her grandson, LYMAN BEECHER STOWE. Illustrated. 6s. net. (Nisbet & Co.)

This volume is less suggestive of a biography in the usual sense than of a novel: a novel pleasantly old-fashioned and leisurely in its going, yet sometimes racily and often intensely human, with a variety of interests, domestic, racial, psychological, and spiritual. It is primarily the revelation of a woman, in the depths of her own nature and under the influence of a stern theology and an American environment. Of literature there is far less than might be expected; voluminous as was Mrs. Stowe as an author, we are left with the feeling that literature on the whole was something incidental in her life, mostly the outcome of domestic necessity and lack of pence; once, indeed, inspired by a wave of pity and passion—when, without knowing that she did anything remarkable, she penned "Uncle Tom's Cabin"—and once in her old age—when she recalled New England memories—dictated by love of old times and associations rather than by any compelling creative stress. And the book makes it clear that if she had given nothing to literature her story still would have been exceedingly interesting, well worth telling, even by a great interpreter—such, for instance, as George Eliot, to whom some of the most expressive letters quoted in this book were written. If we take away all the literary interests the story remains full of human appeal, and often vivid with pictures of a character-rich old life long since passed away. Her New England childhood and girlhood were passed amidst a humanity that brooded sternly and darkly on the next world, but showed genial and affectionate traits in this. Her married life was one of stress and struggle, and at the same time deep happiness. Her husband suggests a sentimental woman disguised as a learned professor. He thought her a genius with a supreme mission, and wept over most of her manuscripts. The little, modest, affectionate creature remained unspoiled to the end of her long life, great as were the agitation and admiration she caused. The interests of domesticity, theology, wild and arcadian nature, and human drama and character were curiously blended in her story, and this volume does justice to the blend.

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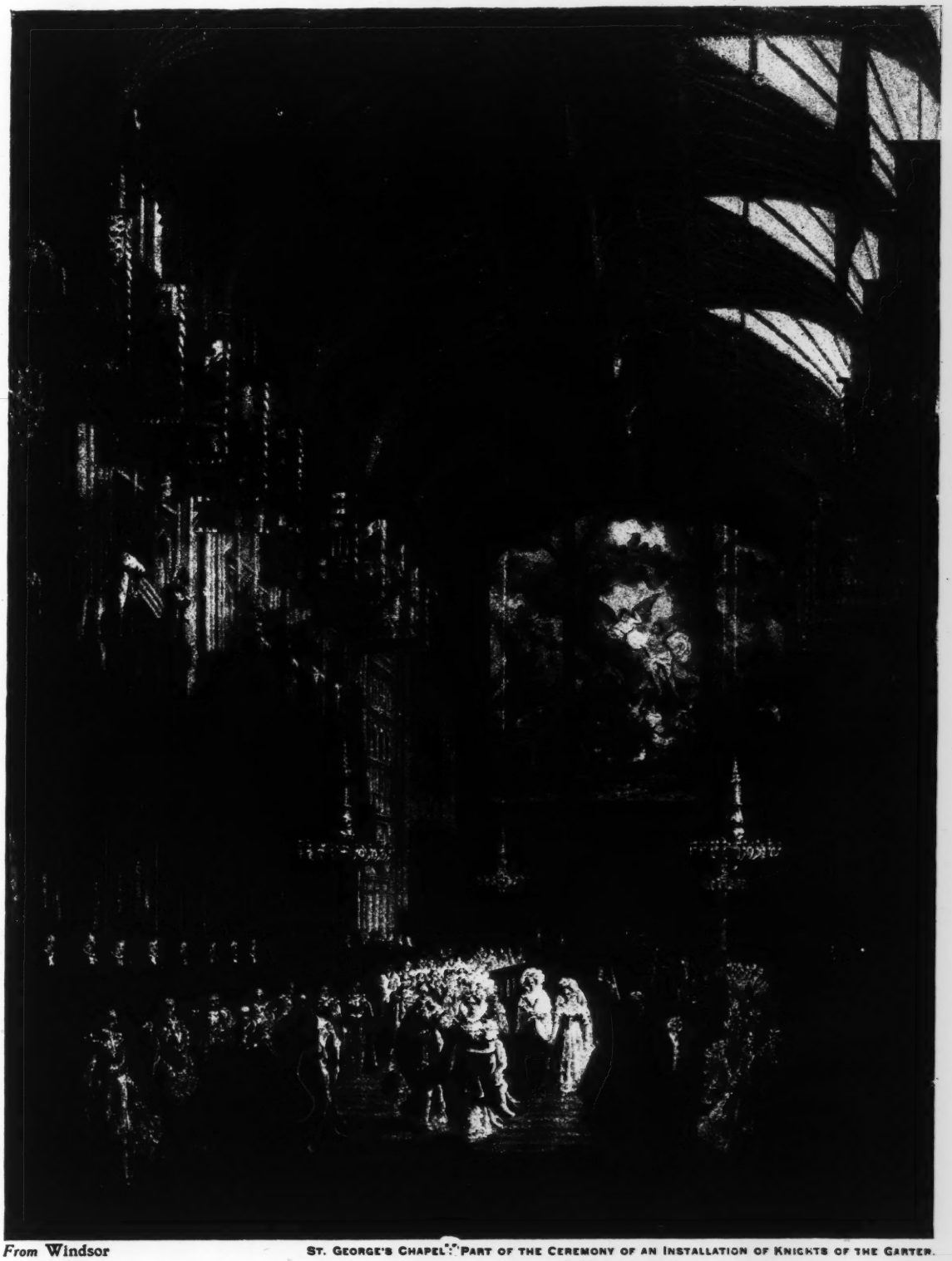
WINDSOR.

By Arthur Goddard. With 22 Plates and many other Illustrations. £1 11s. 6d. net. (Jarrold.)

"It is all very grand, very beautiful, very striking." So wrote Guizot to his son concerning Windsor Castle, and that is the impression which Windsor doubtless makes upon all who visit it—even its sightseers. And so Mr. Goddard need hardly apologise for having brought before us another volume upon this subject, more particularly as his book strikes out something of a new line. The author has taken pains to collect a large number of illustrations connected with Windsor Castle and with Eton College, and the result of his labours may be seen in the sumptuous volume which is now before us. The illustrations—of which twenty-two are specially prepared plates—are exceedingly numerous, and all justify their inclusion in the book, either by their artistic beauty or by the interest connected with them. The author's text is entirely adequate to its subject—and this is saying a very great deal—and he is fortunately possessed of a style which renders the book very readable. In fact, "Windsor" is something more than a beautiful book. It is a volume of great historical importance.



From Windsor *(Jarrold).*

St. George's Chapel: Part of the Ceremony of an Installation of Knights of the Garter. (F. Mackenzie, 1840.)

From A History of French Architecture *(Bell).*

TOMB OF THE DUC DE BRÉZÉ: ROUEN CATHEDRAL. (N.D. Photo.)

THACKERAY'S WORKS.

Catherine. Miscellanies. The Knights of Borsellen. Centenary Biographical Edition. 6s. net each. (Smith, Elder.)

The publication of these three volumes completes Messrs. Smith, Elder's Centenary Biographical Edition of Thackeray—surely the most complete and most satisfying edition of the great novelist's works that either the student or the general reader could desire. There are five hitherto unpublished portraits in these last volumes and a number of new Thackeray drawings, the former including a very charming portrait in colour of Lady Thackeray Ritchie at the age of eighteen, painted by her father. Among the "Miscellanies" are included the recently discovered "Cockney Travels," and such of the articles and writings rescued by the researches of Mr. Lewis Melville from the files of old newspapers and magazines as Lady Ritchie is convinced are authentic, as well as "The Orphan of Pimlico" and a number of Thackeray's caricatures. "The Knights of Borsellen" is the fragment of a romance of Henry V.'s time that Thackeray began to write, but put aside to work on "Denis Duval." But more interesting than the romance is Lady Ritchie's introduction to this volume, in which she gives an account of her father's ancestors. It is the introductions to the volumes in this edition that give it its unique value and distinction, for they comprise by far the most authoritative and intimate record of Thackeray's life that has ever been published.

A MEDLEY OF BIRTHDAYS.

Collected by E. F. A. B. 5s. net. (W. Heffer & Sons, Cambridge.)

Miss Baumgartner, the compiler of this suggestive and original anthology, was an old lady who died early in this year, and who had never, so far as we know, distinguished herself in literature. Nevertheless, she has devised a sort of birthday-book and anthology which is worked on an entirely new scheme. Briefly, the idea is that every day of the year is the birthday of some one who has said something worthy of preservation. Miss Baumgartner, we are told, hit upon 688 of these persons, and there are accordingly at least 688 different extracts in her book. Each extract is as self-revealing as possible, and the general effect of the whole book is certainly somewhat staggering. Under July 2, for example, we find a quotation from Cranmer's speech at the stake, immediately followed by a couple of sentences from Mr. William Le Queux in praise of the working classes of London; July 17, with Dr. Watts and Martin Tupper, and even the 26th, with W. M. Praed and G. B. Shaw, would seem in happier accord. The compiler was nothing if not catholic, certainly. But there can be no doubt that the work makes by far the most interesting birthday-book we have ever come across. It is a most pleasant combination of amusement and edification.

A HISTORY OF FRENCH ARCHITECTURE.

By REGINALD BLOMFIELD, A.R.A., M.A., F.S.A. 2 Vols. 50s. net. (G. Bell & Sons.)

The guiding purpose of Mr. Blomfield's work in these volumes has been to show the continuous growth of French neo-classic architecture, from its tentative beginnings in the reign of Charles VIII. to its mature development in the middle of the seventeenth century. Mr. Blomfield has already written a masterly history of renaissance architecture in England, and this later history of the Renaissance in France is a no less conscientious and scholarly piece of

work. Nothing is gained by any too rigid systems of classification; an attempt to classify phases of art or architecture only betrays one into error, for the temptation is not to make the particular label fit the object, but to make the object fit the label. Therefore, Mr. Blomfield is satisfied to give his classifications large margins—there is no precise date at which one style of architecture ended and another began; one style gradually passed into another: "The differences of detail and method are obvious and important, but the essential point to keep in view is that one period grew out of another, and it is only by tracing the pedigree as a whole, by letting the mind range backwards and forwards over the whole field, that it is possible to form a broadly comprehensive view of the scope and meaning of the Renaissance in France." Mr. Blomfield has studied his subject with minutest care; he has taken infinite trouble to get exhaustively acquainted with it, and to examine all examples of public and domestic architecture in France that belong to the period he covers; and he has written in these two stately volumes a history that is as lucid as it is exhaustive. There is a very full bibliography on French architecture, and a number of excellent illustrations.

From A History of French Architecture *(Bell).*

TOMB OF CARDINAL AMBOISE: ROUEN CATHEDRAL. (N.D. Photo.)

WORD PORTRAITS:

Character Sketches of Famous Men and Women.
By MAXIMILIAN HARDEN. Translated by JULIUS GABE. 10s. 6d. net. (Blackwood.)

The author of this work, Herr Maximilian Harden, is perhaps the leading force in German journalism at the present day. As editor of *Die Zukunft*, which he founded in 1896, he has always been a prominent figure, and he has made his paper "probably the most influential, and certainly the most fearless, in its clear and calm critical judgment of all existing German periodicals." The translation of his "Köpfe" has been carried out in a most careful manner, and Mr. Gabe's work on the book is worthy of all praise. Harden writes a German which, in its elusiveness, the extreme length of its sentences, and its wealth of literary allusion, is extraordinarily difficult to translate, and although Mr. Gabe has not succeeded in producing a volume which can justifiably be termed easy reading, "Word Portraits" is at any rate presented to the English public in an idiomatic and careful version. The "Portraits" themselves appear to us to be of varying degrees of merit. "Old William," Bismarck, Richter, Holstein, and Ibsen impress us as brilliant in the extreme, while the savagery with which the author attacks Zola is at least justifiable from a certain point of view. His treatment of the Empress Frederick, however, is frankly cruel, and springs from an unjustly prejudiced state of mind. But there can be no question that on the whole "Word Portraits" is remarkable, and we trust that the welcome extended by the English reading public to Herr Harden will be sufficiently warm to induce the publishers to follow the present volume with others.

THE SEVEN RICHEST HEIRESSES OF FRANCE.

By the COUNT DE SOISSONS. 12s. 6d. net. Illustrated. (Long.)

The curious title of the volume which the Count de Soissons has just issued through Messrs. John Long may perhaps help to bring it the success it deserves. The author sets forth his aims sufficiently clearly in his preface: "The purpose of this book," he says, "is to narrate the extraordinary career of that famous Italian, Mazarin, who came to France poor and relatively unknown, but, nevertheless, became a prince of the Church, ruled over the country omnipotently by smiles, flatteries, promises,

From The Byzantine Empire *(Black).*

JUSTINIAN TRIUMPHANT: A. GIRAUDON.
(From an ivory in the Musée du Louvre, Paris.)

From The Byzantine Empire *(Black).*

A CAPITAL IN THE CHURCH OF SAN VITALE, RAVENNA.
(E. Alinari.)

flexibility, and personal charms; and acquired—for those times—the enormous wealth of a hundred millions in gold, which he was daring enough to take from the exchequer of the King of France for his own purposes. However, the most interesting feature of this volume will be the lives, love intrigues, and remarkable adventures of seven beautiful women, the nieces of the said Cardinal Mazarin, who brought them from Italy to France for the purpose of helping him in his political schemes; he succeeded, by giving them enormous dowries, in marrying them into the best families in the land." This lengthy extract gives a clear idea of the nature of the book the Count de Soissons has written. Quite candidly, it cannot be said that his English style would be good in an Englishman, but it is wonderful in a foreigner, and "The Seven Richest Heiresses" can be read with ease, amusement, and even a good deal of profit. A large number of interesting illustrations add to the attractions of a very attractive piece of work.

THE BYZANTINE EMPIRE.

By EDWARD A. FOORD. With 32 Full-page Illustrations from Photographs. 7s. 6d. net. (Black.)

Mr. Edward A. Foord has written this volume with the intention of filling a gap in English literature. We have had important and lengthy historical works devoted to the study of the Byzantine Empire. We have also had brief sketches, but never before have we come across a manageable and popular history. The author has written his book with enthusiasm, and he has contrived to present to the reader a very striking picture of the break-up of the last remains of Roman power in Europe. The volume is very attractively produced and embodies thirty-two full-page plates and seven sketch-maps.

THE FAIR LAND OF CENTRAL AMERICA.

By MAURICE DE WALEFFE. Translated by VIOLETTE M. MONTAGU, with Preface by SIR A. CONAN DOYLE, and 24 Illustrations. 7s. 6d. net. (Long.)

In the Preface which he addresses to Monsieur de Waleffe, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle says that he thinks this book "quite charming, very witty, instructive, and full of interesting observations," and in this judgment we entirely agree with him. The author is an unusually intelligent and wideawake traveller, and his claim that he is the first author to write impartially on Central America is, at any rate, deserving of serious consideration. Monsieur de Waleffe travelled first to Trinidad and Venezuela, proceeding afterwards by way of Panama, Costa Rica, and Jamaica to Havana, a town which he appears to have disliked. He finished his tour with a visit to Mexico, and it is interesting to find that he gives some corroboration of the charges recently brought against the Mexican Government in the work entitled "Barbarous Mexico." The effect that his journey had upon the author seems to have been not entirely pleasing. Truth to tell, Monsieur de Waleffe is a difficult man to please, but there is probably a good deal in the charges which he brings against American political and business methods. He is an exceedingly strong anti-Yankee, and in the United States he sees the Power which is shortly to absorb the whole of Central America and the greater part of the southern continent as

From The Art of the Romans *(Methuen).*

TELLUS-GROUP FROM THE ARA PACIS AUGUSTÆ (Uffizi, Florence.)

well. We cannot do more than mention the charmingly witty manner in which the author has written his book, and his translator is to be congratulated on the effect of frankness and sincerity which she has so well succeeded in preserving.

THE ART OF THE ROMANS.

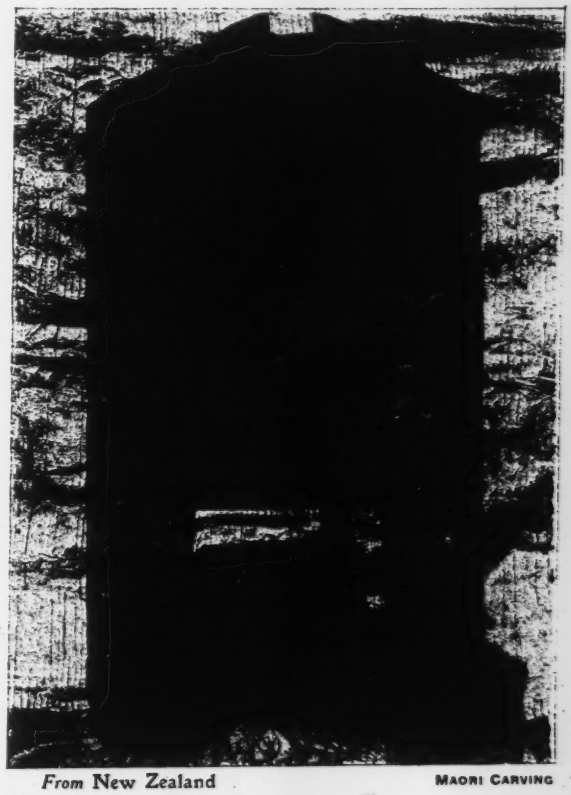
By H. B. WALTERS. 15s. net. (Methuen.)

This finely produced and very liberally illustrated volume is one which does credit alike to its author and to its publishers. As Mr. Walters says, the Romans were not an artistic people, but nevertheless the record of their achievement is no small one, and it is the more to the author's credit that he has so well performed the task which he set himself—that of "indicating the principal lines on which the study of Roman Art has been pursued, is one aim of the present work; but it is also an endeavour to give a brief survey of the whole sphere of Roman Art in a concise and handy form, a task which hardly seems to have been hitherto attempted." Mr. Walters proves himself a painstaking and efficient guide, and his book serves as a most useful introduction to the study of an intricate subject.

THE CAMBRIDGE MANUALS OF SCIENCE AND LITERATURE:

The Historical Growth of the English Parish Church. By A. HAMILTON THOMPSON, M.A., F.S.A.; **Links with the Past in the Plant World.** By A. C. SEWARD, M.A., F.R.S.; **New Zealand.** By the HON. SIR ROBERT STOUT, K.C.M.G., LL.D., and J. LOGAN STOUT, LL.B. Illustrated. 1s. net, and 2s. 6d. net, each vol. (Cambridge University Press.)

Three specimen volumes of the excellent Cambridge Manuals of Science and Literature have been sent us. The books are all designed to give as large an amount of information as possible upon special subjects, and it may at once be said that of their kind it would be impossible to conceive of more useful books. Mr. Thompson makes a successful attempt "to supply an account of the historical conditions amid which our parish churches were built, and say something of the builders, and to remove the popular idea, still current even among educated people, that our architecture is mainly due to the profuse benefactions of the religious orders." Mr. Seward—who is also one of the editors—announces his object as "primarily to call attention to some of the many questions which are raised by an inquiry into the relative antiquity of existing plants, and to illustrate the nature of the evidence afforded



From New Zealand *(Cambridge University Press).*

MAORI CARVING

From Penelope Rich and Her Circle *(Hutchinson).*

ELIZABETH VERNON, COUNTESS OF SOUTHAMPTON.
(From a Painting by Cornelius Janssens.)

by the records of the rocks." In many ways his is the most fascinating of the three volumes which have reached us. But the "New Zealand" of Sir Robert Stout and Mr. J. L. Stout is almost equally well managed. Within a very small space the authors supply an historical sketch of the country, and they devote important sections to government and administration and to social, labour and land legislation. All the volumes are well illustrated and neatly bound. At their price they are indeed marvels of value.

PENELOPE RICH AND HER CIRCLE.

By MAUD STEPNEY RAWSON. With 30 Illustrations. 16s. net. (Hutchinson.)

Mrs. Stepney Rawson, whose novels are, of course, prime favourites with a very large section of the reading public, has, as our readers may remember, had previous experience in the writing of biography, for "Bess of Hardwick" did much to win for its author the regard of many serious historical students. In "Penelope Rich and Her Circle" the author has found sympathetic material, and the picture she paints of a very remarkable woman is vivid in the extreme. As Mrs. Stepney Rawson says, Penelope Rich's "life lies here for our amazement, our pity, not for our contempt. Is it such a small thing to have wrought so fast and travelled so far in such troubled years? Is it nothing to have brought twelve children into the world for good or evil, to have triumphed over smallpox and measles and the far greater infections of political treasons, to have faced the Privy Council and not been clapped in the Tower, to have dwelt in a house on the verge of bombardment, to have been adored by poets and bookmen, danced and acted at Court, witnessed the production of great comedies, all but overridden a divorce and lived down a social scandal, and lastly to have carried a fair body and a famous and beautiful face erect, youthful, and flawless to the verge of middle age? These are achievements enough for one life, and, though they were not all reputable, she must in these be given credit for consistency." All lovers of literature, and—more particularly—of historical biography will, if they take our advice, have immediate recourse to Mrs. Rawson's picturesque and fascinating pages.

JIM DAVIS.

By JOHN MASEFIELD. 6s. (Wells Gardner.)

We remember that last year Mr. Masefield had two books published which were probably intended to appeal primarily to boy readers. No boy who read it is likely to forget the very well-managed romance of "Martin Hyde: the Duke's Messenger," and now Mr. Masefield obligingly comes forward with another fine historical study, which cannot fail to enthral his juvenile readers and should by no means be missed by adults. Jim Davis, the hero of the story, is a youth who accidentally falls in with smugglers, and by reason of his affection for one of the number gives them useful information on one occasion. Later, however, he plans to effect the escape of two coast-guardsmen who have been captured by these same smugglers and whose lives he believes to be in danger. His attempt fails, and he is forcibly enlisted by the smugglers, who are anxious to stop his mouth and believe that they will do so successfully by implicating him in their own crimes. Accordingly Jim makes two voyages on the smugglers' boat, voyages which Mr. Masefield describes with remarkable clarity and force. The author's style throughout is excellently adapted to the class of reader for whom he is writing, but the vital interest of the book lies in its story, which holds the reader from first to last. There are also some delightful studies in character, and Mr. Masefield makes a notable success with Marah Gorsuch, the gipsy smuggler. "Jim Davis," in fact, is not only a very jolly boys' book, it is also literature.

From Life of Lord Clarendon *(Smith, Elder).*

LUCIUS CAREY SECOND VISCOUNT FALKLAND

A ROMNEY FOLIO.

With 68 Plates in Photogravure, an Essay and Descriptive Notes by ARTHUR B. CHAMBERLAIN. 15 guineas net. (Methuen.)

The plates included in this magnificent folio have been selected with a view to representing, as far as possible, every side of Romney's art. Many of the pictures are here reproduced for the first time, whilst others have until now been available only through the modern mezzotint. Each is photographed from the original painting, and the photogravure reproductions are perfect in their kind. They include a group of studies of Lady Hamilton and many other of Romney's finest portraits of celebrities and leaders of fashion in his day. Messrs. Methuen are to be congratulated on the appearance of this sumptuous volume, and Mr. Chamberlain, whose book on "George Romney" was issued by the same publishers last year, on the descriptive notes and the able critical essay with which he accompanies it.

From A Romney Folio *(Methuen).*

MISS ELIZABETH WALLACE.

THE STORY OF CLARICE.

By KATHARINE TYNAN. 6s. Illustrated. (James Clarke.)

The Rev. Alexander Elliott, a pastor of a little sect called the "True Believers," adopts a little girl under peculiar circumstances. Soon afterwards he moves to a charge in the country, where Clarice grows up into a beautiful and refined young woman. She is wooed in turn by Jerry Polkinghorne, the son of a rich brewer, and Hugo Venning, the nephew of Sir Humphry Godolphin, of ancient family. Clarice chooses Venning, whereupon the unfortunate young man is promptly cut off by his uncle, who had great ambitions for him. However, Hugo is made of the right stuff, and resolves to make his way in the world and to marry Clarice in spite of everything. But he has not reckoned with Clarice herself, for she discovers the fact that she is not the minister's daughter—as she had been brought up to suppose—and she feels the slur upon her parentage so acutely that she resolves to give Hugo up. However, she falls ill, and when almost dying consents to a marriage with her lover. The situation is complicated by her recovery, but Mrs. Tynan can always be trusted to work things round to a satisfactory ending. And she does not disappoint the reader here. "The Story of Clarice" is written with all the author's usual charm and ability, which are nowhere more marked than in the presentation of a number of well-differentiated characters.

EASY-CHAIR MEMORIES.

By THE AMATEUR ANGLER (E. MARSTON, F.R.G.S.). Illustrated. 2s. 6d. net. (Sampson Low.)

The work of the "Amateur Angler"—Mr. E. Marston—is always delicate and likeable. Mr. Marston most decidedly "has a way with him," and the thirteen chapters of this little book are all charming cameos of thought and expression. Mr. Marston begins pathetically: "My angling days," he says, "are over. The May-fly imitation, which goes by the name of the 'Rosebery,' and which caught my last two-pound trout, hangs still as a trophy on the fore-

front of my old cap (still in wear), where I had fixed him after he had done that doughty deed. . . . Like that old trout, I, his captor, have seen the last of my best and fishing days." It may be so. But, as the author says later on in his book—"I am but a young beginner in this retirement business." And we hope that he will remain a young beginner for a very long time. We know that he will not allow himself to grow rusty; his pen, perhaps, will still occasionally be taken from its rack, and again he will write for us more of those charming angling reminiscences.

From Royal Copenhagen Porcelain
(Fisher Unwin).

VASE PAINTED WITH SNOW SCENE.
(By C. F. Liisberg. Exhibited at Brussels Exhibition, 1910.)

Meanwhile, let us be content with the delightful volume he has just given us; it will linger fragrant in our memory for many a long day.

THE OPINION SHOP.

By HILDRIC DAVENPORT. Illustrated by PENRHYN STANLAWS. 3s. 6d. net. (Gay & Hancock.)

"The Opinion Shop" is a collection of aphorisms and epigrams which have originally seen the light in the pages of *Life* and the *Smart Set*. Collections of this sort are perhaps more popular in America than in this country, but there is no reason why Mr. (or can it possibly be Miss ?) Davenport's book should not be widely read over here. It is witty, pungent, and cynical—just the thing for the gentleman who wants to shine at a dinner-party. The author has practically only one subject, but he would probably argue—if ever he condescended to be so platitudinous—that it embraces every other. And when Mr. Penrhyn Stanlaws throws in eleven of his clever and charming drawings, you know quite well that that subject is—Woman.

ROYAL COPENHAGEN PORCELAIN.

By ARTHUR HAYDEN. With 5 Coloured and 104 Black-and-White Plates and 70 Illustrations in the text. 42s. net. (Unwin.)

The beautifully printed and elaborate volume now before us has been written by one of the first authorities in English on ceramics. The history of the Royal Copenhagen factory since its establishment in 1779 is one of continuous and unbroken success, and the sumptuous volume which Mr. Arthur Hayden devotes to it is well

justified of its existence. Especial mention should be made of the very large number of illustrations which are included in the volume. With the text, they combine to make it one of the most attractive art-books of the present season.

THE QUENCHLESS FIRE.

By SILAS K. HOCKING. 6s. (Frederick Warne & Co.)

Hugh Saxon, the hero of Mr. Hocking's new book, is accused of highway robbery with violence, and, though with a cloud hanging always over his head. The reader's interest is continually whetted, and page after page is turned with unflagging attention until the last of all is reached. There are happy and unhappy marriages in the book, and the author drives home with vivid and forceful pen the disastrous results of marriages entered into by people who mistake attraction for real love. With its well-constructed plot and skilfully drawn characters, the book thoroughly deserves the warm welcome that is sure to be extended to it by Mr. Hocking's countless admirers.

From **Royal Copenhagen Porcelain** *(Fisher Unwin).*

VASE WITH DECORATIVE SUBJECT: DEER WITH LEAFY BACKGROUND AND IRIS IN THE FOREGROUND.
(Painted by Gerhard Heilmann in underglaze colours.)

earnestly protesting his innocence, and in spite of a good name and honourable record, he is committed for trial, where the chief evidence against him is given by a police inspector. Saxon is defended by a rising young barrister, Noel Parke, and is acquitted, to the unspeakable joy of his mother and sister. But, as the real thief is not discovered, he is shunned by most of the folk in the village where he lives, and has to fight his way through trouble after trouble,

POST LIMINIUM:

Essays and Critical Papers. By LIONEL JOHNSON. Edited by THOMAS WHITTEMORE. 6s. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

Lionel Johnson published only three books: a large and incisive commentary on "The Art of Thomas Hardy," and two slender volumes of poetry—a small output for the thirty-five years of his short life; but he was always a reticent and fastidious artist, and the steady clearness of

his thought and the quiet strength of his style are qualities that do not come of haste. He wrote, however, a good many essays and reviews for various magazines and critical journals, and these Mr. Whittemore has collected and edited, with a foreword of sympathetic biography. There is a selection of forty-four of these essays and articles, the dissertations of an essentially literary man on literature and literary topics. One is glad to have them saved from the files of the papers in which they first appeared, for they are too good to be lost among the waste of time. They are always scholarly, suggestive, individual, and the best of them justify Mr. W. B. Yeats's praise of Johnson, "the loneliness and gravity of his mind, its air of high lineage." The title given to this book is, says Mr. Whittemore, "an old legal one, and alludes to the right of a man, after a lapse of time, to enter again into his own, over his former threshold." There is work in these pages that will add something to Johnson's reputation, and we purpose returning to this book and giving it ampler consideration in a future issue.

From The Art of the Romans *(Methuen).*

SILVER VASE FROM HILDESHEIM. (Berlin Museum.)

JACK B. YEATS:

His Pictorial and Dramatic Art. By ERNEST MARRIOTT. Containing a Chart of a Pirate Island by JACK B. YEATS and a Portrait. 1s. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

Mr. Jack B. Yeats is one of those humorous artists whose drawings, as Mr. Ernest Marriott remarks, "have never degenerated into the merely comic." There is humour behind them as well as in them that saves them from that. They are the visible laughter of a man who has a real and delightfully quaint sense of fun. But you shall find him adequately appreciated and his peculiar merits justly praised in Mr. Marriott's interesting little biography. Son of John Butler Yeats, brother of W. B. Yeats, and spending his early, impressionable years among influences that were calculated to encourage and develop any original genius that belonged to him, it is not strange that Mr. Jack B. Yeats has become as strongly individual in art as he is in life. He is not cut to any prevailing pattern; you could never mistake his drawings for anybody else's; they are as vividly and intimately characteristic of him as his handwriting is, or the tone of his voice. Needless to say, then, he is an interesting personality, and Mr. Marriott's book about him is sure of a warm welcome.

1. CUP, MINO WARE. DISH, YEDDO BANKO WARE. SAKÉ CUP, YEIRAKU WARE.
2. VASE, OTA WARE. VASE, ARITA WARE. CANDLESTICK, TOZAN WARE.
3. DISH ARITA WARE. SAUCER DISH, AWAJI WARE.

From The A.B.C. of Japanese Art *(Stanley Paul.)*

BY MOUNTAIN, LAKE AND PLAIN.

Being Sketches of Sport in Eastern Persia. By MAJOR R. L. KENNION. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net. (Blackwood.)

The Army man who can write pleasant and readable English is something of a rarity, but Major Kennion is decidedly an exception. His "Sport and Life in the Further Himalaya" was an excellent piece of work, and it is now followed up by a book which ought at least to gain an equal, if not a larger, popularity. Eastern Persia is by no means a familiar country to the English reader, and although the author thinks that "most of the 'questions' with which this ancient country bristles have been more than adequately dealt with," there is plenty of room for a book upon its sport. Major Kennion was for some time British Consul at Seistan and his knowledge of the country with which his book deals seems to be considerable. He is interested, also, in natural history, and his work is by no means a mere record of slaughtered animals. It is concluded with an account of an expedition to the Caspian Sea, through country of which little is known to Europeans. Great pains have been expended upon the illustrations, some of which are of much beauty, while all are interesting.

THE WAY OF THE GATE.

By CHARLES CAYZER. 2 Vols. 10s. net. (Kegan Paul.)

It is not often that a poet makes his first appearance—and we do not recollect meeting Mr. Cayzer between covers before—with two well-filled volumes; and we are not sure that it would not have been wiser if Mr. Cayzer had been more severe with himself and pruned these two volumes down into one. The effect would have been better, for there are trivial and sometimes crude poems in some of his pages that tend to lessen one's enjoyment of the whole and to cloud one's view of the author's real achievement. He has a leaning towards poetical conventions—it is too late in the day now to address the Muses as "ye tuneful Nine"—but there is a good deal of vigour and robust thought in the historical and political poems; some of the Nature poems and some of the love poems are very charming, and the three dramas that occupy the second volume, though apt to be verbose at times, contain passages of real poetic thought and dramatic intensity.

From The Art of the Romans *(Methuen).*

SILVER SALVER FROM HILDESHEIM. (Berlin Museum.)

NINETEENTH-CENTURY ENGLISH CERAMIC ART.

By J. F. BLACKER. With over 1,200 Examples illustrated in Half-tone and Line. 10s. 6d. net. (Stanley Paul.)

Mr. J. F. Blacker argues, very justly, that while many books have treated of the English pottery and porcelain of a past age, there are but few which devote themselves to a study of the present tendencies of English ceramic art. His informing volume commences with the exhibition of 1851, and it is carried down to the present day. The author supplies historical studies of the most famous firms connected with the production of pottery. He has a thorough critical acquaintance with his subject, and the interest of his volume is greatly increased by the very large number of beautiful illustrations which are included in it.

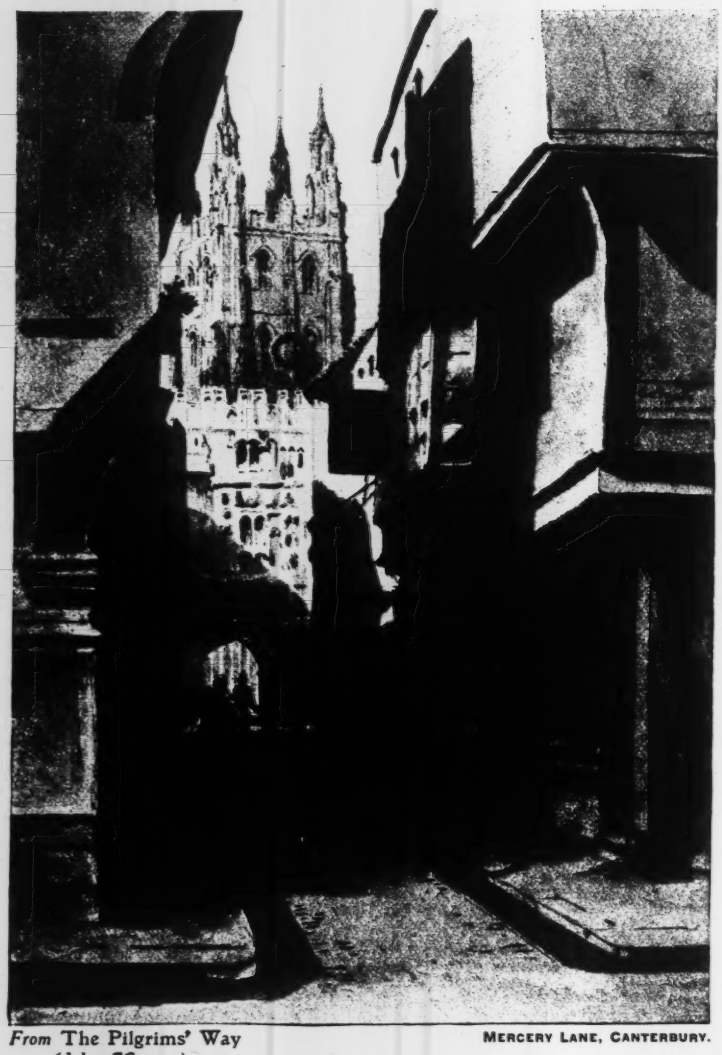
From Nineteenth-Century English Ceramic Art *(Stanley Paul).*

BEAUTIFUL MODERN WEDGWOOD: PORTLAND VASE.

CUPID AND CARTRIDGES.

By AUBREY O'BRIEN and REGINALD BOLSTER. With 28 Illustrations. 10s. net. (Blackwood.)

The ordinary reader who picks up a copy of "Cupid and Cartridges" will very probably be in some doubt as to the exact nature of Messrs. O'Brien and Bolster's volume. It is not exactly fiction, travel, or sport, and yet it contains a good deal of all three. The actual facts, we suppose, are that the Cupid portions of the book are fictitious, and the Cartridges portions are true. Frankly, of the two we prefer the Cartridges, for the authors possess the by no means usual gift of being able to write about sport in such a way as to be interesting to the lay reader. The fictional portions are less satisfactory, and the love stories which wander rather aimlessly through the book hardly make enthralling reading, though the authors' touch is light enough. The scene is laid in the Western Punjaub—a country with which both authors are evidently on terms of great familiarity—and the descriptions of the manners and customs of the natives



From The Pilgrims' Way
(John Murray).

MERCERY LANE, CANTERBURY.

are effective in an unhackneyed manner. We have special admiration for Chapters XIII. and XIV., which describe a Punjaub fair. In fact, "Cupid and Cartridges" is a very bright and readable book, and those parts of it which are not fiction will be found to be particularly attractive. There are some good illustrations from photographs.

URSULA TEMPEST.

By E. EVERETT-GREEN. With 4 Illustrations by VICTOR PROUT. 6s. (R.T.S.)

Ursula Tempest is a beautiful, high-spirited girl who has spent three years away from her rather dull, middle-class home, as companion to the daughter of a rich family. But she is sent away, for the reason that her attractions are proving too great for the son of the house. On reaching home she tries to settle down to a quiet, useful life, but she finds it—somewhat naturally—a difficult matter, while a source of trouble is the discovery by her mother that Ursula's religious principles have become rather hazy. However, a large fortune is left to the family, and they are able to give up their shabby little home and to go abroad. On their travels they come to the West Indies, where the eruption of Mont Pélée wipes out the whole of Ursula's family, leaving her alone. The author now devotes herself to the gradual awakening of her heroine to the truths of religion, but she encompasses also a satisfactorily happy ending. Miss Everett-Green's abilities are well shown in the careful study which she devotes to her heroine, and her book is throughout readable and of very high tone. It should have a success among that public which is growing weary of the frivolities of the ordinary novel.

THE ROMANCE OF AUSTRALIA.

Edited by HERBERT STRANG. 6s. (Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton.)

Last year Mr. Herbert Strang presented us with "The Romance of Canada," and this year he gives us its companion volume, "The Romance of Australia," a large, stout, interesting book telling of "Australia's discovery and colonisation, and the adventures of its explorers and settlers." "The Romance of Australia," says Mr. Herbert Strang in his preface, "is, like the great island continent itself, a thing apart. . . . In this book an attempt has been made to give, in a series of characteristic passages, a typical picture illustrating every phase in the history of Australia, from the days of the early navigators to the time when the white immigrant had made good his footing in the land." Mr. Strang's attempt is a success on which he is to be warmly congratulated. He has written a delightful volume that will keep the fortunate possessor interested throughout, and leave him the wiser in all that relates to one of the most important and most promising parts of the Empire.

MEMORIALS OF OLD WORCESTERSHIRE.

Edited by FRANCIS B. ANDREWS, A.R.I.B.A. With 38 Illustrations. 15s. net. (George Allen & Co.)

Worcestershire, one of the most picturesque and interesting counties in England, forms the subject of the latest addition to Messrs. George Allen's "Memorials of the Counties of England" series. We have already had occasion to notice earlier volumes in this admirable series, and no disappointment should be in store for readers of the latest addition. The general scheme of the books allows

From The Historical Growth of the English Parish Church
(Cambridge University Press).

ST. MARY'S, BEVERLEY: SOUTH PORCH.

for the separate treatment of the various subjects of interest by different writers, and in the present volume the editor contributes chapters on "The Benedictine Houses of the County" and "Some County Houses of Stone and Timber," Mr. F. T. Spackman, F.G.S., writes on "The Story of the Ancient and Faithful City," "Some Old Worcestershire Towns," and "Worcester Porcelain," while Mr. J. W. Willis Bund, M.A., F.S.A., Chairman of the County Council, contributes the Introduction and "Worcestershire during the Civil War." Numerous other subjects are treated by capable writers, and there is also included a series of very pleasant and effective illustrations from photographs.

From **Memorials of Old Worcestershire** *(Allen).*

MALVERN PRIORY
(Photo by Harold Baker.)

JAMES FRASER: LAIRD OF BREA.

By ALEXANDER WHYTE, D.D., LL.D. With Frontispiece. 2s. 6d. net. (Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier.)

"There is nothing," says Dr. Alexander Whyte, "that draws me and holds me and keeps possession of me like 'The Memoirs of Sir James Fraser of Brea.'" In this little volume the author does much to account for the hold that Fraser's autobiography has upon him. In a series of meditations, Dr. Whyte takes sentences from the Memoirs and expands upon them with regard to the life of Fraser. The book is sympathetically written, and forms a study which should on no account be overlooked.

MOLLY MONTAGUE'S LOVE STORY.

By KATHARINE S. MACQUOID. 6s. (National Society's Depository.)

Mrs. Macquoid's latest novel is perhaps best described as a very dainty and delicate piece of work. There is a fragrant atmosphere about the story of Molly Montague—such as lingers about an old-world garden. She is a sweet, lovable heroine, yet withal wilful and vain. Geoffrey Northurst, a man of twenty-eight, suddenly discovers he is in love with her, his little playfellow, who is barely seventeen; and though, on her part, she really loves him, her childish vanity rises between them, and not only their love but all the bonds of friendship that have grown up between them are suddenly severed, and Geoffrey goes to London. A great deal happens before things right themselves again, and many years go by. The story carries us back to the past, when powdered hair and "patches" were in vogue; and told as it is, directly and simply, in Mrs. Macquoid's usual sympathetic style, it makes very pleasant reading for all who like a good story and can appreciate the quiet charm of a graceful literary style.

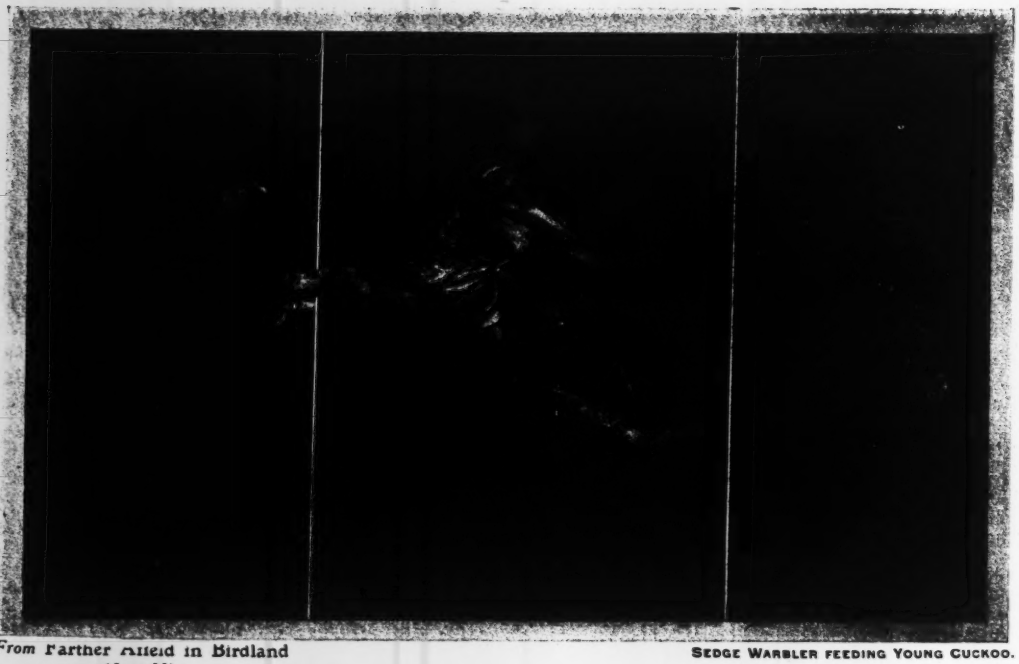
FARTHER AFIELD IN BIRDLAND.

By OLIVER G. PIKE. Illustrated by the Author with 60 Photographs taken direct from Wild Nature. 6s. net. (Jarrold & Sons.)

We had occasion last year warmly to welcome Mr. Oliver G. Pike's "Through Birdland Byways," and he has put us deeper in his debt with the present highly attractive book—"Farther Afield in Birdland." The author possesses not only an extraordinary knowledge and

From **James Fraser of Brea** *(Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier).*

RUINS OF THE HOUSE OF BREA.



From Farther Afield in Birdland *(Jarrold).*

SEDGE WARBLER FEEDING YOUNG CUCKOO.

appreciation of bird nature, but also great ability and patience as a photographer. We have no hesitation whatever in classifying certain of the illustrations to this book as absolutely unique, and we believe that no one who is really interested in natural history can possibly afford to neglect the work of Mr. Pike.

From The Monkey-Folk of South Africa *(Longmans).*

"I AM A VERVET MONKEY, OR BLAAUW-AAPJE, AND WAS PEACEFULLY EATING MEALIES FROM A COB WHEN TWO COVETOUS RASCALS TRIED TO ROB ME OF MY FOOD."

THE MONKEY-FOLK OF SOUTH AFRICA.

By F. W. FITZSIMONS. 5s. net. (Longmans.)

It is after due thought that we have included Mr. Fitzsimons's book in this instead of the Children's Section of the BOOKMAN Christmas Supplement, and we have done so even though it seems to us that the author's wish is to appeal primarily to children, for, as a matter of fact, the work is probably quite as interesting to an adult as to a child. Mr. Fitzsimons is the Director of the Museum of Port Elizabeth, Cape Colony, and he tells us that he has devoted his life to the study of the natural history of South Africa, and that this book is the first of a series which he hopes in time to have published. The style adopted by the author is worthy of remark. He has throughout confined himself to the simplest language, and no portion of the book—except perhaps the preface and the glossary—can possibly be beyond the understanding of a child over the age of eight. The five chapters of the book are devoted to "autobiographies" of typical South African monkeys, and the whole is elaborately illustrated by photographs, mostly of the animals under natural conditions. Very curious is much of the knowledge which the author imparts to his readers, and very interesting indeed is the book. We look forward to other volumes of a similar kind with the liveliest anticipation.

GORDON AT KHARTOUM.

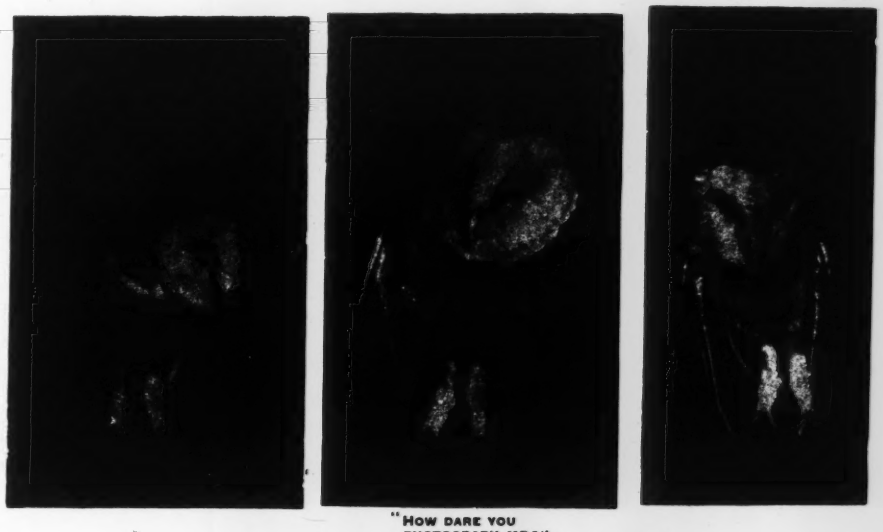
By WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT. With Frontispiece. 15s. net. (Stephen Swift & Co.)

It is obviously impossible for us adequately to notice this highly important work in the course of a few lines. We can, in fact, do little more than call attention to its existence. That it has been the subject of a debate in Parliament is probably a fact well known to most of our readers. This adds, no doubt, to its ephemeral interest. But the book is in reality a work of the highest historical importance, and one which needs no such advertisement. The author, who is, of course, one of our leading authorities upon Egyptian questions, was personally acquainted with General Gordon, and had the greatest regard for him. The volume is designed as a continuation of Mr. Blunt's "Secret History of the Occupation of Egypt," and is in some respects a counter-blast to Lord Cromer's recent "In Modern Egypt." There is no question of recommending people to read this work. They must read it if they wish to be in any way cognisant of Egyptian affairs.

THE ROMANCE OF THE SEASONS.

By F. Martin Duncan, F.R.M.S., F.R.P.S. With 51 Illustrations from original photographs by the author. 6s. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

Mr. F. Martin Duncan has had previous literary experience, but he has never, we think, written so delightful and imaginative a book as "The Romance of the Seasons." In the three parts into which he divides his volume he studies spring and its effects upon inanimate nature in the first part; the second part is devoted to summer, and the third to autumn and winter. An extraordinary amount of minute observation of nature has gone to the making of this book, some evidence whereof may be obtained from the fifty-one photographs which the author has obtained of subjects of every variety.



"How dare you photograph me?"

THREE CHARACTERISTIC STUDIES OF THE BARN OWL.
From The Romance of the Seasons *(Chapman & Hall).*

WILD ANIMALS AND THE CAMERA.

By W. P. Dando, F.Z.S. With 12 Collotype Plates and 58 other Illustrations. 6s. net. (Jarrold.)

Messrs. Jarrold & Sons have made for themselves a great reputation as publishers of works of natural history, and the latest addition to their series is a volume of very considerable importance. Mr. W. P. Dando is an authority both on zoology and photography, and the combination of the two makes quite an extraordinarily attractive volume. The photographs are all exceedingly well printed and of the greatest interest both from the naturalist's point of view and from that of the general reader. Never before, for instance, have we seen printed so wonderful a series as that of a chameleon capturing its prey. The notes which the author supplies as supplement to the illustrations are most clearly and readably written, and Mr. Dando may be congratulated upon a volume which does credit both to himself and to his publishers.

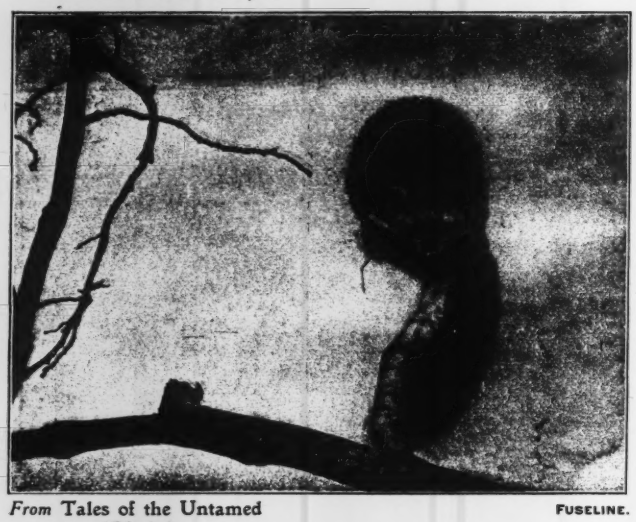
TALES OF THE UNTAMED:

Dramas of the Animal World. Adapted from the French of Louis Pergaud by Douglas English. Illustrated by the Adapter. 5s. net. (Nash.)

The Prix Goncourt is awarded annually by the Académie Goncourt for "the greatest piece of imaginative writing of the year." So much introduction is necessary for a proper comprehension of the credentials of the original of "Tales of the Untamed," for in 1910 the prize was won by Monsieur Louis Pergaud with his "De Goupil à Margot: Histoires de Bêtes." On reading the book in the original—it is published by the *Mercure de France*—the present writer had no hesitation whatever in hailing it as great. By no other author has the joy, pathos, and drama of the life of wild animals been so fully realised or so poetically set forth. But—and it is a very big "but"—the whole of certain tales and portions of all of them are totally unsuited for an English audience. Mr. Douglas English saw this too. He says: "I reported to Mr. Eveleigh Nash that it would be impossible to translate Monsieur Pergaud's stories into English; but that it might be possible to adapt them in such a manner as to preserve the spirit of them in an English setting. 'Tales of the Untamed' is the result of my endeavour in this direction." Of course, half a loaf is better than no bread, and thanks to the ingenuity of the adapter we have here a good deal more than the half-loaf which an ordinary translator would have given us. Mr. Douglas English has done very well indeed. He has made —or written, one is not quite sure which—a very fine book, and one which we should consider entirely satisfactory if only we had not read the French version. But Mr. English is to be warmly congratulated on having achieved a vastly higher degree of success than we had thought possible, and

From Wild Animals and the Camera *(Jarrold).*

The "Jimmy and Sjban" Chimpanzees. *(Anthropopithecus troglodytes.)*



From **Tales of the Untamed** *(Nash.)* FUSELINE.

we can fearlessly recommend everybody to read "Tales of the Untamed." An original feature of the volume is the series of illustrations by the adapter. They are printed on a tinted background, which has had the effect of softening the lights and shades. We believe them to be photographs, but they are so skilfully printed and so unusually beautiful that we cannot be certain on the point.

A WINDOW IN THRUMS.

By J. M. BARRIE. With 11 Illustrations in Colour by A. C. MICHAEL. 6s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"A Window in Thrums" is perhaps as good an example of the tender and whimsical humour of the work of Mr. Barrie as any single one of his books. The new edition of the book which Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton have just issued has the further advantage of a number of exceedingly clever drawings in colour by Mr. A. C. Michael. The atmosphere of the book seems entirely in accord with the artist's strong sense of character. The only criticism we can bring against his pictures is that one or two of them seem to us rather too highly coloured. In every other respect Mr. Michael has proved himself almost an ideal illustrator of one of Mr. Barrie's best known and most popular books. Great care has been expended upon the production of the book, and it should be in much demand as a Christmas gift.

THE FOREST OF WILD THYME:

By ALFRED NOYES. With Illustrations in Colour by CLAUDE A. SHEPPERSON. Cloth, 6s. net. Velvet calf leather, 10s. 6d. net. (Blackwood.)

This is an artistically produced and finely illustrated reissue of Mr. Alfred Noyes's "tale for children under ninety." If you read it on its first appearance a few years ago you have assuredly not forgotten it, with its wistful haunting "Prelude," opening:

"Hush! if you remember how we sailed to old Japan,
Peterkin was with us then, our little brother Peterkin!
Now we've lost him, so they say: I think the tall thin man
Must have come and touched him with his curious twinkling fan
And taken him away again, our merry little Peterkin;
He'll be frightened all alone; we'll find him if we can;
Come and look for Peterkin, poor little Peterkin."

The tale of the children who go in search of the little brother who is dead and find him at last is unfolded in Mr. Noyes's graceful and sensitively musical verse with a very delicate fancy, an imaginative understanding of the hearts of children and the fathers and mothers of children, a keen sense of the inner loveliness of human life and the infinite pathos of love and death. It is a fragrant and beautiful story, an essential poem—the sort of story that had to be told in metre and rhyme or not at all, and the art of it is such that it alternately touches one to tears and quiet laughter as very few poems can. Mr. Shepperson's characteristic colour illustrations are excellent.

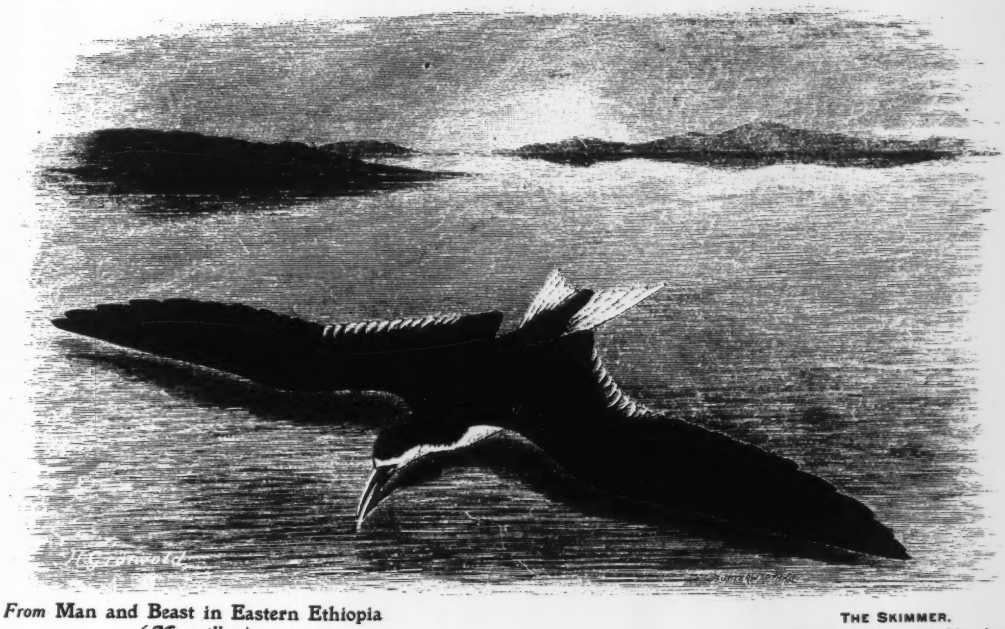
From **A Tenderfoot with Peary** *(Nash).*
Reviewed in THE BOOKMAN for November, 1911.

From **Tales of the Untamed** *(Nash).* ROUSSARD.

From **The Tale of Timmy Tiptoes** *(Warne).* (Reviewed on page 137.)

MAN AND BEAST IN EASTERN ETHIOPIA.

By J. BLAND-SUTTON, F.R.C.S. With 204 Engravings on wood. 12s. net. (Macmillan.)



From **Man and Beast in Eastern Ethiopia** *(Macmillan).*

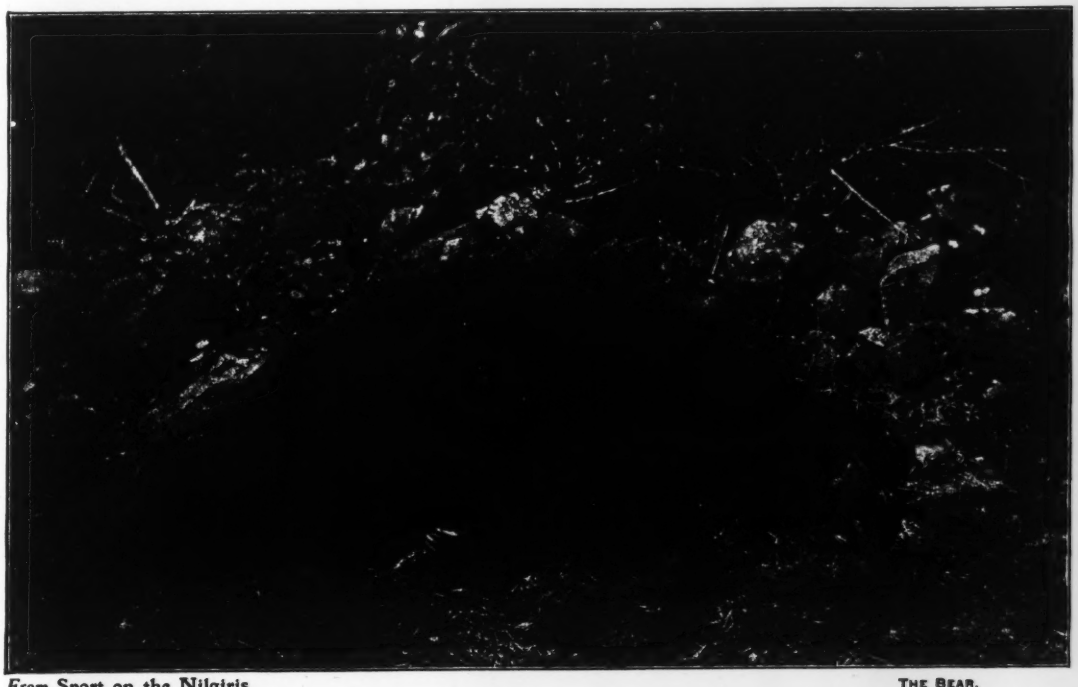
THE SKIMMER.
Rhynchops flavirostris skimming

Dr. Bland-Sutton's book forms a most interesting contribution to the kindred sciences of anthropology and natural history. The work is the record of a journey recently taken by the author from Mombasa to the Victoria Nyanza. There he made a wide detour into the Bahr-el-Gebel, travelling for a considerable distance up the White Nile. The author is always interesting reading, and his account of the life of men and animals in Eastern Africa, while hardly attractive, bears stamped upon it the impress of truth. As Dr. Bland-Sutton says: "British East Africa is a 'land of unsettled problems,' and Uganda abounds in ticks, jiggers, tsetse-flies, and gnats—a dreadful set of pests for man and beast. These scourges are here considered, as well as one of the greatest curses of Africa—ivory." The volume is illustrated in an unusual manner with 204 engravings on wood.

SPORT ON THE NILGIRIS AND IN WYNAAD.

By F. W. F. FLETCHER. With 19 Illustrations. 12s. net. (Macmillan.)

Mr. F. W. F. Fletcher's work on Nilgiri sport is, he tells us, the first of its kind to be published. The Nilgiris and the Wynaad form one of the principal hunting-grounds of Southern India, so that there is presumably a fairly large public which may find interest and information in the more strictly technical portions of Mr. Fletcher's book, which is certainly exceedingly comprehensive. The general reader will find that the volume is quite an exceptionally readable one, for the author has a strong sense of humour and a decided literary ability. The author's scheme includes a series of separate chapters upon the various kinds of game to be met with on the Nilgiris, in each of which he restricts himself more or less exclusively to the subject of the chapter-heading. He gives us, for instance, a couple of chapters on the elephant and the tiger, and one chapter each on the leopard, the bison, the bear, the Nilgiri wild goat, and the sambur, while the conclusion of the book is devoted to the minor game of the country and some pleasant gossip. The volume is well illustrated with photographs.



From **Sport on the Nilgiris** *(Macmillan).*

THE BEAR.
(Photo by A. T. W. Penn, Ootacamund.)

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1911

PRINCE TALLEYRAND AND HIS TIMES.

By FRÉDÉRIC LOLIÉE. Adapted by BRYAN O'DONNELL, M.A. With 16 Portraits. 12s. 6d. net. (Long.

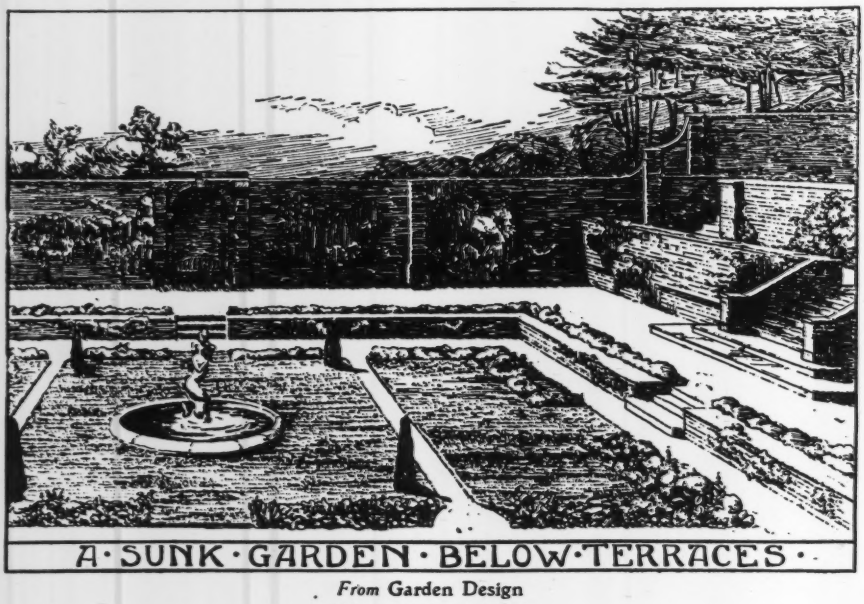
The multiform activities of Monsieur Frédéric Loliée are almost as widely known and as generally appreciated in this country as in France, and his latest biography should be generally welcomed. A large amount of new material dealing with Prince Talleyrand and his times has recently been unearthed, and the author has put this to very good use. Monsieur Loliée appears to be of the opinion that the reputation of Talleyrand has suffered at the hands of posterity, but he writes on the whole without any pronounced bias. Mr. Bryan O'Donnell's "adaptation" has been made with considerable skill, and the English version of the book is eminently readable. Those of our readers who are in search of good biography cannot do better than put themselves for a time in Monsieur Loliée's hands.

From **Stories of Indian Gods and Heroes** *(Harrap).*
(Reviewed on page 106.)

THE TAILOR AND THE CROW:

An Old Rhyme with New Drawings. By L. LESLIE BROOKE. 2s. 6d. net. (Warne.)

The old rhyme of "The Tailor and the Crow" affords Mr. Leslie Brooke an opportunity for exceptional distinction. The artist has seldom advanced a stronger claim upon public consideration than in this work. The illustrations—of which there are something like thirty-six, six of them being also reproduced in colour—are full, not only of fine drawing, but of genuine humour, and we sincerely trust that Mr. Brooke will find another subject of the same kind for next Christmas, in which he may follow up the success that this volume is certain to achieve.



From **Garden Design**
(Sidgwick & Jackson).

POEMS.

By CHARLES GRANVILLE. 5s. net. (Stephen Swift.)

There is something very pleasant about these poems of Mr. Charles Granville's; they have a morning freshness and a quiet charm that are difficult to define. A spirit of hope breathes through them: they touch on many aspects of life with a breadth of vision, a restful philosophy of outlook that are not the everyday moods of the modern Muses. Of many poets you have to write that they reach no sure level of achievement, but every now and then break out into some isolated magic line, some solitary beautiful thought; with Mr. Granville it is otherwise. He gives us no purple shreds and patches, but keeps always at a happy level of thought and expression. His lyrics are not so passionate as they are tender, gracious, charged with subdued emotion; but he writes of life as one who has felt the sorrow as well as the sweetness of it, and of Nature as one who loves her. We welcome Mr. Granville into the ranks of those few living poets whose books we keep as well as read.

OTHER PEOPLE:

A New Album of Drawings. By CHARLES DANA GIBSON. 20s. (John Lane.)

This is the first Gibson book since 1906, and is similar in size and appearance to "Our Neighbours," "The Weaker Sex," and other Dana Gibson collections. It includes hitherto unpublished drawings as well as a number that have appeared in the American magazines during the past year.

Among them are some clever studies in red chalk, but for the most part they are black-and-white drawings and are, on the whole, perhaps the most mature and finished work of one of the greatest of living draughtsmen.

lished by Messrs. Chatto & Windus. "The Sermon on the Mount" is a companion volume to the Stevenson, and one that will doubtless be welcomed by an even larger public than its predecessor. The artist's drawings are to our mind even more beautiful than before. They are touched with a

From The Sermon on the Mount *(Chatto & Windus).*

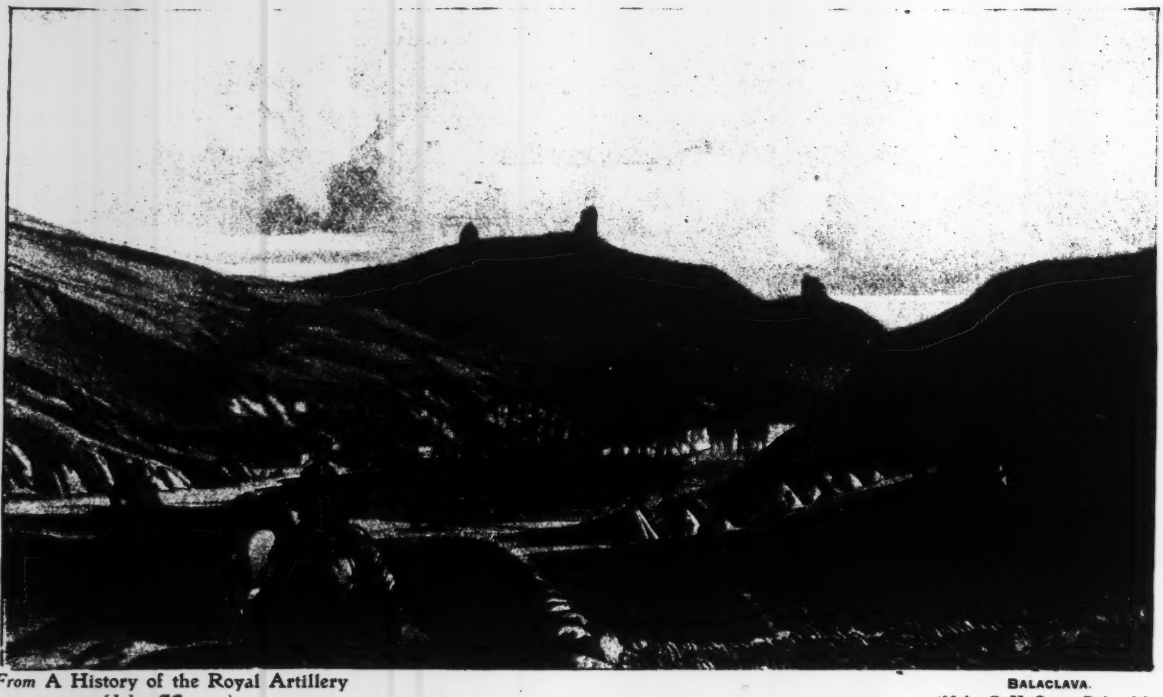
ILLUMINATED TITLE-PAGE BY ALBERTO SANGORSKI.

THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

Illuminated by ALBERTO SANGORSKI. 6s. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

Last Christmas we had the privilege of drawing our readers' attention to a very beautiful edition of Stevenson's Prayers, likewise illuminated by Mr. Sangorski and pub-

restrained, but very real, religious fervour, and we cannot believe that this passage, surely one of the most beautiful in the whole of the New Testament, has ever been presented in worthier guise. The publishers have expended great care upon the production of a volume which should prove one of the most acceptable gift-books of the present Christmas season.



From **A History of the Royal Artillery**
(John Murray).

BALACLAVA.
(Major C. H. Owen, R.A., *del.*)

LONELY ENGLAND.

By MAUDE GOLDRING. With 3 Illustrations in Colour and Decorations in Black-and-white by AGNES PIKE. 5s. net. (Stephen Swift.)

Miss Maude Goldring is already well known as the author of a couple of exceedingly clever novels, the main scenes of which were laid among the Sussex Downs. In her latest volume she gives us a number of charmingly delicate studies of the untrodden byways of this country. The author's prose studies are printed alternately with verse, and once more she proves herself to be entirely one with the spirit of the Downs. She has an admirably vivid descriptive style and a minute power of observation that is a rare and invaluable gift, and that she uses to delightful purpose. The little volume has some pleasant illustrations.

JOHN: THE COMPANION OF JESUS.

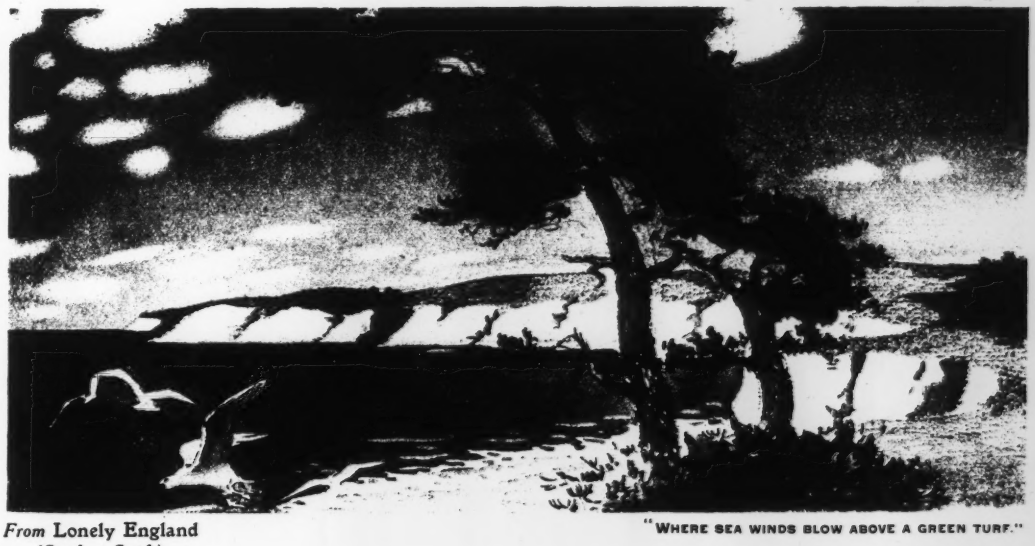
By ROBERT BIRD. 5s. (Nelson.)

Mr. Robert Bird has already made a reputation for himself as one of the most efficient of Biblical expositors for the young, and in his latest book he continues the series which he began in "Jesus, the Carpenter of Nazareth," and continued with "Joseph the Dreamer" and "Paul of Tarsus." There are few things more difficult or calling for more sensitively delicate handling than such subjects as these. There is danger on the one hand of dealing too boldly with what is sacred to most of us, and on the other of degenerating into goody-goodiness. The life of St. John is one of the most attractive of any of the lives of the Apostles, and the author has brought to his task

From **Winchester**
(Blackie).

BEAUFORT TOWER AND AMBULATORY, ST. CROSS.

a keen sense of the dramatic and a literary ability which are tempered by reverence, the need of which makes his subject so difficult to undertake. Mr. Bird is never tedious, nor has he written anything which is in bad taste, and we can strongly recommend his work as a most suitable and attractive gift-book. It is liberally illustrated with ten coloured plates and a large number of line illustrations in the text.



"WHERE SEA WINDS BLOW ABOVE A GREEN TURF."

From **Lonely England**
(Stephen Swift).

POEMS OF LOVE.

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX. Illustrated by C. LAVERS HARRY. 2s. 6d. net. (Gay & Hancock.)

The admirers of Mrs. Wilcox's poetry are legion in number, and they will doubtless be glad to hear that Messrs. Gay & Hancock—who, by the way, are her official publishers in this country—have prepared a new illustrated edition of one of the most popular of her volumes, "Poems of Love." The delicacy of imagination and execution shown by Mr. C. Lavers Harry harmonises well with the atmosphere of the poems he illustrates; and, in addition to his drawings, every page is prettily decorated with a design of roses. "Poems of Love" is not only one of the most popular of Mrs. Wilcox's books, it contains some of her best and most characteristic work—work that has justly won for her in England and in America much of that general admiration and regard that was given to Longfellow a generation or so back. The volume is decidedly a cheap one at half-a-crown, and it should be in much demand as a Christmas gift-book.

THE GLORY THAT WAS GREECE.

By J. C. STOBART. With 200 Illustrations. 30s. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

"My object," says Mr. Stobart, "is to present a general and vivid picture of ancient Greek culture. I recognise that the brush and the camera will tell of the glory of Greece far more eloquently than I can. My text is

THE APPIAN WAY.

From **John, the Companion of Jesus**
(Nelson).

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CHRISTMAS DAY

There is no word save one to tell
The secret of this world of pain,
Its flame of love that conquers hell,
Its anguished loss that yet is gain.

One only word since time began
May utter what we dumbly feel,
And thro' the infinite in man
The infinite in God reveal.

He is our Christmas Joy, our Hope,
Our Immortality, our Strength,
The Word of God for whom we grope
Through all the journey's stumbling length.

Oh, when at last unveiled we see
The Face for which till death we long,
Then shall we know that word to be
Our Life, our Rapture, and our Song.

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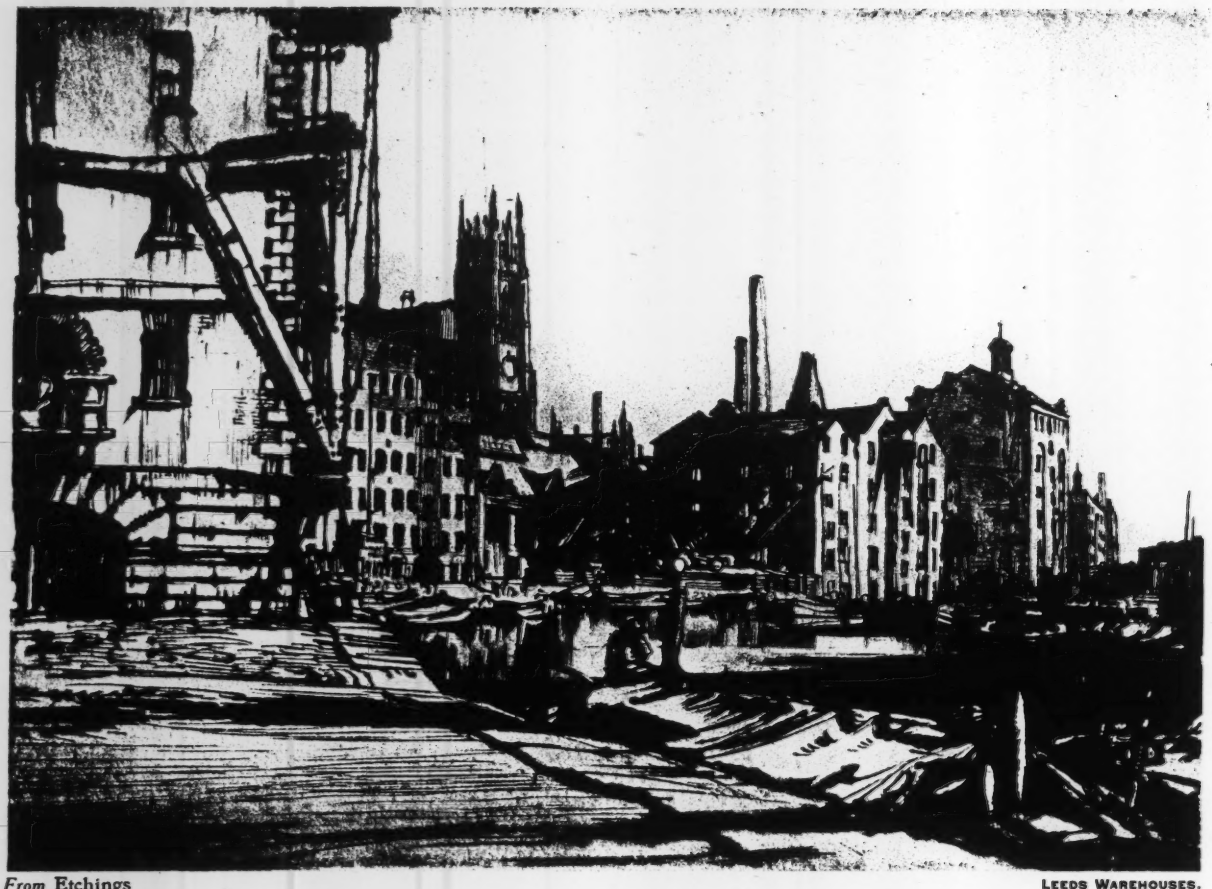

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XUM

From **Nigeria: Its Peoples and Its Problems** *(Smith, Elder).*

A BORGU CANOE-MAN.
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Mr. Morel's book has already appeared to a great extent in the columns of the *Times* and the *Manchester Guardian*, and it is marked with that mature judgment which has always characterised the work of this author. Nigeria is a colony of the Empire of which comparatively little is known, and it is to be hoped that this volume will familiarise the public with many of its problems. Mr. Morel always writes well, and here again he is as readable as ever. The book is attractively illustrated and also contains three useful maps.

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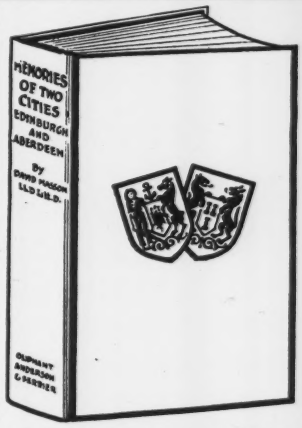

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CHILDREN OF CHINA. By C. CAMPBELL BROWN, M.A. (formerly Davis Scholar of Chinese in the University of Oxford, and for twelve years resident in China).

The British Weekly, in reviewing these books, says: "They are very ably written, full of interest, and told with great literary ability. The eight coloured Illustrations are delightful."

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From The Pirates of Penzance *(Bell).*

"I AM A PIRATE."

Uganda railway, which, while it may not have offered many opportunities of distinction to the engineer, was at least one of the first railways to be built in a country situated so near the Equator. In every other respect, however, Mr. Talbot is more than satisfying. His account of, for instance, the construction of the Leopoldina Railway is abundantly vivid and impressive. The volume, which forms one of the Conquest of Science Series, is attractively produced and contains a large number of illustrations.

From Aucassin and Nicolete *(Black).*

"THEN CAUGHT UP HER RAIMENT IN BOTH HANDS."

AUCASSIN AND NICOLETE.

Translated and Edited with an Introduction by HAROLD CHILD. Illustrated by A. ANDERSON. 7s. 6d. net. (A. & C. Black.)

It was Walter Pater, with his essay on "Two Early French Stories," who first drew general attention to the story of "Aucassin and Nicolete," and opened the door for it into the popularity it has come to enjoy. There have been other good translations of it, but none better—none that have more pleasantly retained the fragrance and simple charm of the old French original—than this by Mr. Harold Child. It is just one of those naïve, tender stories of love and loss and final happiness that the world takes easily to its heart—the sort of story that could not be written in such hurrying, driving, starkly practical days as ours, but had to be dreamed and written when the world was young, or not at all, and it wins us mainly because it comes with all the wistfulness and hope and happiness of our lost youth about it. Already it has survived the ravages of seven hundred years, and there is yet no shadow of death upon its beautiful romance. Mr. Child's scholarly introduction is admirable ; and for Mr. Anderson's delicate colour-plates we have only praise.

A BOOK OF BABES:

In Woodcut and Verse. By LOUISE M. GLAZIER. 1s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

We believe that Miss Glazier scored a well-deserved success with her little book of last year, entitled "Animals' Tags and Tails." This year she devotes herself to babies

of all nationalities, and especially the English. The German verse has perhaps the most attraction for us:

"No German babe, we must confess,
Is rude when it says 'Ja!'
It thinks that it is saying 'yes,'
And so does its mama.
An English babe is ne'er too young
To learn to speak a foreign tongue."

The woodcuts with which the little book is illustrated have been cut by the author, who, in this branch of art exhibits a reticence and delicacy which should combine to bring her well to the front.

BIG-GAME HUNTING IN NORTH-EASTERN RHODESIA.

By Owen Letcher, F.R.G.S. With 53 Illustrations and a Map. 12s. 6d. net. (Long.)

Mr. Letcher's breezy volume is adequately described by its title—so far, that is, as its subject-matter goes. In other respects the title is rather modest. Mr. Letcher, for instance, is hardly one of those sportsmen who can find nothing better to write about than the number of animals they have killed. Instead, the author of this volume supplies his reader with many valuable facts concerning the natural history of the animals which fell to his gun. He writes in an easy and unaffected style, and he possesses a full measure of humour. The illustrations from the author's own photographs are unusually good.

From Tennyson's Princess *(Putnam's).*

From The Mikado *(Bell).*

"THREE LITTLE MAIDS FROM SCHOOL ARE WE."

THE YOUNG IDEA.

By Parker H. Fillmore. 6s. (John Lane.)

Few writers have sufficient imagination and sympathy with children, or a vivid enough recollection of their own childhood, to describe a child's life exactly as it strikes the child. All children recognise that there are many things beyond the comprehension of "grown-ups," and few writers who have tried to penetrate to the child mind have escaped the disabilities attaching to all normal "grown-ups." In modern English literature there are only two successful instances to the contrary, both supreme in their own way—Mr. Barrie and Mr. Kenneth Grahame. Mr. Barrie by sheer force of imaginative sympathy seems to be able to get right inside the child mind. Perhaps the explanation is that, like his own adorable Peter Pan, he has refused to grow up. Mr. Kenneth Grahame has the power, equally rare, of projecting himself back to his own childhood. It would be a gross exaggeration to suggest that Mr. Fillmore has either the marvellous intuition of Mr. Barrie or the delicate grace and humour of Mr. Grahame. But he comes nearer to them than any one we know in his power of making children real to us. The children in "The Young Idea" are real live children. The setting of his stories is American, and many of the details may seem a little strange to English readers. But children are the same all the world over, and no one who loves children could fail to enjoy such stories as "The Ruination of Willie Jones." Mr. Fillmore is not a stylist, and he writes with an artless simplicity which disarms

From Big Game Hunting in N.E. Rhodesia *(Long).*

A NORTH-EASTERN RHODESIAN HARTEBEESTE HEAD.
In the Collection of the Author.

criticism. The humours of such stories as "A Case of Fits" and "The Orfling" are occasionally a trifle crude, and Mr. Fillmore obviously shares the weakness common to most Americans for that obsolete form of humour, the practical joke. But these are trivial and pardonable blemishes, which do not mar our appreciation of one of the best studies of child-life which has appeared in recent years.

THE LIFE OF A TIGER.

By S. EARDLEY-WILMOT, C.I.E. Illustrated by IRIS EARDLEY-WILMOT. 7s. 6d. net. (Arnold.)

Last Christmas we had the pleasure of noticing Mr. Eardley-Wilmot's "Forest Life and Sport in India," a fascinating work dealing largely with the individual experiences of the author as an administrator. The present book is of quite another description, and its contents are adequately set out by the title. The author does not belong to that sentimental class which makes its animals think—and sometimes even speak—like human creatures; his tiger never reasons—consciously, at any rate. Mr. Eardley-Wilmot prefers the far more credible paths of plain naturalism. His tiger is a wild and savage animal, oppressed only with the necessity of obtaining enough food to support itself. And, curious though it may seem, the author has certainly contrived to make his hero more or less "sympathetic"; on several occasions the reader will find that his emotions are involved—and on the side of the tiger. It is perfectly clear to us that Mr. Eardley-Wilmot has quite an unusual knowledge of the life that a tiger lives, and we can congratulate him very warmly upon the result of his observation and his labours. "The Life of a Tiger" is quite unlike—and far better than—any other book of the same genus that we have read.

UNDER THE ROOF OF THE JUNGLE.

By CHARLES LIVINGSTONE BULL. With 60 full-page Plates and many minor decorations from drawings from life by the Author. 6s. net. (Duckworth.)

Mr. Charles Livingstone Bull is a successful writer upon nature-subjects, and his account of a season in British Guiana forms certainly one of the best books that he has written. In a series of vivid chapters the author gives a full description of the animal life of the jungle. He describes typical lives of many of the inhabitants of the forest separately, and, if his tales are a trifle too horrible for the squeamish reader, the author is at least abundantly justified by facts. As he says: "Life in the jungle is a tragedy. Everywhere the killers lurk or roam—in the tree-tops, among the trunks, down on the ground among the roots, and underground beneath the roots." Mr. Bull's activities are not confined to writing. He is also an artist of strong individuality, and the series of pictures—to the number of sixty—which illustrate this volume adds considerably not only to the dramatic intensity of many situations, but also to the serious value of the book as a study in natural history.

From The Life of a Tiger *(Arnold).*

THE CATTLE STATION.
From a photograph by M. Eardley-Wilmot.)

PADS, PAWS, AND CLAWS.

By W. P. Pycraft, F.Z.S., A.L.S. Illustrated by Edwin Noble, R.B.A. 5s. net. (Wells Gardner.)

Mr. Edwin Noble's charming and highly individual talent for the drawing of animals is well known, but we cannot remember having seen quite such a delightful series from his brush as is reproduced in "Pads, Paws, and Claws." The artist has been particularly successful in the atmosphere which he has created for his pictures, and he has obtained equally good results with the most varying subjects. The delicate tones, for instance, of the illustration which we reproduce—"The Harvest-Mouse and the Dormouse"— are in their way quite as effective as the more striking impression which the brilliantly coloured "Elephant" produces. Sixteen of Mr. Noble's drawings have been reproduced in colour, and in addition to these there are some charming head- and tail-pieces in black-and-white. Mr. Pycraft, the author of "The Animal Why Book," has performed his task in an equally satisfactory manner. He has not attempted an elaborate treatise, but he does write in a very readable and pleasant style. Children are usually nature-lovers, and there will be few who will fail to appreciate the work of Mr. Noble and Mr. Pycraft in their behalf. In every respect, in fact, "Pads, Paws, and Claws" is a very delightful book and it should be in great demand as a presentation volume.

MATES AT BILLABONG.

By Mary Grant Bruce. Illustrated by J. Macfarlane. 2s. 6d. (Ward Lock.)

Miss Mary Grant Bruce is the author of "A Little Bush Maid," a volume which we remember with very much pleasure. In her latest book she again concerns herself with Australian life, and she has contrived a strong and dramatic plot. "Mates at Billabong" should prove an attractive gift-book to girls in the early 'teens. It is cleverly illustrated by Mr. J. Macfarlane.

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Mr. Hackwood is already by way of being an authority upon the delights of the table, and of his earlier volumes we remember with especial pleasure "Inns, Ales and Drinking Customs of Old England." "Good Cheer" is certainly, as its publishers say, "a storehouse of gastronomic lore," and we never knew before how picturesque eating could be made. Nor did we realise the effect of diet upon character, which is so well exemplified in the following extract: "It is related that, at the attack on Cadiz, the British officer in command shouted to his men: 'You Englishmen who are fed on beef surely don't mean to be beaten by a lot of —— Spaniards, fed on oranges!' A diet of frogs, or one of oranges, was altogether too bloodless to appeal to the fighting instincts of the brawny Englishmen. 'An army marches on its stomach,' says the old proverb—and, of course, fights on it too.

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And, if I take Dan Congreve right,
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sings Matthew Prior." Mr. Hackwood includes in his volume a number of original recipes, none of which we confess we are particularly anxious to try. The book is well illustrated from old prints.

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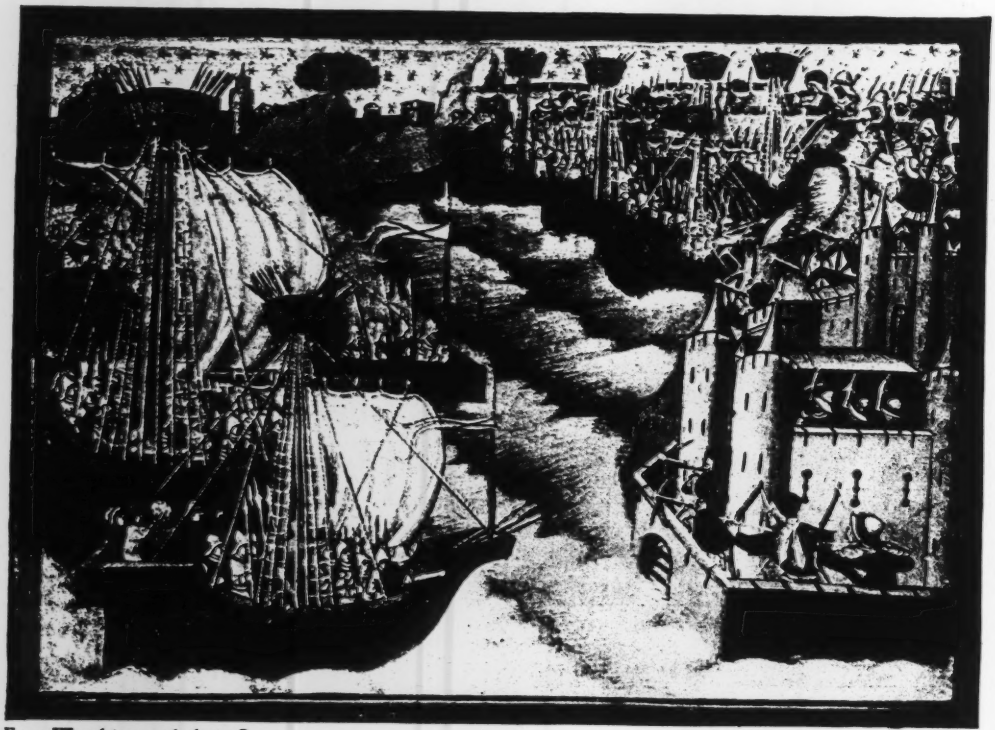

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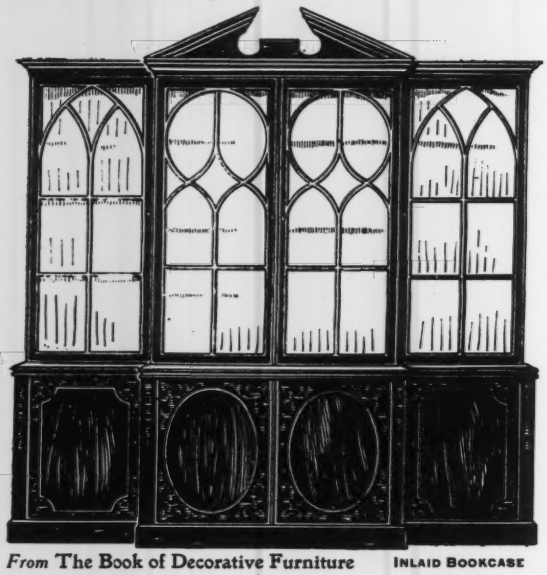

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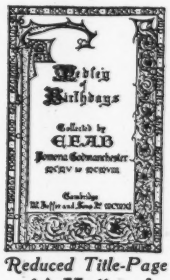

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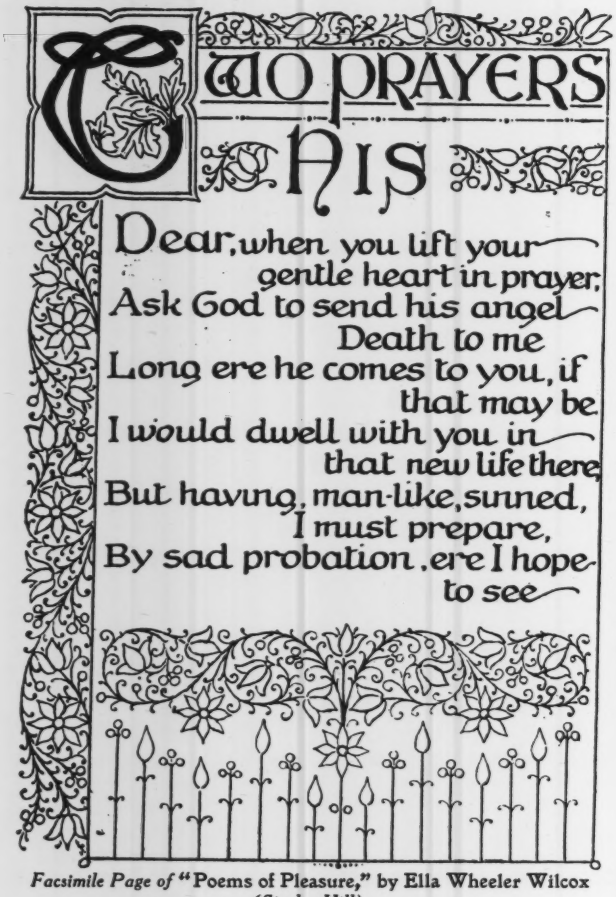

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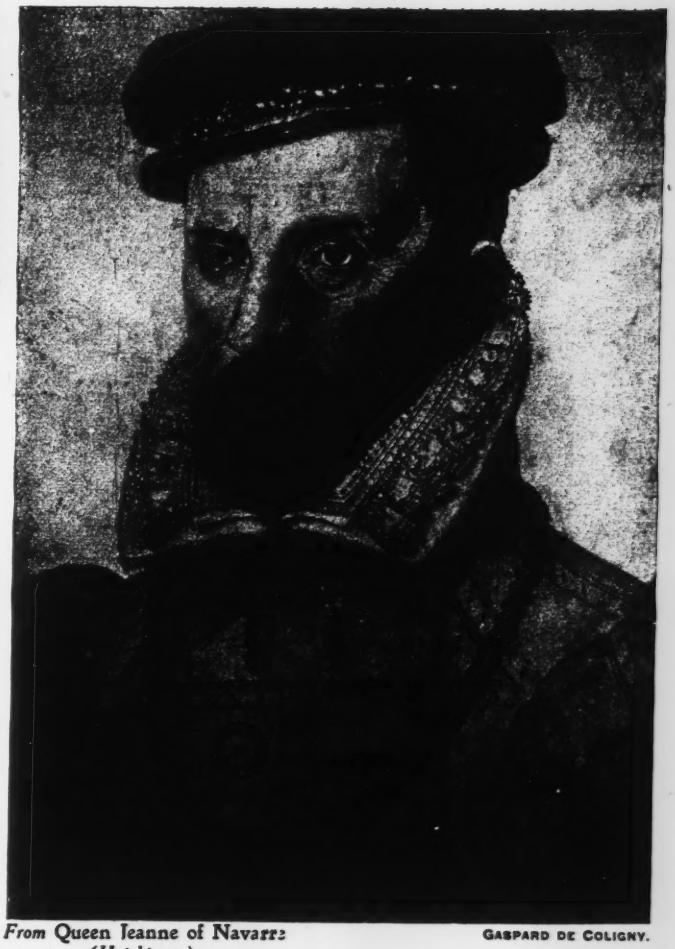

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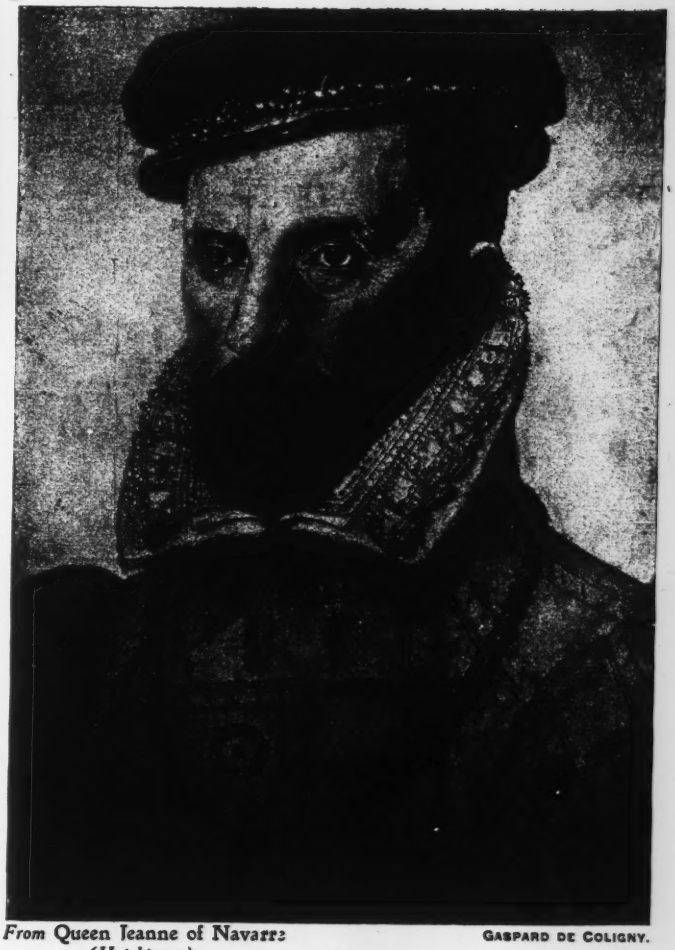

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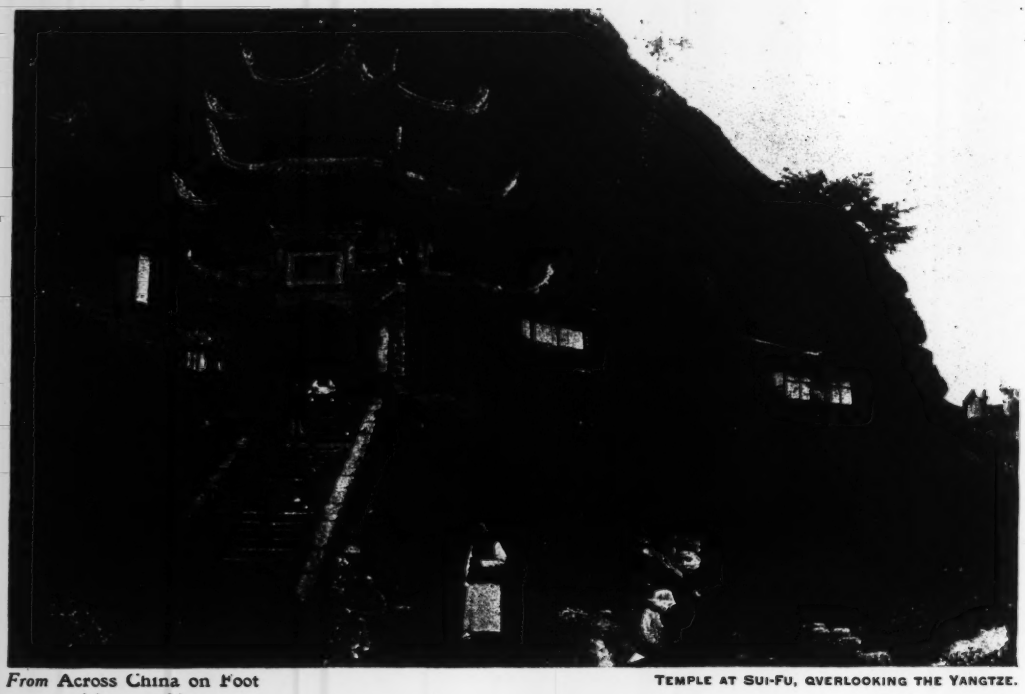

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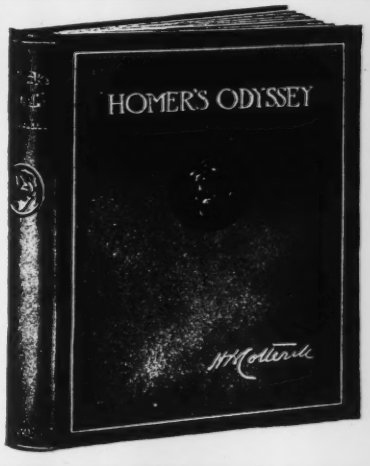

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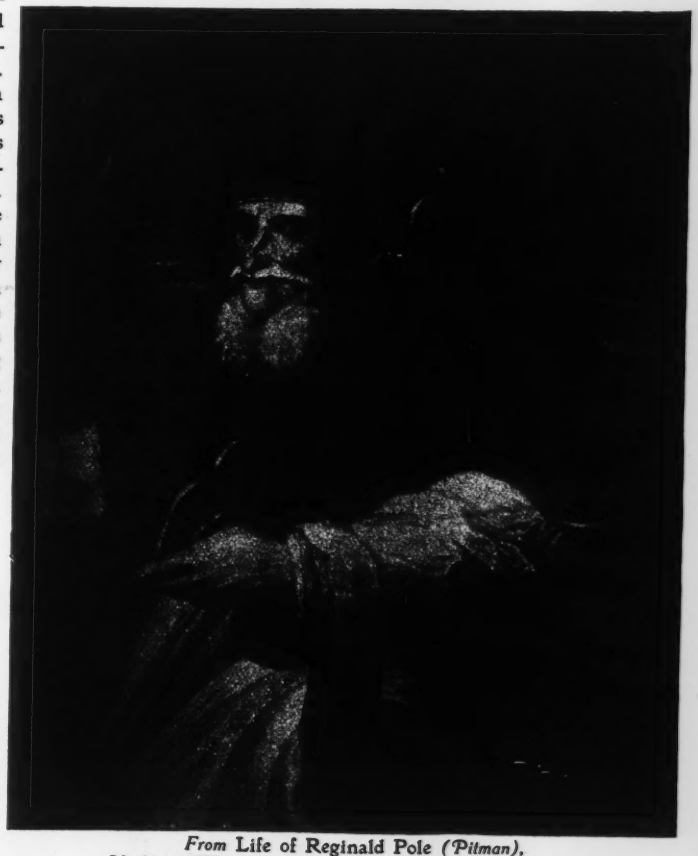

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As at the farm these pictures show,
For we have been there, so we know."

We have " been there," too, thanks to the generosity of Messrs. Chambers in sending us this book for review, and we can assure everybody who is in search of a book which will amuse children of all ages that it is impossible to better " Frolic Farm." All who are so fortunate as to have the volume given to them will be under a debt of gratitude to the Misses Parker.

CONTES DE MADAME D'AULNOY. LA CASE DE L'ONCLE TOM.

Edited by KATHLEEN FITZGERALD. Illustrated in Colour by THOMAS DERRICK. 1s. 6d. net each. (Siegle, Hill.)

The charming series which Messrs. Siegle, Hill initiate with the publication of the two above-mentioned volumes is likely to prove very successful. There are a good many children who have had a French nurse, and parents often find that the children forget their French after the nurse has left. They will have very much less excuse for doing so now that their requirements are so well catered for. And besides these, there are other children who are learning French in the ordinary way, and find the ordinary readers distasteful to them. They, too, will be, or at any rate ought to be, pleased with either the " Contes D'Aulnoy " or with " La Case de l'Oncle Tom." The former volume, which is perhaps less well known than the second, includes three of Madame d'Aulnoy's most attractive and most characteristic stories—" La Princesse aux Cheveux d'Or," " L'Oiseau Bleu," and " La Chatte Blanche " ; while " Uncle Tom " has been abridged into handy form by a skilled editor. Each volume contains seven illustrations and some attractive decorations in black-and-white by Mr. Thomas Derrick.

From **Celtic Myth and Legend** *(Gresham Publishing Co.)* By G. F. Watts.

From **By Mountain, Lake, and Plain** *(Blackwood).* THE LAKE-DWELLERS IN THEIR REED CRAFT.

BRITISH CASTLES.

By CHARLES H. ASHDOWN. With 32 Illustrations in Colour and 37 Plans and Diagrams in the Text. 7s. 6d. net. (Black.)

From British Castles *(Black).*

CORFE CASTLE, DORSETSHIRE.

Mr. Ashdown has designed his book on a "popular" method. Which is not to say that its quality is in any way low, for such is far from being the case; but the book is written in a manner which is readily comprehensible by the general reader. While supplying the latest information, the writer has avoided technicalities as far as possible, and the result is a most informing and readable volume. Within the limits of a couple of hundred pages, the author has compressed notes on all the principal castles in Great Britain, and beginning with earthworks—the earliest British castles—he traces the development of the castle to its fullest extent. His historical notes are particularly valuable and add greatly to the interest of his book. The volume is lavishly illustrated with a series of very effective pictures in colour, and there are also sufficient diagrams and line drawings to explain any unavoidable technicalities.

MY CLIMBING ADVENTURES IN FOUR CONTINENTS.

By SAMUEL TURNER, F.R.G.S. 12s. 6d. net. (Unwin.)

Mr. Samuel Turner, who last year published his first book —"Siberia: a Record of Travel, Climbing, and Exploration"—is one of the best-known of modern climbers, and the stories of mountaineering which he gives us in this book make decidedly entertaining reading. The author is a natural climber, and—curiously enough—he appears to be prouder of his equilibrium and his other physical gifts for the art than of most of his accomplishments. Most men would be insufferably conceited if they had done what Mr. Turner has done, but he is very quietly matter-of-fact. This attitude certainly adds to the impression that the book will make upon the reader. It is, in fact, an astounding record of success. The author seems to have climbed nearly all the famous mountains of the world, with the exception of Mount Everest (which he is even now planning to conquer), and his most interesting book should be in the hands of all who are in any way interested in the subject. The illustrations—seventy-four in number—are very clearly and artistically printed.

From My Climbing Adventures *(Fisher Unwin).*

PARTY IN STORM, TOP OF SHOULDER OF MATTERHORN.
(14,000 feet above sea-level, clouds 3,000 feet below.)

HISTORY OF THE FOREST OF EXMOOR.

By EDWARD T. MACDERMOT, M.A. Illustrated. 21s. net. (Barnicott & Pearce.)

The latest addition to a series of local history which Messrs. Barnicott & Pearce, of the Wessex Press, at Taunton, have published is a work that is in many ways one of the most important of its kind which has appeared for some years past. The book is "an attempt at a continuous history of Exmoor Forest from the earliest times of which any records exist down to the extinction of the forest in 1819." Much of the material from which it has been drawn has never been published before, and was accidentally discovered by the author at the Record Office. Mr. MacDermot is to be warmly congratulated upon the form which he has given to a series of disconnected documents and the interest with which he invests a work of monumental patience and industry.

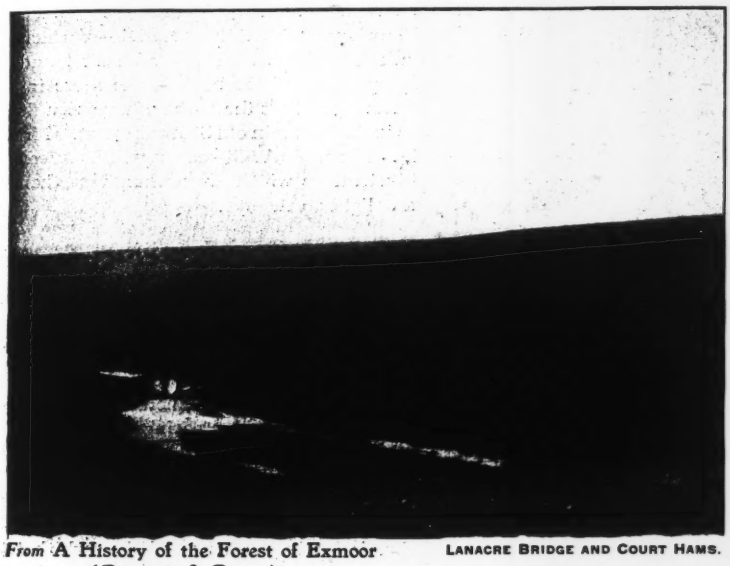
FAMOUS CASTLES AND PALACES OF ITALY.

By EDMUND B. D'AUVERGNE. 15s. net. (Lauric.)

In Italy the local antiquaries, says Mr. d'Auvergne, "appear to be interested only

in their churches and early Madonnas—the history of the mediæval strongholds, in the shadow of which they live, they for the most part ignore. The history of innumerable ruined piles is utterly lost. . . . ." Thus Mr. d'Auvergne's is only the second book in any language which attempts to deal with the subject, which is a very big one indeed. The author has done his work exceptionally well. It has not been possible for him to go to any very great length, but he has made vivid and interesting the history—often in the highest degree romantic—of a large number of castles and palaces which are otherwise neglected. Mr. d'Auvergne's thirteen chapters cover more than twice that number of castles, of some of which he has little to tell. But he has made, on the whole, so attractive a beginning that we hope he will find it worth his while to pursue the subject in later books at greater length and in more detail. The volume is well illustrated by photographs and coloured drawings, most of them from the accomplished brush of Mr. Charles E. Dawson.

From A Mountain that was God *(Putnam's).*



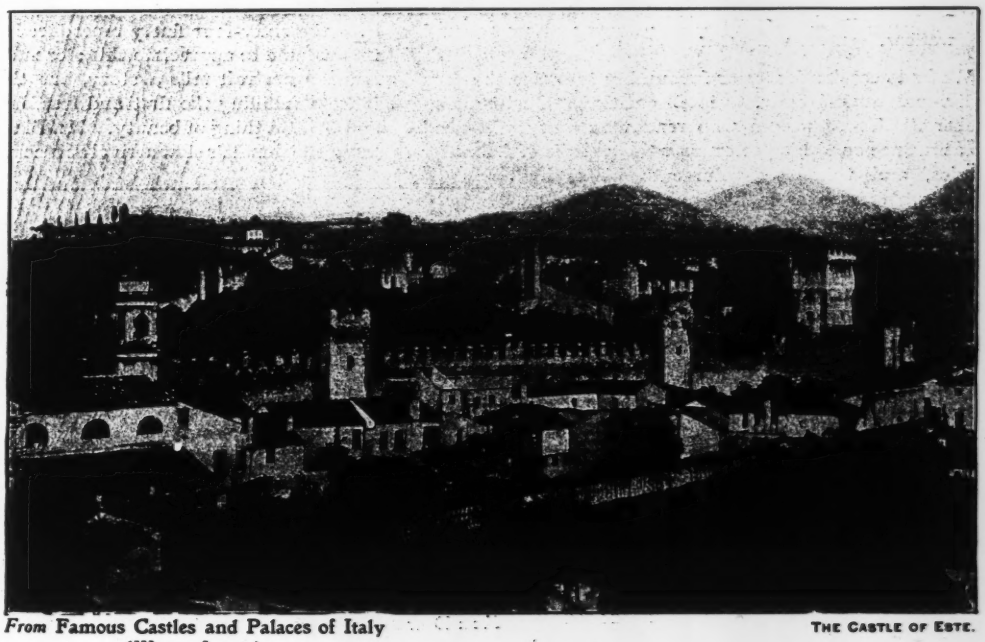
From A History of the Forest of Exmoor *(Barnicott & Pearce).* LANACRE BRIDGE AND COURT HAMS.

HOMER'S ODYSSEY:

A Line for Line Translation in the Metre of the Original.

By H. B. COTTERILL, M.A. With 24 Illustrations by PATTEN WILSON. 21s. net. (Harrap.)

We read that statement on the title-page, "a line for line translation in the metre of the original," with certain qualms. We have a conviction that in that way a good poetical translation cannot be compassed, and as a general thing we still hold to that conviction, though we are bound to confess that it is confounded by Mr. Cotterill's rendering of the "Odyssey." What one wants to find in a translation is not so much the metre, the exact words, the mere body of the original, as the soul of it. Pope's translation, for all its popularity, gives us neither. It is Mr. Cotterill's triumph that he has, in this scholarly and spirited version of his, retained both. His hexameters are studiously correct without being mechanical; he varies his accent so cunningly as to avoid all sense of monotony, and his lines have a forcefulness and sweep, a largeness of utterance admirably in keeping with the mighty and primitive narration they have to convey—admirably in keeping with it, too, is the vigour and simple directness of his language. We have read no translation that in tone and style came so near to being Homer's self, except Chapman's glorious translation of the "Iliad." We congratulate Mr. Cotterill on the successful accomplishment of a most difficult undertaking—his "Odyssey" is a great translation, and, what to our mind is more than that, it is a great poem. Mr. Patten Wilson's illustrations are fine examples of draughtsmanship in the severely classical convention. In paper, type, and binding the book is a very handsome production.



From Famous Castles and Palaces of Italy *(Werner Laurie).* THE CASTLE OF ESTE.

From The Odyssey *(Harrap).* THE SIRENS.

DOWN NORTH ON THE LABRADOR.

By WILFRED T. GRENFELL, M.D., C.M.G. With 12 Illustrations. 3s. 6d. net. (Nisbet.)

We had occasion last year favourably to notice the very individual work by Mr. Grenfell entitled "Adrift on an Iceberg." Those people who read that story will need no assurance as to his powers to write a series of Labrador stories, and this later volume of his is in many ways superior to its predecessor. The author has studied Labrador life at first hand, he wields a vivid and effective pen, and his sense of the dramatic is very keen. Every one of the thirteen stories which compose "Down North on the Labrador" is well worth reading, and we can strongly recommend the volume to our readers.

HARALD, FIRST OF THE VIKINGS.

By Captain CHARLES YOUNG. With 16 Full-page Illustrations by GERTRUDE DEMAIN HAMMOND, R.I. 5s. net. (Harrap.)

Captain Charles Young here tells in popular form the story of the first of the Viking kings of Norway. The book is indeed a series of vivid chapters from the life of one of the earliest historical personages of northern Europe. It is written in a poetic and romantic style and makes very fascinating reading to any one glutted with modern novels. The author is to be warmly congratulated upon the success of his study. Especial mention should also be made of the very fine illustrations of Miss G. Demain Hammond.

STORIES OF THE SCOTTISH BORDER.

By MR. and MRS. WILLIAM PLATT. With 16 full-page Illustrations by M. MEREDITH WILLIAMS. 3s. 6d. net. (Harrap.)

Among the many artistic works of folk-lore that Messrs. Harrap have produced this autumn, none is more likely to have a popular success than "Stories of the Scottish Border." Mr. and Mrs. William Platt have handled the material—of which indeed there is no lack—with skill and sympathy, and the book is the more interesting in that the authors have seen fit to include certain old Scottish songs. Mr. M. Meredith Williams supplies sixteen illustrations which are nothing less than a delight to the eye.

THE ART OF HERBERT SCHMALZ.

By TREVOR BLAKEMORE. £2 2s. net. (Geo. Allen & Co.)

Mr. Herbert Schmalz says, in a brief preface, that he protested against any life of himself being included in this volume, but the increasing circle of his admirers will be glad that his publishers induced him to let them have their own way about it and that the writing of this story of his career and the discriminating criticism of his work that accompanies it were entrusted to so able and sympathetic a writer as Mr. Blakemore. In spite of what has been said against it by some of our very dogmatic critics, Mr. Schmalz believes in the subject picture, and as Mr. Blakemore says, the two qualities that seem inseparable from his work are "restfulness and human interest." You have only to look over the sixty-four finely reproduced pictures included in this volume to appreciate this: each of these pictures that is not a portrait tells a story, but that does not prevent it from fulfilling the first and last business of a painting, and being a thing of beauty. Mr. Blakemore tells interestingly of Schmalz's slow arrival at recognition, and concludes

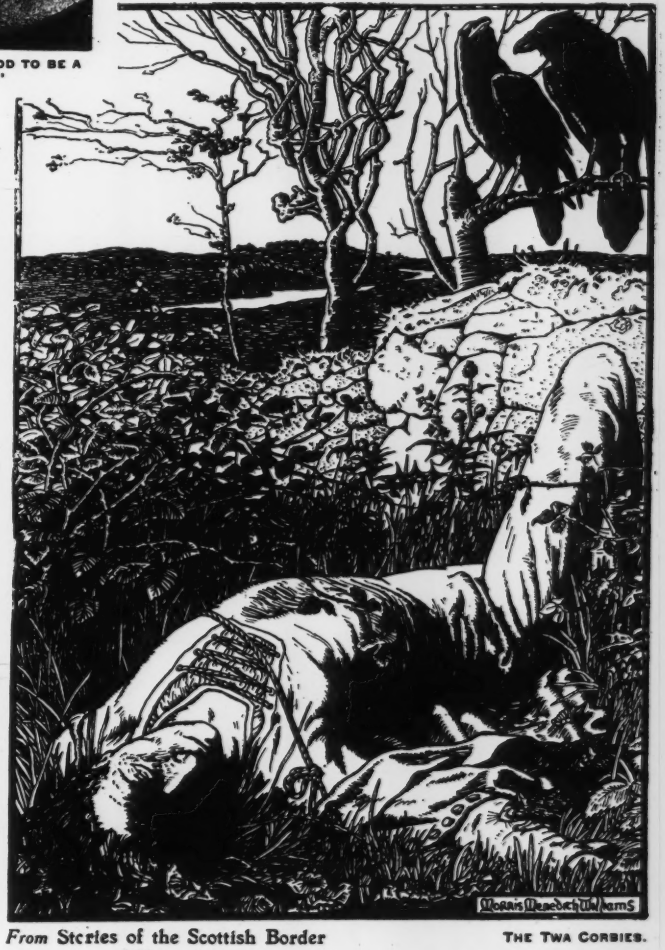
From Down North on the Labrador *(Nisbet).* THE LAST OF A LABRADOR BERG

From **Harald, First of the Vikings**
(Harrap).

"IT IS GOOD TO BE A VIKING!"

From **The Dream of Gerontius**
(Gay & Hancock).

From **The Dream of Gerontius**
(Gay & Hancock).



From **Stories of the Scottish Border**
(Harrap).

THE TWA CORBIES.

From The Art of Herbert Schmalz *(Allen).*

ZENOBIA'S LAST LOOK ON PALMYRA.
(From the picture in the possession of the National Gallery of Adelaide, South Australia.)

with a thoughtful, well-balanced estimate of his achievement and his position in the Art that is not for to-day only. There are separate monographs by various well-known writers on certain of the famous religious pictures. It is an attractive and sumptuously produced volume that should do much to popularise the work of a great painter who is essentially an artist for the people, and not for the small, fussy cliques who can only manage to appreciate what does not appeal to the majority.

THE DREADNOUGHT OF THE DARLING.

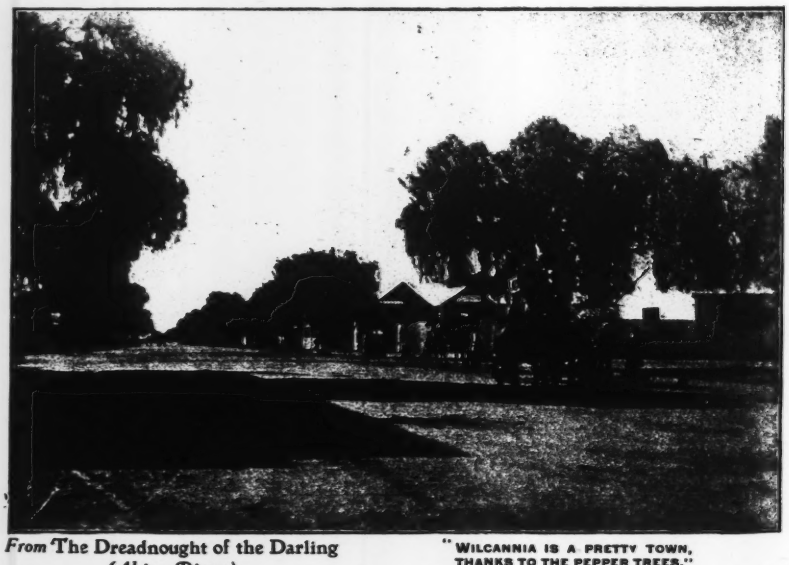
By C. E. W. BEAN. With many Photographs and Maps. 5s. net. (Alston Rivers.)

Mr. C. E. W. Bean's arresting study of the wool industry of Australia, published last year under the title of "On the Wool Track," was quite an exceptionally clever book. In "The Dreadnought of the Darling" he has put together a work of a like class, except that in this book he is concerned with a different type of person. His work is remarkable for its sympathetic presentation of the life of Australian settlers. He is possessed of no small sense of humour and a most readable and attractive style of writing. Admirers of "On the Wool Track" should on no account overlook "The Dreadnought of the Darling."

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

By JOHN BUNYAN. With 12 Illustrations in Colour by JAMES CLARK, R.I., and a Life of the Author by the REV. JOHN BROWN, B.A., D.D. 7s. 6d. net. (Cassell.)

Messrs. Cassell's beautiful reissue of "The Pilgrim's Progress," with the colour illustrations of Mr. James Clark, should meet with much success as a volume for presentation. Mr. Clark's drawings are all effective, but he is possibly most effective in the quieter scenes of "Christian and Evangelist" and "Christiana Persuaded to Set Forth." The illustrations as a whole are characterised by a strong, but restrained, religious feeling and much delicacy of touch, and we hope that the volume will have all the popularity which, by producing it at a comparatively low price, the publishers seem to anticipate for it. The Rev. John Brown contributes an excellent forty-page "Life" of John Bunyan, which also serves the purpose of introduction to the volume.



From The Dreadnought of the Darling *(Alston Rivers).*

"WILCANNIA IS A PRETTY TOWN, THANKS TO THE PEPPER TREES."
The coach in the foreground is waiting for a back-country mail.

From Where Dorset Meets Devon *(Constable).*

FORD ABBEY.

WHERE DORSET MEETS DEVON.

By FRANCIS BICKLEY. 7s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

Dorset meets Devon, as some of our readers may know, near Lyme Regis, that quaint and ancient little seaside town, set in the midst of what the publishers' advertisement quite justifiably calls "wholly delightful country." It is of this town and the country which surrounds it that Mr. Bickley deals, a country starred with other such little towns as Bridport, Axminster, and Seaton, and with villages romantically named—Wootton Fitzpaine, Whitchurch Canonicorum, Chideock, and Combpyne. The author has been generous in his appreciation, but not more generous than Lyme Regis deserves. A sketch of the town's historical associations shows that much more happened there than the landing of Monmouth, to lead his ill-starred rebellion, for which the place is most famous; and that Monmouth also felt some of the fascination of the town is proved by the little rhyme he made:

"Lyme, although a little place,
I think it wondrous pretty;
If 'tis my fate to wear the crown
I'll make of it a city."

Mr. Bickley has certainly fallen under its spell, and his charming book is cunningly contrived to infect his readers also; and the pleasant, gossiping form of the author's impressions is enhanced by the clever and delicate drawings—over ninety in number—of Mr. J. W. King. Altogether this is a most delightful volume, whether for the holiday-maker or the stay-at-home.

THE NE'ER-DO-WELL.

By REX BEACH. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Kirk Anthony is the son of an American millionaire. He has good stuff in him, but it has never been necessary for him to apply himself seriously to anything except football. At this he is a great success as a "coach," and it is during the nocturnal rejoicings after a great victory that the trick is played upon him which changes the whole course of his life. He is shipped off to Panama under the name—and with the unsavoury reputation—of another man. Mr. Rex Beach now sets to in earnest and he gives the reader a really brilliant impression of life on the Isthmus at the present day. His hero is forced by sheer poverty to take to work, which he eventually finds as a ticket-collector on the railway from Colon to Panama. Love comes to him in romantic guise, and his affairs are further complicated by the passion borne towards him by the woman who has constituted herself his protectress. The reader can trust Mr. Beach to bring things to a romantic and satisfying conclusion, but in the meantime both hero and heroine have to pass through some very trying moments. "The Ne'er-do-Well" is a decidedly strong romantic story, and it would be well worth reading if only for its description of the work of the Americans on the Panama Canal.

PENELOPE INTRUDES.

By KATHARINE NEWLIN. With 4 Colour Plates by W. REYNOLDS. 3s. 6d. (Cassell.)

The name of Miss Katharine Newlin is new to us as a writer of fiction, but "Penelope Intrudes" is in every way a well-told and attractive girls' story, bearing no indication

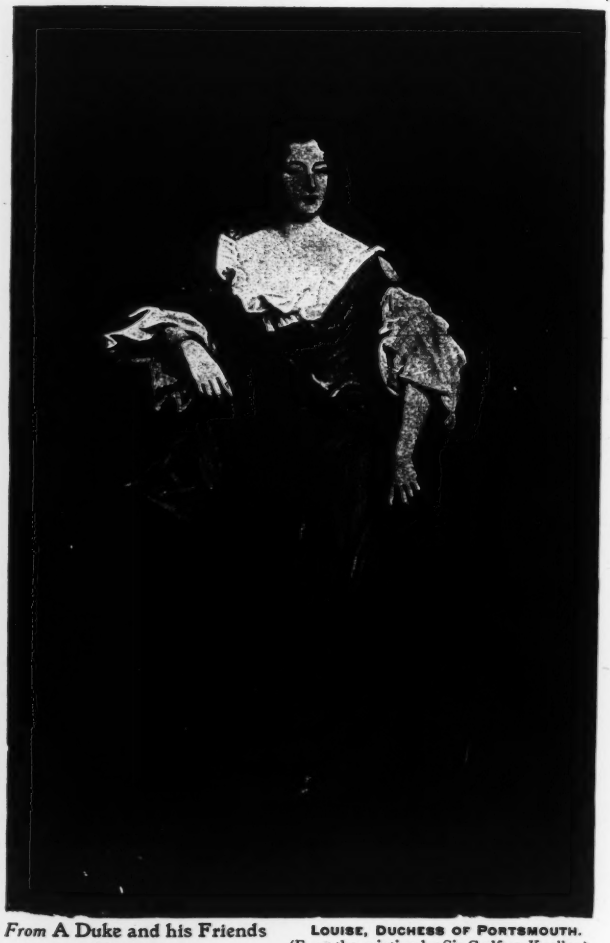
From The Pilgrim's Progress *(Cassell).*

CHRISTIANA'S FAREWELL TO THE WORLD.

XUM

From The Life of Charles Dickens
(Chapman & Hall).

MRS. CHARLES DICKENS.
(From a hitherto unpublished painting by Daniel Maclise.)



From A Duke and his Friends
(Hutchinson).

LOUISE, DUCHESS OF PORTSMOUTH.
(From the painting by Sir Godfrey Kneller.)

From Ailsa Paige
(Appleton).

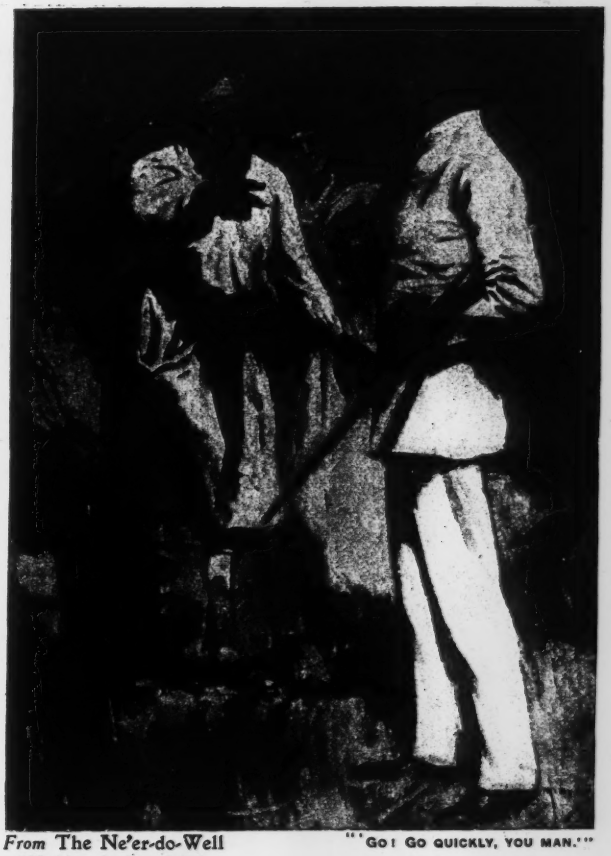
"*Must* you go so soon?"

From The Story of Clarice
(Jas. Clarke).

"THE MAN . . . WAS IN THE ACT TO STRIKE WHEN JERRY SEIZED HIS ARM FROM BEHIND."

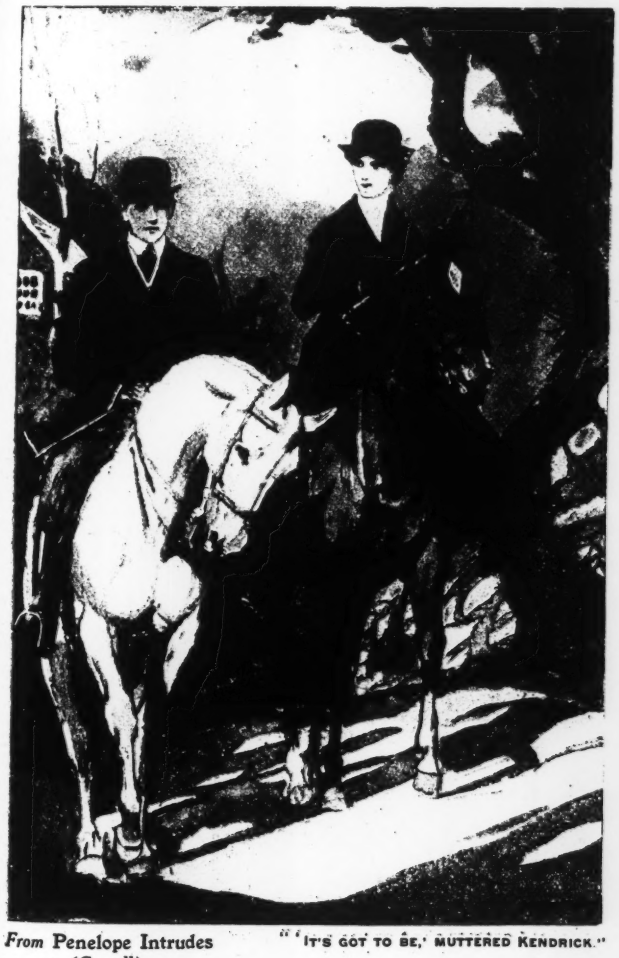
From The Grain of Dust
(Appleton).

"'FATHER . . . I HAVE ASKED YOU NOT TO INTERFERE BETWEEN FRED AND ME."



From The Ne'er-do-Well
(Hodder & Stoughton).

"'GO! GO QUICKLY, YOU MAN.'"



From Penelope Intrudes
(Cassell).

"'IT'S GOT TO BE,' MUTTERED KENDRICK."

From The Grain of Dust
(Appleton).

"'I WILL TEACH YOU TO LOVE ME,' HE CRIED."

From Among the Hills *(Headley Bros.)*

THE DENT D'AMBIN AND SNOW PYRAMID.
(From a Painting by George Soper.)
Viola calcarata, Crocus, and Gentian carpeting the foreground.

of the amateur in its handling. Penelope is an American cousin of Lettice, Honora, and Sylvia, three sisters. But the great disadvantage to her intrusion lies in the fact that she is not well off. As Lettice says: "Whoever heard of a poor American cousin?" and, indeed, she is something quite new in our experience of fiction. The scene of the story is throughout laid in England and incidents are sufficiently numerous to hold the attention of the reader. The volume has some attractive illustrations in colour by Mr. W. Reynolds.

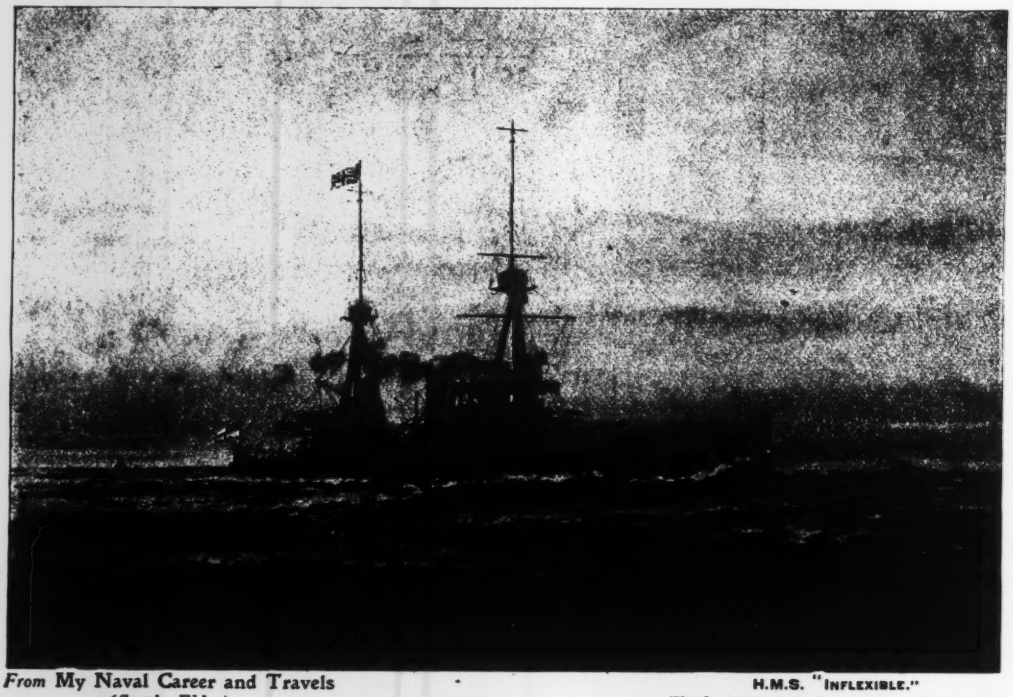
From The New Art of Flying *(Pitman)*.

THE HANRIOT MONOPLANE IN FLIGHT.
(Photo by Edwin Levick.)

AMONG THE HILLS.

By REGINALD FARRER. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net (Headley Bros.)

Mr. Reginald Farrer is an exceedingly charming writer upon gardening and flowers, and in his latest volume he devotes his attention to a study of the botany of the Alpine valleys. It would not be just to the writer, however, to represent his book as solely concerned with botanical technicalities. He wields a very fluent and graceful pen, and he has the power of interesting his readers in any subject on which for the moment he may be writing. "Among the Hills" is beautifully illustrated with colour-drawings by Mr. George Soper, and it also possesses a number of clever photographs. It is a volume which is in every way pleasant and attractive to lovers of flowers.



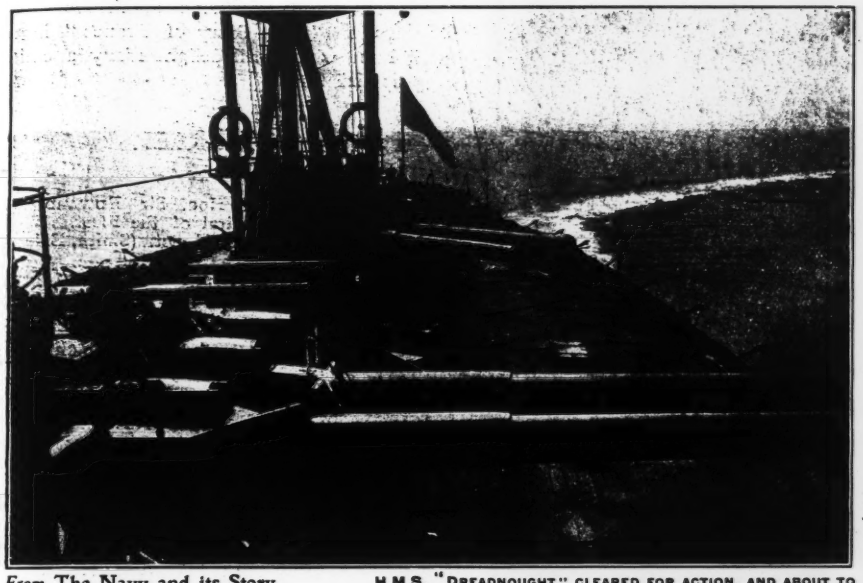
From My Naval Career and Travels *(Smith, Elder)*.

H.M.S. "INFLEXIBLE."
The first steam man-of-war to carry the flag of an Admiral of the Fleet.

THE NEW ART OF FLYING.

By WALDEMAR KAEMPFFERT. With 86 Illustrations. 7s. 6d. net. (Pitman.)

Mr. Waldemar Kaempffert is an American writer upon aero-



From The Navy and its Story *(Macdonald & Evans).*

H.M.S. "DREADNOUGHT" CLEARED FOR ACTION, AND ABOUT TO FIRE HER 12-IN. GUNS AT A TOWED TARGET ON THE PORT BEAM. (Photo by Cribb.)

nautics, and he possesses much of the vivacity and freshness which appeal to one so much in the work of our Transatlantic cousins. He gives a complete description of all branches of aviation, and his volume may be considered as in many ways a guide to the art. Perhaps the most interesting chapter, to the lay reader, is that devoted to the flying-machine of the future, upon which question, however, the author is discreetly vague. The book possesses also a useful chapter upon the law of the air, and a glossary of flying terms. It is very well illustrated with photographs of all the best-known aeroplanes, and also possesses diagrams of technical importance.

THE NAVY AND ITS STORY.

By ARNOLD WHITE. Illustrated. 2s. 6d. (Macdonald & Evans.)

It is not often that the real authority condescends sufficiently to write about his particular subject so simply that he may be understood by children, yet in the little volume that is before us Mr. Arnold White specifically addresses himself to children. The book consists of a brief history of the British Navy from the earliest times, and the later chapters are devoted to the more technical branches of the institution, such as torpedoes, gunnery, wireless telegraphy, and so forth. The adult perhaps will turn with greatest eagerness to the last chapter, "What the Navy means to the British." (It may be mentioned here that Mr. White's own conclusion is "That upon the strength, discipline, superiority, and efficiency of the Navy the future of every boy and every girl in the Empire depends.") The book ends with a short collection of songs of the sea in which several copyright poems are included. A feature of the volume is the many excellent illustrations.

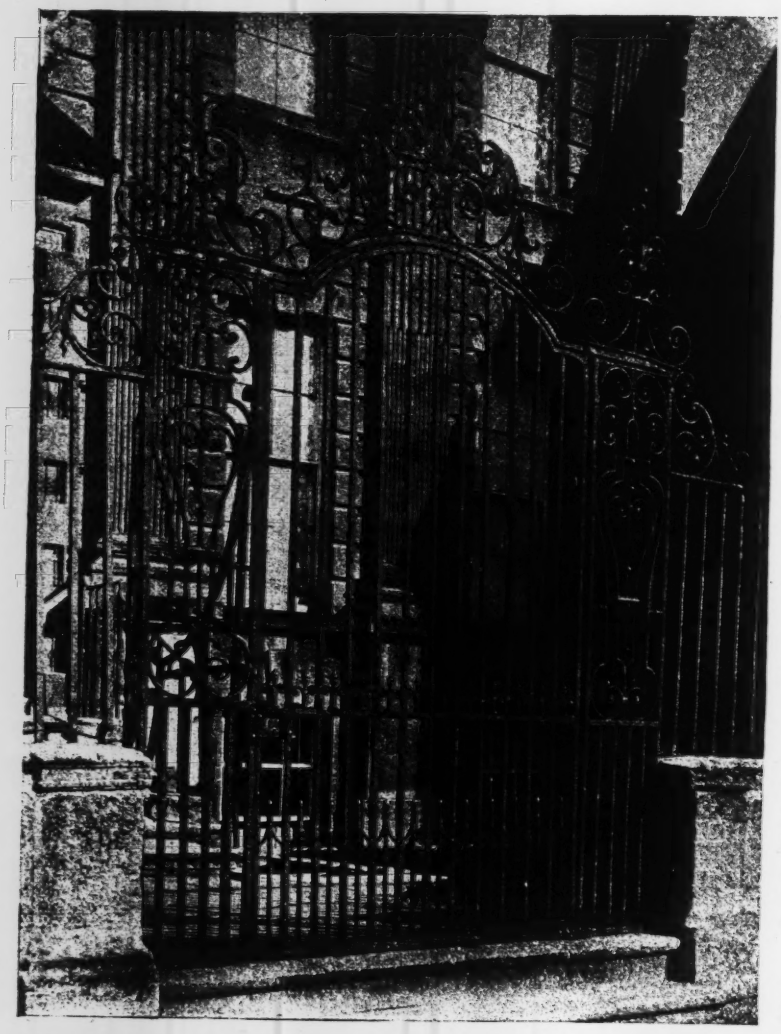
THE STORY OF FRANCE.

Told to Boys and Girls by MARY MACGREGOR. With 20 Plates in Colour by WILLIAM RAINEY. 7s. 6d. net. (Jack.)

The adaptation of history for young people is by no means so easy a task as might, upon the face of it, appear. Miss Mary Macgregor has already had much experience of the kind necessary, and we understand that one of her books—"Stories of King Arthur's Knights" in the "Told to the Children" Series—has even sold 60,000 copies, so that it would appear that children appreciate her work. A history of France is a very big subject to handle, and particularly so if you start at the very beginning of things, before the Roman conquest, and finish with the establishment of the third Republic in 1870. Nevertheless Miss Macgregor has contrived to tell her story in a perfectly adequate—and occasionally a detailed—manner in a volume which runs to no more than 450 pages or so. The author has a keen sense of the dramatic, and especially of those incidents which are

From The Story of France *(Jack).*

"SEIZING A FLAG, HE HIMSELF LED HIS MEN ACROSS THE BRIDGE."



From English Ironwork *(Batsford).*

A GATE AT BURFORD, OXFORDSHIRE.

likely to appeal to juvenile readers; she is accurate, and she has handled her material in a very efficient manner. Mr. W. Rainey contributes twenty very spirited illustrations—reproduced in colour—and mention must certainly be made of Mr. John Hassall's admirable end-papers. "The Story of France" is a volume which will delight many a child this Christmas.

MY NAVAL CAREER AND TRAVELS.

By the Right Hon. Sir EDWARD H. SEYMOUR, Admiral of the Fleet. With Illustrations. 10s. 6d. net. (Smith, Elder.)

Admiral Seymour's reminiscences have been written, he tells us, in the hope that they will be read by young naval officers "who may be interested to see the changes in what is probably the finest profession in the world—viz. the British Navy." The author entered the Navy in 1852, at the age of twelve and a half. The examination then consisted only of arithmetic, including the "rule of three," no fractions, and dictation of twenty lines from "The Spectator." Three spelling mistakes "ploughed" a competitor, and no opportunity was allowed him of entering again for the examination. The writer of this book is perhaps more interesting in his description of his experiences during the Crimean War, and many of his criticisms on the conduct of the military operations are extremely penetrating. He has also seen active service in China, and during the 1882 war with Egypt. He restricts his memoirs solely to his professional life, and they are written in the clear and slightly matter-of-fact manner which we should expect in a sailor.

THE ARCHITECTURE OF THE RENAISSANCE IN FRANCE.

By W. H. WARD, M.A. In 2 Volumes, with 465 Illustrations. 30s. net. (Batsford.)

Among the many important architectural books which have recently been issued by Mr. B. T. Batsford, we believe that none has equalled the work of Mr. Ward. Renaissance architecture in France affords, as the reader doubtless knows, an almost limitless field of study, and Mr. Ward's difficulty has probably been chiefly felt in the selection of the best examples. Nevertheless, in his skilled hands the task of presenting the first complete survey in English of French Renaissance architecture is an entire success. The volumes form indeed a monument of erudition and discrimination, and Mr. Ward may be warmly congratulated upon the result of many years' labours. The publishers have carried out their share of the work with evident care and with great good taste. It is long since a book has been published so uniformly satisfactory as "The Architecture of the Renaissance in France."

From Spain Revisited *(Stanley Paul).*

ROYAL PALACES OF ENGLAND.

Contributed to by MARJORY HOLLINGS, EDITH M. KEATE, CATHERINE JAMISON, GRACE A. ELLIS. Edited by R. S. RAIT. Illustrated. 6s. net. (Constable.)

Mr. R. S. Rait informs us that "this book derives its inspiration from work done for the Victoria County History," of which valuable series it is, as it were, a by-product. It is companioned by three other volumes on the royal palaces of Scotland, and on the episcopal palaces of the provinces of Canterbury and of York. In the work now before us Miss Marjory Hollings contributes an admirable introductory chapter in which she summarises particulars of the lesser English palaces, such as Fotheringay Castle, Somerset House, Richmond Palace, and Woodstock. The more important palaces are each allotted a lengthy chapter. Miss Edith M. Keate contributes those upon Windsor Castle and Hampton Court, Miss Katherine Jamison those upon Whitehall and St. James's, while Miss Grace A. Ellis writes upon Kensington and Buckingham Palaces. The material which has been collected is of much interest as affording insight into the life and manners of many different periods of English history. In fact, the book is no dry-as-dust architectural or archæological chronicle, but a vivid record of life as it was once lived. It is handsomely produced, and with its thirty-two illustrations is decidedly good value at its price.

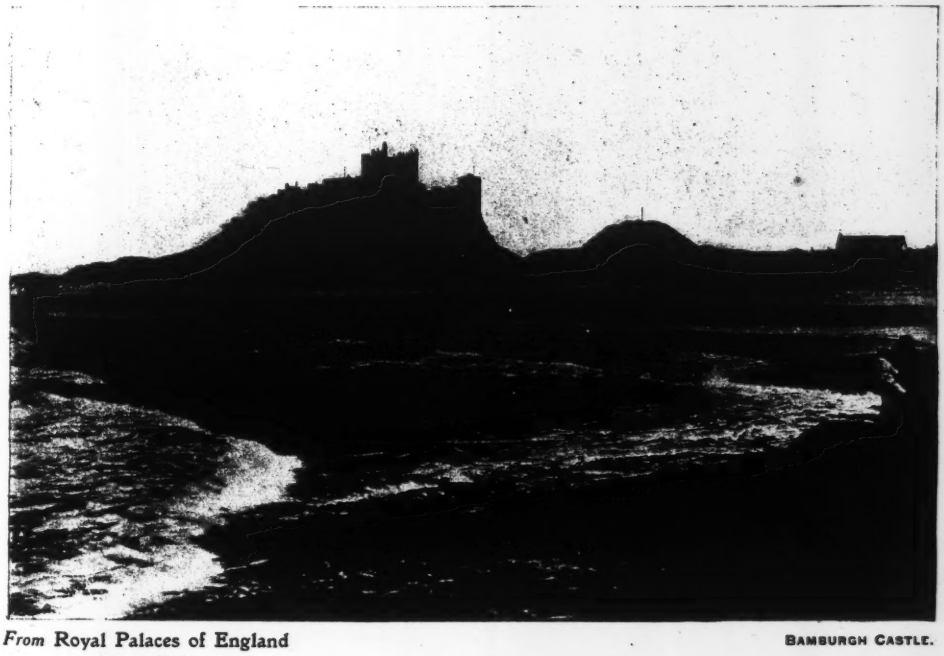
CASTLE OF BLOIS: NORTH FRONT (1524-70).

From The Architecture of the Renaissance in France *(Balsford).*

MODERN POLO.

By CAPTAIN E. D. MILLER, D.S.O. Edited by L. V. L. SIMMONDS. Third Edition, Revised and Enlarged, with 149 Illustrations. 16s. net. (Hurst & Blackett.)

The previous editions of this standard work are now out of print, and the publishers' selection of Captain E. D. Miller as the compiler of the third edition is particularly fortunate. The book is in many respects an entirely new work, and it is so thoroughly up-to-date that many of the photographs are of the leading polo teams of 1910. The volume contains an enormous amount of information and advice on every aspect of the game, and exhaustive appendices contain statistics of its conditions not only in England, but in every country where it is played at all seriously. It is absolutely the last word on its subject.



BAMBURGH CASTLE.

From Royal Palaces of England *(Constable).*

LAND AND PEOPLES OF THE KASAI.

By M. W. HILTON-SIMPSON, F.R.G.S., etc. Illustrated. 16s. net. (Constable.)

This is a modest, painstaking, and very valuable narrative of a two-years' journey among the cannibals of the equatorial forest and other savage tribes of the south-western Congo. Mr. Hilton-Simpson made the journey, which ended in 1909, in company with the Hungarian

From Modern Polo *(Hurst & Blackett).* (Photo by M. H. Hayes.)

traveller, Mr. Emil Torday, and during the first six months of the tour Mr. Norman H. Hardy, a well-known painter of native life, was a third member of the party. Mr. Torday's long study of the negro, his liking for the "primitive savage," and his keen insight into native character proved invaluable. Several of those African peoples are steadily coming under European and Arab influences, and our traveller's penetrative and first-hand study of the old order of things, where it still exists, is a matter of considerable interest and importance. The tribes differ greatly, so there is plenty of variety in the record of customs and beliefs. It is suggestive to note that the Bushongo believe in one God, the Creator, and have a set of moral laws of an extraordinarily high character. Some of the most curious customs are those that obtain amongst the Olemba people. Thus a murderer is compelled publicly to hang himself from a tree! In the purchase of brides the price usually paid by the bridegroom to the lady's father is about eight copper crosses (a currency imported from Katanga), thirty-five chickens, and four dogs. Altogether this is a book that adds decidedly to our knowledge of African humanity.

From Don Quixote *(Bell).* "AND RUNNING HIS LANCE INTO THE SAIL."

HEROES OF MODERN AFRICA.

By E. GILLIAT. With 16 Illustrations. 5s. (Seeley, Service & Co.)

Under the title "Heroes of Modern Africa" Mr. Edward Gilliat has, to all intents and purposes, told the story of Africa during the last hundred and fifty years, in so far as it has come into touch with Europe. The author's heroes are all of the Anglo-Saxon race, and they range from missionaries, such as James Bruce, to such travellers as Sir Richard Burton and Stanley, and from fighting men of the type of Lord Wolseley, Kitchener and Roberts, to diplomats such as Lord Cromer. The author manages his brief biographies with great skill, and the book should be in much demand as a presentation volume, for it is exceptionally well illustrated.

From Heroes of Modern Africa *(Seeley).* BRUCE AND THE WILD HORSE.

ADVENTURES AMONG HUNTERS AND TRAPPERS.

By Ernest Young. With 16 Illustrations. 5s. (Seeley, Service & Co.)

The latest volume of Messrs. Seeley's Library of Adventure should meet with the success with which we believe its predecessors have already been received. Mr. Ernest Young tells us that he draws his stories from well-authenticated books of travel, mostly of the nineteenth century. His volume, therefore, is in no way fictional, but it contains many incidents which are quite as exciting as any that fiction has given us. The book is most attractively written and is well illustrated.

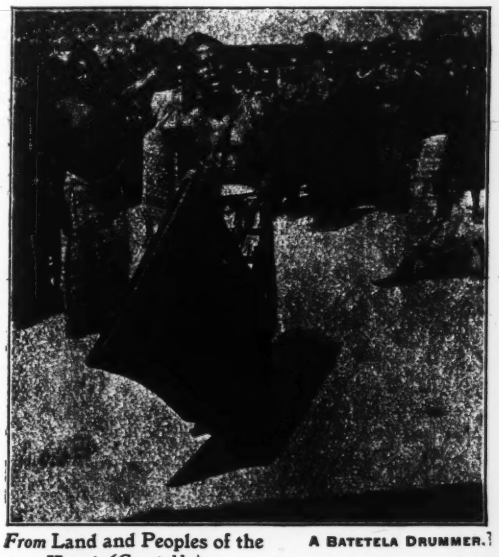
From Adventures among Hunters and Trappers *(Seeley).*

A Perilous Method of Shooting a Fall

THE POST OFFICE AND ITS STORY.

By Edward Bennett. With 31 Illustrations. 5s. net. (Seeley, Service & Co.)

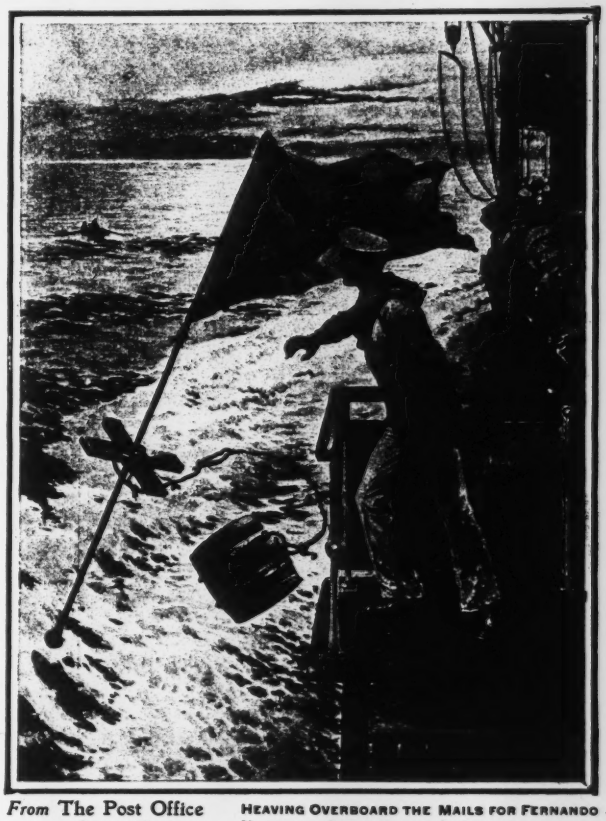
Mr. Edward Bennett is the most generous of critics. Under ordinary conditions the Post Office comes in for more hard knocks than compliments. But the author of this volume has—and quite rightly too—decided to do justice to a much-maligned department of the State. His account of what may be called the machinery of the Post Office is



From Land and Peoples of the Kasai *(Constable).*

A Batetela Drummer.

interesting in the extreme, and we are glad that the publishers entrusted Mr. Bennett with the task of writing this volume. The book includes thirty-one illustrations of varying artistic merit, but of a high level of interest.



From The Post Office and its Story *(Seeley).*

Heaving Overboard the Mails for Fernando Noronha, South Atlantic Ocean

THE STORY OF PIERROT.

By S. R. Littlewood. With 7 Illustrations by Sidney Filmore. 1s. net. (Herbert & Daniel.)

Mr. Littlewood's intention has been "to tell, in the simplest way possible, a true story—the story of Pierrot," and we have no hesitation in saying that he has been entirely successful. The work is planned rather as an essay upon the figure of Pierrot and his predecessors than as a popular "re-telling" of the familiar story. The author has accumulated many facts with regard to the appearances of Pierrot—of course under another name—from the Roman era to the present day, and he writes in a pleasantly sympathetic manner. Mr. Filmore's illustrations add much to the beauty of a very charming and inexpensive little volume.

XUM

From Tennyson's Princess
(Williams & Norgate).

THE SURRENDER.

THE LATE MISS MYRTLE REED,
Whose last novel, "A Weaver of Dreams" (Putnam's), was recently reviewed in THE BOOKMAN.

MRS. TREVOR TRESSINGHAM.

By H. MAXWELL. 6s. (Digby, Long.)

Returning home from dinner with a man who has proposed to her and whom she has practically accepted, Mary Fielding runs against a mystery which her journalistic instincts prompt her to unearth. She disappears from among her family and friends for five momentous days, at the end of which she returns as the wife of the Hon. Trevor Tressingham. However, she is married in name only, as the penalty for trying to outwit that most ingenious villain, the Neustrian ambassador. But astonishing things have happened to her feather-brained, extravagant little mother, her lazy brother, and her flirtatious sister, and she feels it impossible to continue to live with them. So,

From The Mistress of Shenstone *(Putnam's).*

From Word Portraits
(Blackwood).

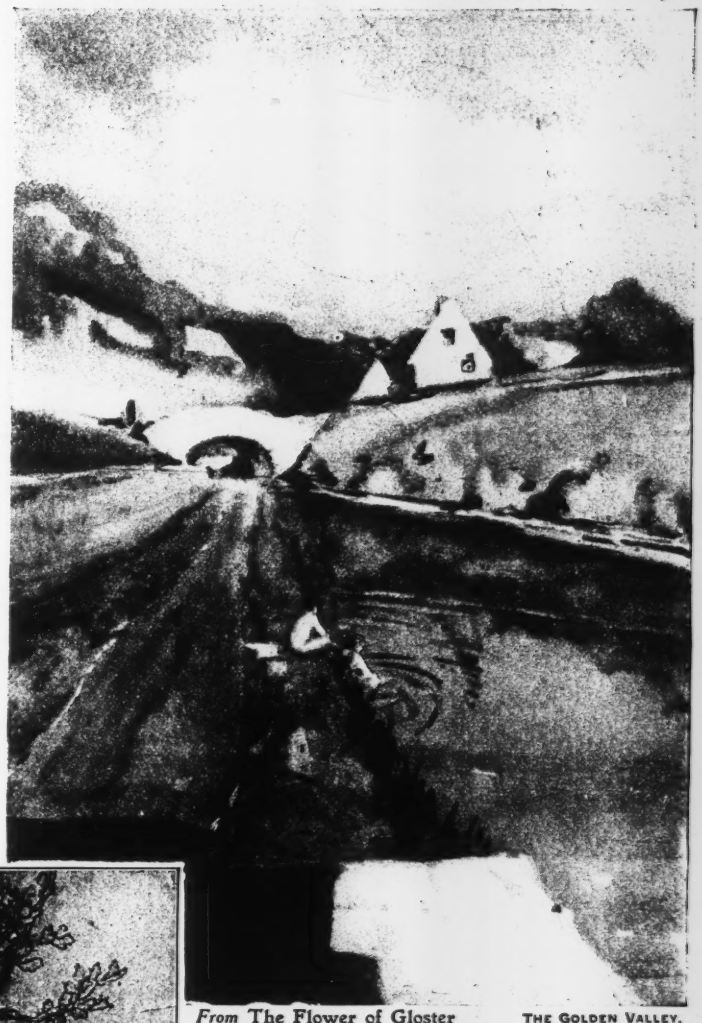
MAXIMILIAN HARDEN

somewhat against her will, she returns to her husband. There follow more misunderstandings, which Mr. Maxwell eventually clears up in quite a satisfactory manner. The story is very brightly and readably written, and the main plot—though scarcely original—is strong and well constructed. In fact, "Mrs. Trevor Tressingham" is a thoroughly entertaining novel.

DICKIE AND DORRIE AT SCHOOL.

By E. EVERETT-GREEN. With 8 Illustrations by GORDON BROWNE. 2s. 6d. (Wells Gardner.)

Every child who read "Dickie and Dorrie" will want to know what happened to them at school. So, if you are wise, you will say nothing about the existence of this book until the day has come when you have got it and are able to make a present of it. Miss Everett-Green is a skilled writer of books suitable for what the publishers call "juveniles," but she has seldom done better work than in "Dickie and Dorrie" and its sequel. Here her knowledge of child-nature shows itself to the greatest advantage, and her fertility of invention brings about some amusing situations. We are glad to note that the author has given herself a loophole for yet another continuation of her book, which we shall warmly welcome next year if it is anything like as good as this one. The present volume has eight of Mr. Gordon Browne's delightful illustrations.



From The Flower of Gloster *(Williams & Norgate).* THE GOLDEN VALLEY.

From Stories from the Pentamerone *(Macmillan.)* THE SLAVE AT THE WELL.

PIONEERS IN CANADA.

With 8 Illustrations in Colour by E. WALL-COUSINS, 8 in Black-and-White from Photographs, and 3 Maps.

PIONEERS IN WEST AFRICA.

With 8 Coloured Illustrations by the Author, 8 in Black-and-White from Photographs, and 2 Maps. By SIR HARRY JOHNSTON, G.C.M.G., K.C.B. 6s. each. (Blackie.)

All high-spirited boys are under a debt of gratitude to Sir Harry Johnston for the two highly attractive volumes which come to us from Messrs. Blackie. The books form the first two numbers of a new series entitled "Pioneers of Empire," which should prove a great success if the forthcoming volumes are up to the standard of those now before us. Sir Harry Johnston's name and reputation are universally known throughout the whole of Greater Britain, and he has used his gifts to great effect in these two excellent books for boys. The author deals in clear and graphic fashion with the pioneers who have done so much to extend the boundaries of our Empire, and he undoubtedly has a talent for clothing the dry bones of his story with the glamour of romantic achievement. The volumes are splendidly illustrated and excellently produced, and they should be in much demand.

From The Story of Pierrot *(Herbert & Daniel).*

PIERROT.

THE YACHT OF DREAMS.

By Frank Morton. 6s. (Melrose.)

This novel opens brightly, with the engagement of a pretty typist in Melbourne to an alert young American. The latter turns out to be very wealthy, and the pair go off for their honeymoon upon a yachting trip. Presently some other persons arrive on the scene, headed by Lenton, a journalist, and Aubrey Mortimer, a cyclonic figure. Mortimer was "a robust, big-necked man of forty, and was always mistaken for a pork-butcher until he talked. When he talked his best, women's eyes grew moist, and the dullest men took deep breaths. He talked his best but seldom." He talks a good deal during the rest of this book, but he is not the only talker. The remaining chapters, that is all but the first two, are episodes of discussion rather than successive development of a plot. The yacht cruises about. Her passengers and visitors relate or debate love, art, religion, and so forth. So far as there is a story, it blends the real with the fantastic, and finally, with a touch of blunt realism, Mr. Morton sinks the yacht with all aboard, apparently by contact with a loose torpedo from a Turkish gunboat. Work of this kind is doubly difficult. Dialogue is apt to lose reality when the persons are not full-blooded, and Mr. Morton has not altogether avoided this danger. Then the deliberate blending of fantasy and realism requires a delicate touch, and this touch is not always felt in "The Yacht of Dreams." The author has evidently a number of eager convictions about East and West and life in general. Some of his pages are brightly written, with literary allusions and comments upon men and things; the semi-allegorical passages often read well. But the didactic purpose has overpowered the artistic sense.

From A Window in Thrums. *(Hodder & Stoughton.)*

JAMIE.

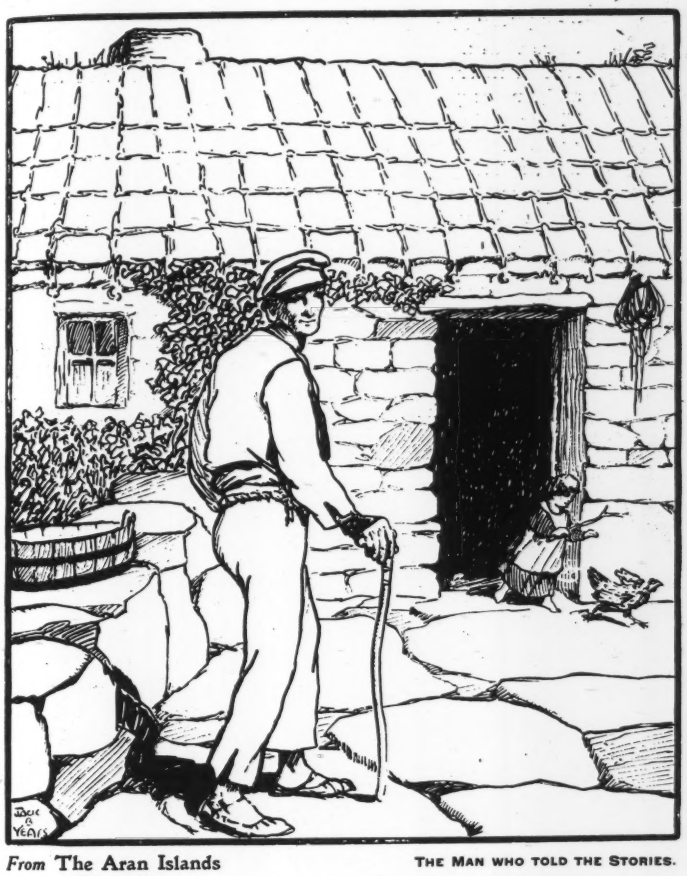
NAPOLEON AND HIS CORONATION.

By Frédéric Masson. 12s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

Monsieur Frédéric Masson is well known as a diligent and able student of the Napoleonic period, and his reputation is not likely to suffer by the publication of his latest volume, which, though perhaps short as books go upon Napoleon, is a monument of industry and a model of carefully arranged detail. The consecration and coronation of Napoleon by Pope Pius VII. form one of the most remarkable incidents of his career, and it is the more interesting in that it failed entirely to impress his subjects.

From Other People *(Lane).*

The majesty of their Emperor and the sanctity of the Pope appealed to the Parisians not at all; their care was only for the sums of money that were being spent upon their entertainment. And the coronation was a costly affair. "There had been paid out of the Treasury of the Crown . . . 4,967,608·87 francs, which represent the direct expenses incurred for the purpose of the consecration itself, not the additional expenses borne at this time by all the services and charged upon the general accounts of the



From The Aran Islands *(Maunsel).*

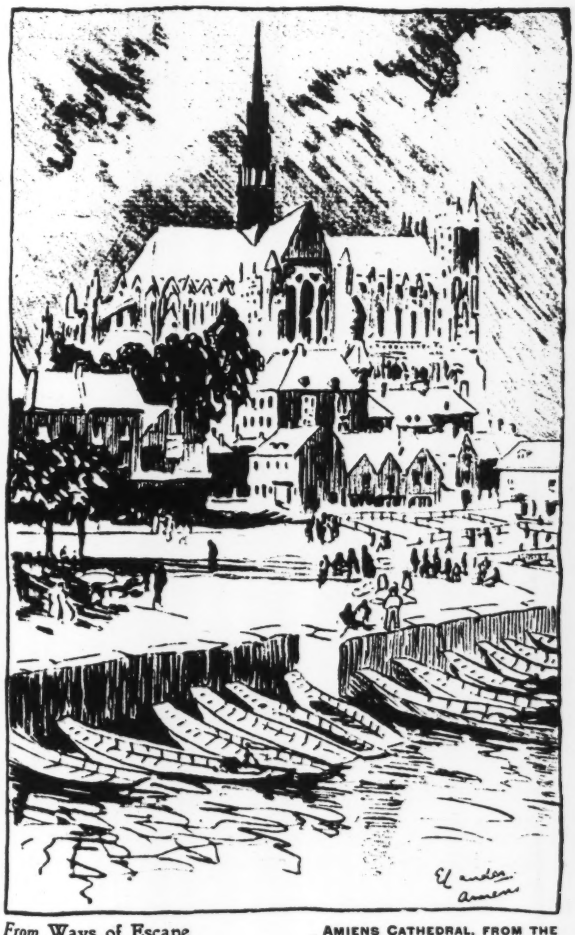
THE MAN WHO TOLD THE STORIES.

Budget. There had been paid out of the State Treasury . . . 3,376,397 francs." The reasons for this huge outlay are further to seek, and for them the reader must be referred to the book itself. Mr. Frederic Cobb has performed his task as translator very capably, and especial mention must be made of the beautiful drawings of M. Félicien Myrbach which are included as illustrations.

LOVE'S OUTLAWS.

By ARCHIBALD B. SPENS. 6s. (Digby, Long.)

The Beaumonts, with their two pretty daughters, Lilian and Jean, are in Venice on a holiday, the enjoyment of which is considerably enhanced for the girls by the presence of Duncan Forman and his friend, Jim Dixon. Duncan soon proposes to Lilian and is accepted, but various unfortunate misunderstandings prevent Jim from attaining his heart's desire. For Jean sees him—or his double—kissing a dark girl in a gondola one evening, and talking the next morning far too earnestly for her liking to a fair lady on a hotel balcony. Their love affair is, however, but a secondary portion of the story, which concerns itself more particularly with the relations between Duncan, his brother Aubrey, and his wife, Lilian. There are some strong and well-managed scenes towards the end of the book, and the story as a whole is well told. But perhaps next time Mr. Spens will give us rather less dialogue: "Love's Outlaws" suffers from an excess of it.

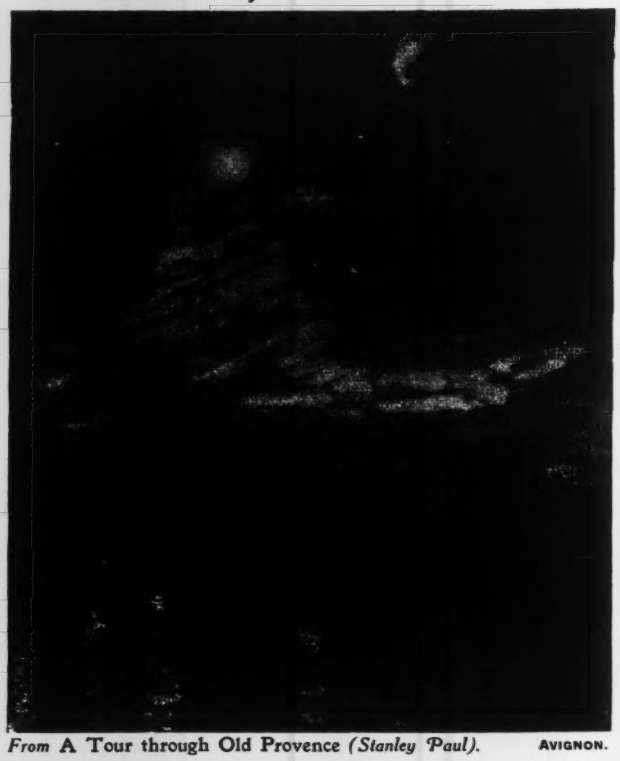


From Ways of Escape *(Melrose).*

AMIENS CATHEDRAL, FROM THE PLACE PARMENTIER.

From Rip Van Winkle *(Greening).*

"ARE WE SO SOON FORGOTTEN WHEN WE ARE GONE?"

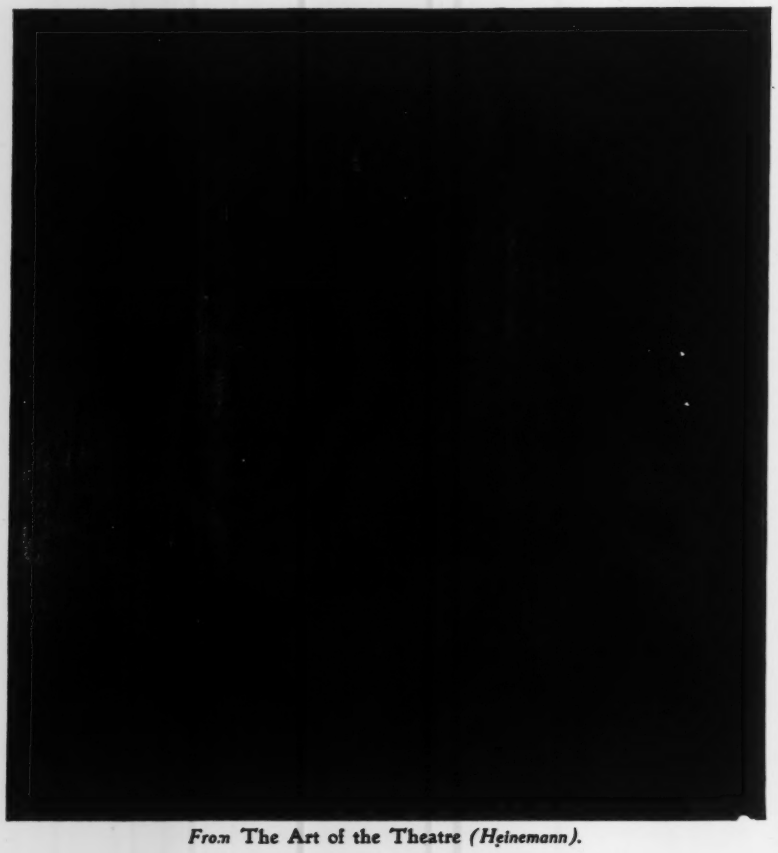


From A Tour through Old Provence *(Stanley Paul).* AVIGNON.

WAYS OF ESCAPE:

A Book of Adventure. By DOUGLAS GOLDRING. Illustrated by EDWARD LANDER. 5s. net. (Melrose.)

Mr. Goldring belongs to the class that he styles "bolters." A "bolter" is a person who finds the atmosphere of Charing Cross Station—"the 'main gate' of Europe, if not of the world"—"almost intoxicating." "Bolters" hang about there with a wild look in their eyes, and "at more or less regular intervals their inclinations get the better of them, and, on one pretext or another, they break clean away. . . . They are the only people to whom invariably it happens to go to Corinth, even if they can't afford the ticket. Somehow, merely through vigorously wanting it, they get what they want." It is not necessary to break very far away from England—none of Mr. Goldring's "bolts" have taken him farther than Marseilles, and most of those he deals with are confined to Belgium or Northern France—but it is necessary to get out of England and into a country where the daily life is utterly different from that to which one has become accustomed in London. The "bolter" is not a person to whom the ordinary guide-book is of much use, save as a chronicle of indisputable—and dull—facts, and thus Mr. Goldring's book is essentially personal. He takes you to a few, but not all, of the recognised sights of Arles, or Liège, or Paris, but he heeds humanity more than sights; he prefers the "lustrous Walloon" of his Liège hotel, or Miss Lily of the Concert Walhalla at Namur, to the inanimate mass of Rouen Cathedral. For instance, there is the curator of the museum of Les Baux, who "cherishes an autograph album, in which different French journalists have written little complimentary sentences to 'l'aimable Fournier.' 'That's me,' he remarked, after we had bowed and shaken hands, in case my intelligence had not been equal to making the deduction. Then he showed me the lion of his collection—a blurred amateur photograph, which occupied a page by itself. 'Onnyons Oleevare,' he cried, with a declamatory wave. I looked closely at the print, and saw that it did actually portray the features of one of the most justly distinguished of our younger novelists. The amiable Fournier had no reason to complain that I was not suitably impressed. He was a nice old man." With many such deft touches does Mr. Goldring create in his reader the spirit of the "bolter," and at the end he is sure to be absolutely converted. At any rate we were, and the last straw was the reading of an appendix, more suggestive than practical, of fares, recommended hotels, and the like. We are quite clear about it; we don't want to review any more books, we want to go to France.



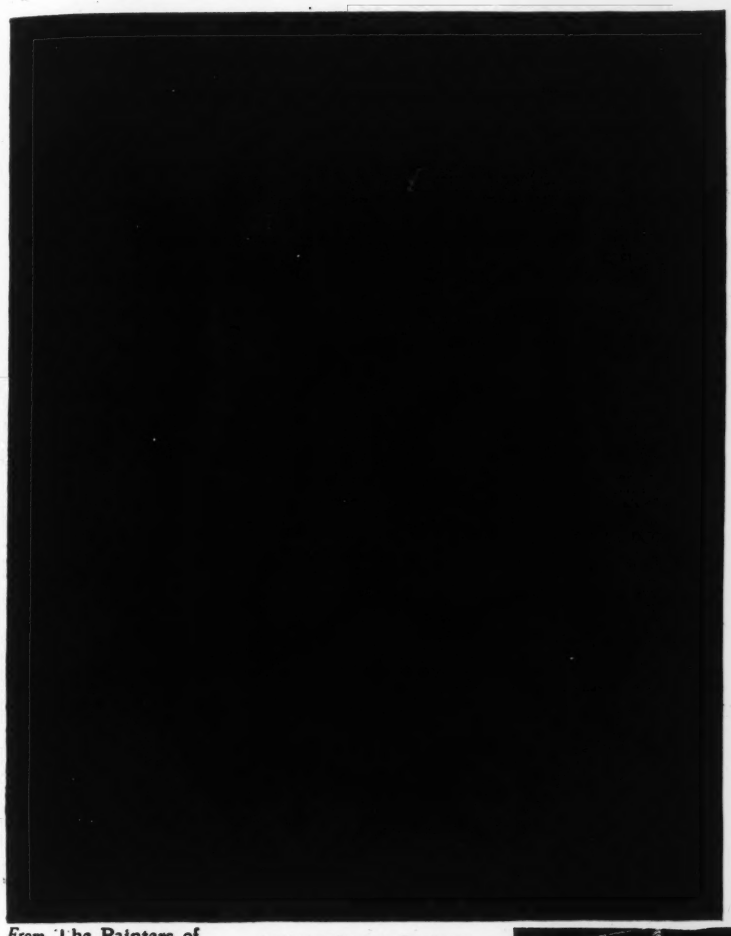
From The Art of the Theatre *(Heinemann).*

An important work by Mr. Gordon Craig, which is shortly to be published.

THE ARAN ISLANDS.

By JOHN M. SYNGE. With Drawings by JACK B. YEATS. Library Edition. 6s. net. (Maunsel.)

We have, unfortunately, space to do no more than draw attention to the Library Edition of the works of J. M. Synge, and, more particularly, to the reissue of "The Aran Islands," from which volume our illustration is taken. A critical estimate of Synge has already been attempted in the pages of THE BOOKMAN, but, if we remember rightly, no reference was then made to Messrs. Maunsel's Library Edition of his works. The edition is uniformly bound and well printed and produced. The plays may be obtained in two volumes at 5s. net each, the topographical works—if we may venture to describe the poetry and tenderness of "The Aran Islands" and "In Wicklow" by a very prosaic word—in two volumes at 6s. net each, and the Poems and Translations in one volume at 3s. 6d. net. Messrs. Maunsel may be congratulated on having produced a series of volumes which are a worthy memorial to the genius of Synge.



From The Painters of the School of Ferrara *(Duckworth).*

LORENZO COSTA: PORTRAIT OF BATTISTA FIERA. (National Gallery.)

RIP VAN WINKLE:

The Playhouse Edition. 1s. net. (Greening.)

Whatever its merits or demerits as a play, "Rip Van Winkle" as a book has always met with its deserts, and there is no reason—now that the play is no longer staged in London—why Messrs. Greening's handy and attractive "Playhouse Edition" should not continue to sell. It is well bound (in cloth) and well printed, its price is low, and it possesses, besides Mr. H. M. Brock's clever frontispiece, half a dozen photographs of Mr. Cyril Maude and other members of his company in character. The volume embodies an introduction by Mr. S. J. Adair FitzGerald descriptive of the origin of the story of which Washington Irving made use. Then follow the story itself together with the "Legend of Sleepy Hollow," while the German legend of "Peter Klaus the Goatherd" is also printed. The volume is closed with an account of "The Stage History of Rip Van Winkle"—again by Mr. FitzGerald, and an appreciation entitled "'Rip' at the Playhouse" from the picturesque pen of Mr. Raymond Blathwayt.

THE PAINTERS OF THE SCHOOL OF FERRARA.

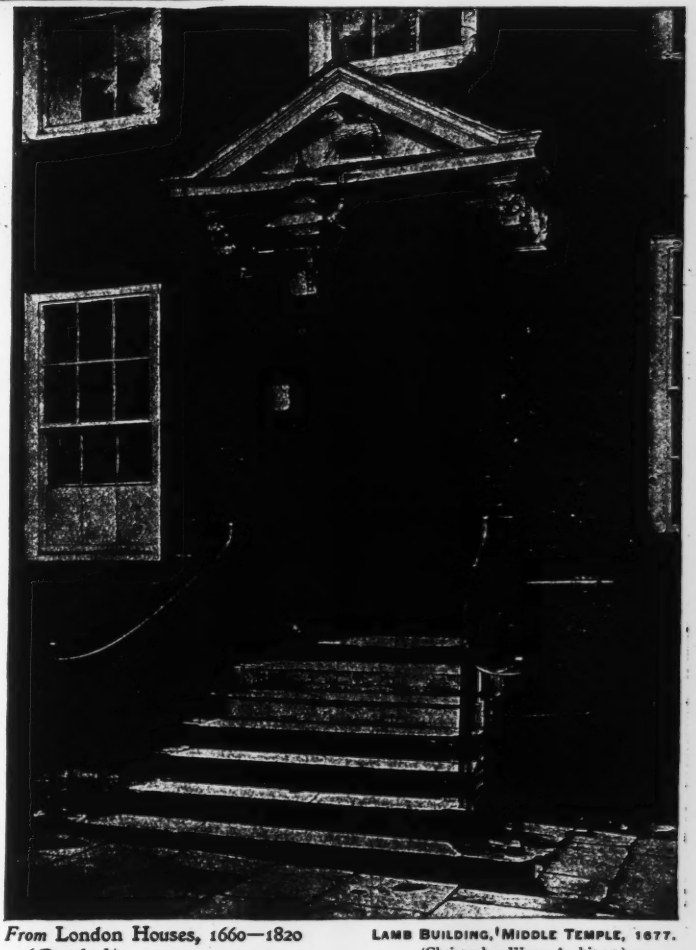
By EDMUND G. GARDNER, M.A. Illustrated. 5s. net. (Duckworth.)

The latest addition to Messrs. Duckworth's well-known Library of Art is an exceedingly well-informed and interesting book by Mr. Edmund G. Gardner upon one of the most famous Italian schools of painting. The scope and object of the series in which this volume is included are now so familiar to readers that no particular need exists for criticism of the present book. Suffice it to say that it is an exceedingly good example of clear and sane art criticism. The illustrations are interesting and well printed.

THE MAKING OF A GREAT CANADIAN RAILWAY.

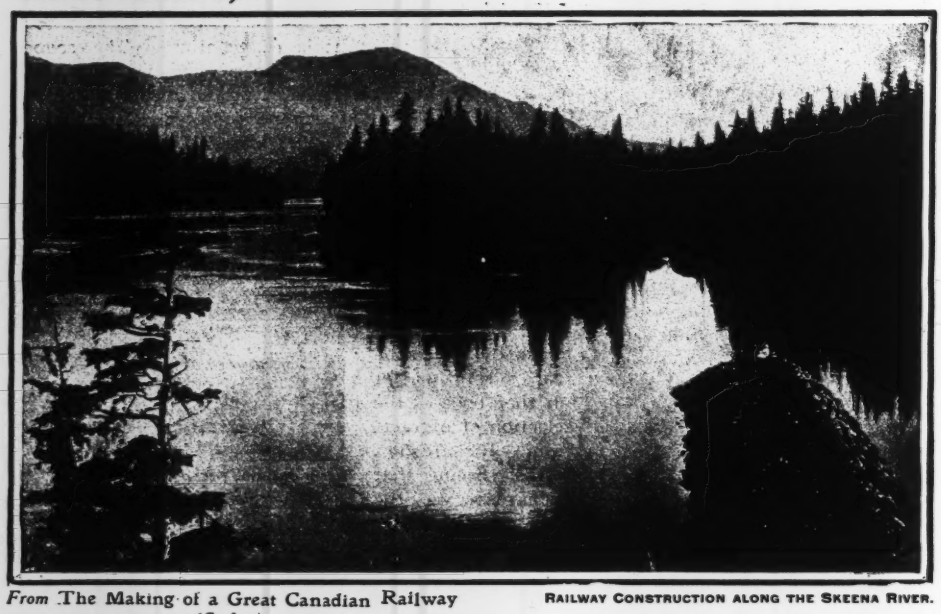
By FREDERICK A. TALBOT. With 43 Illustrations and a Map. 16s. net. (Seeley, Service & Co.)

As Mr. F. A. Talbot says: "This is the day of great railway building achievements, and among these the Grand Canadian Pacific, stretching across the breadth of Canada, stands pre-eminent." Mr. Talbot has made a very thorough study of his subject, and he appears to have passed over the route of the railway from end to end before this book was written. Little information has been given to the world at large on the subject of the Grand Trunk Pacific, and Mr. Talbot's volume should therefore be the more welcome. If only as a record of difficulties overcome, the book is well worth reading. Forty-three illustrations and a map add to its utility.



From London Houses, 1660—1820 *(Batsford).* (Reviewed on page 176.)

LAMB BUILDING, MIDDLE TEMPLE, 1677. (Christopher Wren, Architect.)



From The Making of a Great Canadian Railway *(Seeley).*

RAILWAY CONSTRUCTION ALONG THE SKEENA RIVER.

THE WILDS OF PATAGONIA.

By CARL SKOTTSBERG. With many Illustrations and 3 Maps. 15s. net. (Arnold.)

Dr. Carl Skottsberg is a distinguished Swedish explorer who has already had experience of antarctic exploration. In the handsome book which Mr. Arnold has just published the author gives a description of what he is pleased to call a "modest" exploration made with two of his friends to the southernmost coasts of South America. The object of the expedition was primarily for purposes of studying the geology and botany of the district, but Dr. Skottsberg contrives also to make his account of his expedition exceptionally interesting to the general reader. We can very strongly recommend one of the most interesting works of exploration which we have read for a long time. The volume is well illustrated with photographs taken by the author.

From Gun Running *(John Murray).*

INDIAN TYPES.

THE FOLLOWING OF THE STAR.

By FLORENCE L. BARCLAY. 6s. (Putnam's.)

The great—not to say sensational—success achieved by Mrs. Barclay with her earlier novels, "The Rosary" and "The Mistress of Shenstone," will doubtless be an important factor in the fortunes of "The Following of the Star," which is a well-managed and very readable story, but hardly, we think, quite up to the level of the author's earlier books. David Rivers is an earnest young clergyman who takes a locum tenency in a small country parish in order to make sufficient money to take him out to Central Africa as a missionary. The local fame of his sermons and a curiosity to see what the young man is like bring Diana Rivers to the church Sunday after Sunday, although she is frankly irreligious and is proud of it. However, David makes a profound impression upon her, and she falls in love with him. She is an heiress, but she has to comply with a condition in her uncle's will before she can inherit her great wealth. She must marry. Now, to quote her own words, Diana does not "hold with matrimony," but she is very fond of money and a comfortable life. So she proposes to David, who, while really loving her, is appalled by her reasons for asking him, and does not for a moment imagine that his affections are returned. After great mental agony, he accepts her, and they are married the day before he leaves for Africa. It is hardly fair to Mrs. Barclay to tell more of her story than this, for, in spite of its shortcomings in some respects, her latest novel is exceedingly well worth reading, and the author's evident sincerity and sympathy with her characters are particularly attractive.

From The Wilds of Patagonia *(Arnold.)*

"BACK FROM THE BETBEDER PASS." Skottsberg in middle, Quensel to left, Pagels to right.

MRS. FLORENCE L. BARCLAY, Author of "The Following of the Star" (Putnam's).

THE STEEL CROWN.

By FERGUS HUME. 6s. (Digby, Long.)

There has been trouble in the little kingdom of Barra in the Balkans, the king has been murdered, and the queen, an ex-opera singer, has disappeared with the steel crown without which no Barra king can be crowned, and with most of the crown jewels. She takes refuge in an English boarding-house, of which the only other member is a well-known thief who is known as "the Money-Wolf." She is strangled in a mysterious manner, and after a baffling search for the murderer, the police give up the case. But the hero, who has fallen in love with the boarding-house keeper, a charming girl called Catherine Weston, takes up the chase with the aid of the Money-Wolf, who knows a great deal more about the whole affair than he cares to tell. Into the story come the twin-brothers, Jeckle and Michael, heirs to the throne of Barra. Whichever gets the steel crown first is to be king. Jeckle is a cold-blooded scoundrel who stops at nothing to attain his own ends; Michael is a noble prince. How Michael, with the aid of

From The Steel Crown *(Digby, Long).*

"THERE GLITTERED GOLD AND GEMS GLORIOUSLY IN THE TORCHLIGHT."

Anthony Hale, the Money-Wolf, and Miss Weston, regains the steel crown and the jewels, and how Jeckle comes to an end which he certainly deserved, we must let Mr. Hume tell in his skilful way. This story of the romance which came into the life of a quiet, unassuming London solicitor is full of incident and has a pretty love interest. For those who wish to wander in the realms of adventure and mystery, we can heartily recommend Mr. Fergus Hume's latest book.

THE REGENT LIBRARY: SAMUEL RICHARDSON.

By SHEILA KAYE-SMITH. 2s. 6d. net and 3s. 6d. net. (Herbert & Daniel.)

The scheme of the Regent Library is probably familiar by this time to most of our readers, and the plan of Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith's "Samuel Richardson" differs in no way from its predecessors. The author contributes a critical Introduction of some forty pages in length. This is followed by a calendar of the principal events in Richardson's life, and an appreciation from great critics. Following this comes the real subject-matter of the book — the selection of extracts from Richardson's works. Seeing that Richardson was the author of practically only three books, it has been found possible to give a more connected selection of extracts than usual. The whole is concluded with a short but useful bibliography. The volume impresses us as one of the most successful in the Regent Library. Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith's Introduction shows that writer's sympathy with the times of Richardson, and it is, moreover, good criticism. The volume is produced in the charming style characteristic of its series.

From Samuel Richardson *(Herbert & Daniel).*

SAMUEL RICHARDSON.

THE CASH INTRIGUE.

By GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER. Illustrated. 6s. (Digby, Long.)

"Cash! The greatest force in all the world. The power that can totter thrones and disrupt governments; that can cause wars and support them and end them;

From The Cash Intrigue *(Appleton).*

"'TELL ME WHAT I SHOULD DO' SAID ELSIE."

XUM

Vignette from Works of Lionel Johnson *(Elkin Mathews).*

that can build cities and devastate them! Cash! The life-blood of commerce! The great social dynamo! The golden lever of Archimedes!" That is how one of the leading characters of Mr. George Randolph Chester's latest novel greets the book's main theme. Cash — not money—is for Mr. Chester the universal power. It is young Kelvin who puts the means of obtaining cash into the hands of old Breed, the American millionaire. Breed controls nearly all the bakeries of the United States, and, by insisting that all accounts be settled in cash, he soon gets into his possession the greater part of the available currency. There follow financial and political troubles on an enormous scale, and the inevitable end of the whole scheme is violence, bloodshed, and death. It grips and holds the reader, and for a long winter evening we should ask for nothing better than "The Cash Intrigue."

UNDER THE CHINESE DRAGON.

By Captain F. S. Brereton. Illustrated by Charles M. Sheldon. 5s. (Blackie.)

Captain F. S. Brereton is by now an old favourite with boys. His work is always characterised by great spirit and vivacity. The story of David Harbor's search for the missing will of his father is vividly and picturesquely told. The bulk of the movement takes place, as the title indicates, in Mongolia, and the author gives a romantic picture of the country, with which he appears to be personally acquainted. The story is exciting from first to last, and will carry its boy readers along with it heart and soul.

From Great Engravers: Goya *(Heinemann).*

From La Case de l'Oncle Tom *(Siegle, Hill).*

TOPSY.

From The Opinion Shop *(Gay & Hancock).*

"WHEN LOVELY WOMAN STOOPS TO FOLLY"

From an engraving after the portrait by Miss Reynolds.
From Miss Annette B. Meakin's "Hannah More" (Smith, Elder), which Mr. Thomas Seccombe is reviewing in the January BOOKMAN.

JOACHIM MURAT AND HIS WIFE CAROLINE BONAPARTE, KING AND QUEEN OF NAPLES.
Lafond, je., *delt.* Choubard, *sculpt.*
From The Wife of General Bonaparte *(Lane).*

From Under the Chinese Dragon *(Blackie).*

"A ROAR OF APPLAUSE GREETED THE FIFTH SHOT."

From Casuals in the Caucasus *(Lane).*

BEAR SKIN DRYING.

Vignette from Works of Lionel Johnson *(Elkin Mathews).*

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BEAR SKIN DRYING.

US AND OUR EMPIRE.

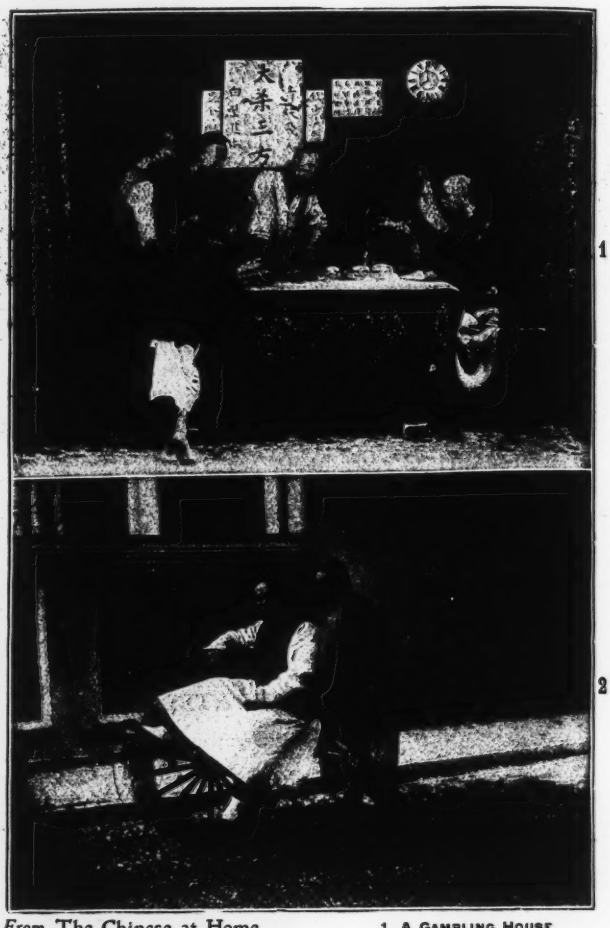
By AMY LE FEUVRE. With Illustrations by W. H. GROOME. 2s. 6d. (R.T.S.)

Miss Amy Le Feuvre has been a favourite with children ever since the publication of "Probable Sons." She possesses most of the qualities which children demand in those books which they consent to read. She is sympathetic—perhaps just a trifle sentimental—she has a strong sense of humour and a very pleasant and readable manner of writing. In addition, she always succeeds in presenting a number of quaint and interesting characters. These qualities are again well shown in "Us and Our Empire," which has been written as a sequel to "Us and Our Donkey." We believe that few children will allow themselves to be dragged away from this altogether charming book when once it has got a grip of them.

THE WIFE OF GENERAL BONAPARTE.

By JOSEPH TURQUAN. Translated from the French by VIOLETTE MONTAGU. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

In M. Turquan's theory history is pitiless and the historian is not permitted to consult his own opinions on his subjects. M. Turquan's practice in this volume does not square with his theory. As he follows the fortunes, or misfortunes, of Napoleon and his first wife, liberally taking what suits or interests him from the recollections and memoirs of contemporary writers, he is profuse in the expression of his opinions. Even on palpable and obvious matters he is not content to trust to the reader's discernment; he must indulge in his own running commentary, caustic comments, and sharp exclamations. His case—for it is a case rather than a history—would be more plausible were there less of his own personality. His theory is that Josephine, like Dr. Johnson's famous dinner, was as bad as bad could be. Heartless, immoral, calculating, indolent, foolish, and much more, she moves through this book. The documents laid under contribution are of unequal value and interest; trivial and malevolent gossip is sometimes made to do duty for history. On the other hand, we are afforded some piquant and certain very human revelations. The burden of frailty and frivolity tends to be depressing, though the romantic and the heroic have their turn. Napoleon is one and the other in M. Turquan's pages, but his apologist does not forget that he had both "mankind's failings and noble qualities."



From The Chinese at Home *(R.T.S.)*

1. A GAMBLING HOUSE.
2. THE CHINESE "BARROW."

From Links with the Past in the Plant World *(Cambridge University Press).*

ERIOCAULON SEPTANGULARE WITH. WEST CONNEMARA.
(Photo by Mr. W. R. Welch.)

CASUALS IN THE CAUCASUS:

The Diary of a Sporting Holiday. By AGNES HERBERT. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

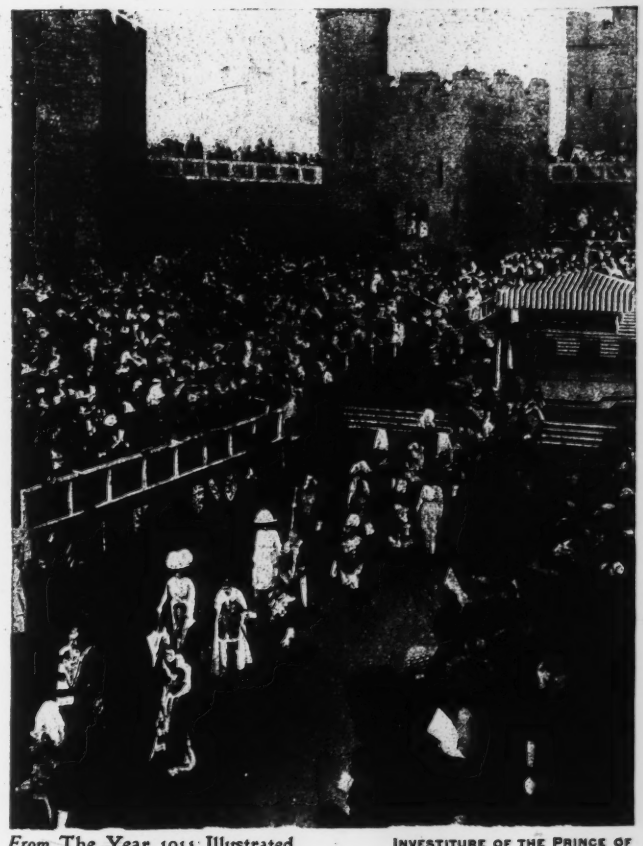
We were afraid in the very early stages that a spirit of levity, if not flippancy, would dominate this record, but the fear was happily unfounded. Airiness, gaiety, and picturesqueness duly unfolded themselves. After the account of the preparatory proceedings, and especially when the authoress, with cousins Cecily and Kenneth, comes really to the Caucasus, we know that she has a story worth telling, and that she can tell it with freshness and verve. At times her lightheartedness and sense of the romance of travel suggest a Stevenson in robust health. The "frosty Caucasus" becomes a rich, variegated, and often radiant Caucasus in our imagination. We seem to pass through a medley of nations, and to hear the music—and otherwise—of divers tongues. We appear to be travelling in the East and West at one and the same time. The writer says at one stage: "We were rubbing shoulders with the remote centuries, and felt the subtle charm of antiquity charged with the vital force of a gripping modernism." The feeling is agreeably communicated to the reader. The sporting side of the holiday had distinctly enlivening phases; the hunting grounds, of which so much is said, were often happy hunting grounds, in a new sense. Furthermore, destiny

provided a Prince—no less—and through him a spice of romantic adventure.

THE CHINESE AT HOME.

By J. Dyer Ball, I.S.O., M.R.A.S. With 7 Illustrations in Colour and 21 in Black-and-White. 5s. net. (R.T.S.)

The author of this extraordinarily interesting volume has already made a reputation as an authority on "Things Chinese"—which, by the way, is the title of one of his best-known works. In this new volume he essays to present to the reader the complete picture of the ordinary life of the Chinaman in his native land. This is naturally a matter of some difficulty, but Mr. Dyer Ball, with the knowledge that he possesses, accomplishes his object with much success. If you want to know what John Chinaman eats and drinks, what he reads, how he travels, how he dresses—you will find it all here, together with a large amount of other interesting information. Mr. Ball's fascinating volume possesses the additional attraction of being topical, and we have little doubt that it will shortly be in considerable demand. It is well illustrated, six of the coloured pictures being reproductions of original Chinese drawings.



From The Year 1911 Illustrated *(Headley Bros.)*

Investiture of the Prince of Wales at Carnarvon Castle.

THE YEAR 1911 ILLUSTRATED:

A Record of Notable Achievements and Events. 2s. 6d. net. (Headley Bros.)

We have here the third of the series which began with "The Wonderful Year 1909." The present year of grace has made a far higher score as wonder-worker, and is entitled to the highest pictorial honours. Fechner in the West and sundry philosophers in the Orient have revealed or assumed the mystic fact that the earth is alive, and has a soul of its own, but that a year is a conscious entity is not yet accepted by philosophy, though understood in poetry. If the poets are right and a year can feel and be open to human tribute, 1911 may well be touched by this offering to his departing majesty. Be that as it may, it will be graciously acceptable to mere mortals, providing as it does an entirely tasteful and artistic review, or, if you will, a picture-show, of the notable men and matters that were much in the world's eye and mind at any stage of the record time in question. The Briton, looking back on the year, will readily recall great doings in the home-isle and the empire, as well as sundry memorable matters beyond the imperial frontiers; but on a glance through this work he will probably realise, with surprise, that the story was even more striking than he had imagined. Here it is all before him, vivid, connected, and spacious. There is just enough letterpress to serve as an informing commentary, section by section. The volume should be popular as a Christmas gift-book.

From Dancing, Ancient and Modern *(Herbert & Daniel).*

Dance Throughout the Ages, by Aimé Mo rot (Fresco in the Hôte'-de-Ville, Paris.)

WILLIAM MORRIS TO WHISTLER:

Papers and Addresses on Art and Craft and the Commonweal. By Walter Crane. Illustrated. 6s. net. (Bell.)

It is not possible for us to do more than indicate something of the scope of this important volume by an artist whose reputation has carried far beyond the narrow borders of this country. In his twelve chapters the author treats such subjects as "William Morris and his Work," "The English Revival in Decorative Art," "Modern Aspects of Life and the Sense of Beauty," and "Art and the Commonweal." Mr. Walter Crane's lectures are well known, and "William Morris to Whistler" displays his powers to the best advantage.

XUM

From William Morris to Whistler *(Bell).*

PORTRAIT STUDY OF WHISTLER BY HIMSELF.
(From a black-and-white drawing).

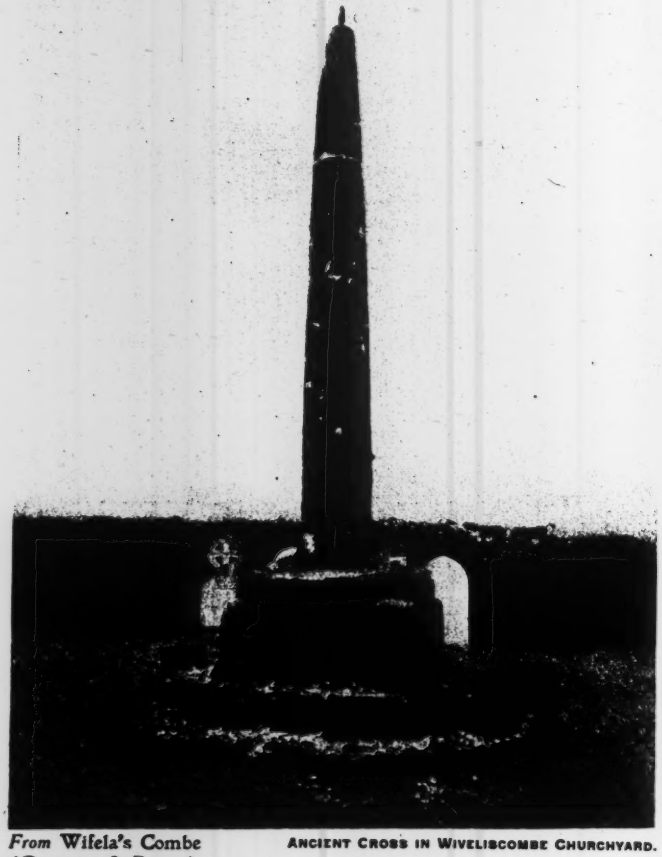
From The Popular Library of Art *(Duckworth).*

GAINSBOROUGH: DUPONT.

ANIMALS IN FUN-LAND.

Pictures by LOUIS WAIN, HARRY B. NEILSON, ELSIE BLOMFIELD and others. Verses and Stories by A. W. RIDLER. 1S. (Clarke.)

Messrs. James Clarke & Co. are very skilled and experienced providers of wholesome and amusing literary fare for young children, and their latest picture-book, "Animals in Fun-Land," seems to us to be just the thing to amuse the little ones when they want to look at pictures. There are pictures here, and plenty of them, and all of them just of the kind that children like. What with Mr. Louis Wain's cats in all sorts of amusing situations (his dogs always seem to us less effective), Mr. Harry Neilson's other comic animals, and the excellent verses and humorous anecdotes of Mr. A. W. Ridler, we think that even the most difficult child will be pleased. The book has only to be seen to be desired, and if you really want it, there is no reason why you should not have it, for it costs no more—not so much, in fact, if you go to a discount bookseller—than the present number of THE BOOKMAN.



From Wifela's Combe *(Barnicott & Pearce).*

ANCIENT CROSS IN WIVELISCOMBE CHURCHYARD.

From The Life of Ruskin *(Allen).*

RUSKIN'S FATHER.
(From a painting by James Northcote, R.A.)

JO'S BOYS, AND HOW THEY TURNED OUT.

By Louisa M. Alcott. New and Cheaper Edition. 2s. net. (Sampson Low.)

The name of Miss Alcott is, of course, still a household word, and there is therefore every reason to believe that the cheap edition of one of the most popular of her works will be welcomed with favour. "Jo's Boys" is a sequel to "Little Men," and although its popularity never equalled that of its predecessors, it is nevertheless in many ways one of the late Miss Alcott's best books. The new edition is pleasantly produced and is good value at two shillings.

THE RISE OF THE DEMOCRACY.

By Joseph Clayton, M.A. 2s. 6d. net. (Cassell.)

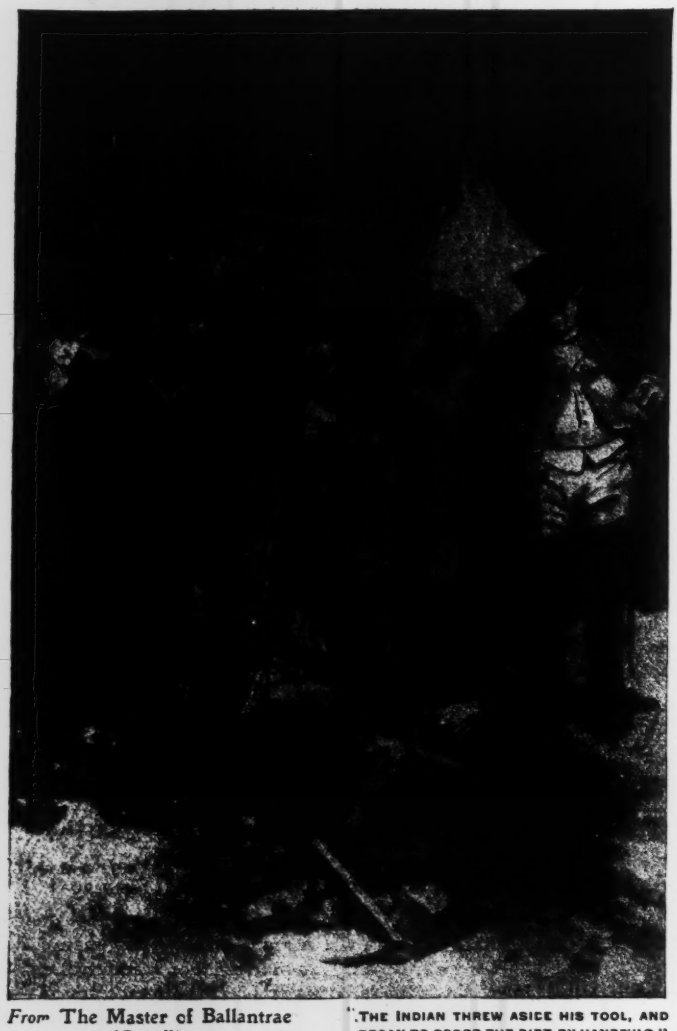
This is a timely and a very interesting book of Mr. Clayton's. If you are already a democrat, the reading of it will strengthen you in your convictions; if you have no faith in the democracy, it should help to remove your distrust. Democracy loses its way sometimes and makes its mistakes, as every other human organisation does; but at least it has hitched its wagon to a star and toils after the good not of a chosen few but of the whole community. By slow and painful degrees, working under manifold disadvantages, it has risen from ignorance and poverty and is making itself in these days a force that must be reckoned with. It behoves all of us then to know what lies behind this movement, so that we may bear ourselves intelligently towards it, and nowhere will you find a more concise, a fairer or, within its limits, more adequate account of it than Mr. Clayton gives. He writes as one in profound sympathy with his subject, but he has a strong sense of right and a breadth of view that enables him to see and appreciate whatever is reasonable on the other side of the question. His aim has been to go back to the beginnings of British democracy; to show how the people began to realise their manhood and reach out manfully after self-government; and to trace the road by which the English peoples have travelled towards that goal. He records the early struggles against the absolutism of the Crown, and subsequent renewals of that struggle; the triumphs of aristocracy and its repeated defeats; the rise and growth of Parliamentary representation; the gradual enfranchisement of the people; the introduction of Parliamentary reforms; the entry of the working-man into the House of Commons, and the result of his arrival there. If he glories in the increasing strength of democracy, he is not afraid to acknowledge its weakness. He is as impartial as it is good for any historian to be, and has written, with sound knowledge and a sure instinct for the dramatic elements of it all, a history that we unreservedly recommend to all thoughtful readers who are interested in the social and political problems of our own day.

From Servia of the Servians *(Pitman).*

A Peasant Woman from Shoomadiya (Central Servia).

From Pioneers in West Africa *(Blackie).*

The Busa Rapids on the Lower Niger, where Mungo Park and Lieutenant Martyn were drowned in 1806.



From The Master of Ballantrae
(Cassell).

"THE INDIAN THREW ASIDE HIS TOOL, AND BEGAN TO SCOOP THE DIRT BY HANDFULS."

From South Africa To-day
(Nash).

WHAT THE DRIVER SEES
(Photo by Dudley Ward)

From When I Was
(Gay & Hancock).

THE MOORSTRIDGE, AMORTIS, AND THE SQUEEGEE.

From Pinocchio *(Dent).*

"DON'T LISTEN TO THE ADVICE OF BAD COMPANIONS."

"I THINK—I THINK I SHOULD LIKE TO HATE YOU!"
(From a painting by John Goss.)
From George Thorne *(Pitman).*

From Poems of Love *(Gay & Hancock).*

"IN THOSE SERENE ARCADIAN DAYS OF OLD."

From Toy Dogs *(Duckworth).*

"CHAMPION WINDFALL."
(Photo by J. Lytton.)

From Walton's "Compleat Angler" *(Hodder & Stoughton).* (See page 140.)

"GET SECRETLY BEHIND THE TREE, AND STAND AS FREE FROM MOTION AS POSSIBLE."

WIFELA'S COMBE:

A History of the Parish of Wiveliscombe. By F. HANCOCK, M.A., S.C.L., F.S.A. 10s. 6d. net. (Barnicott & Pearce, Taunton.)

The history of an ancient township, however obscure, is almost certain to be interesting, and Mr. Hancock's book is unusually well written and well constructed. The date of the actual foundation of Wiveliscombe appears to have been anterior to the Roman conquest, while during the time of the Wessex kings it was an important place. Edward the Confessor granted its Manor to Bishop Giso of Wells, and it remained the property of that see until the beginning of the last century; once, in the days of King Stephen, it possessed a mint. Its history has never, perhaps, been particularly eventful, but the author puts what material he has to good account. We cannot resist his story of the grave of Tytibye, a suicide: "A poacher belonging to a party who frequented the then open commons on Maundown declared that, passing this eerie spot, he saw a motionless figure standing on Tytibye's grave. His companions determined to play a trick on his fears, and one of them, arrayed one night in a bullock's hide, went previously to the place and waited until the rest came up. Soon the others arrived at the cross-way, and one of them said to the ghost seer, 'Now, do you see anything there?' 'O yes,' said he, 'there's the devil and Tytibye looking over his shoulder.' At this the fellow in the hide gave a loud yell, flung off his horns and tail, and ran away for his life with his companions, who rushed helter-skelter down the lane into the town!"

SERVIA OF THE SERVIANS.

By CHEDO MIJATOVICH. 6s. net. (Pitman.)

MR. EDWARD MARSTON, Author of "Easy Chair Memories" (Sampson Low).

Monsieur Chedo Mijatovich, the late Servian Minister at the Court of St. James, may be congratulated on the fact that a new edition has been called for of the remarkably complete and interesting account of his own country which he published a couple of years ago. The new edition differs in no material respect from its predecessor, but we do not doubt that it will be welcomed by that large public to whom things Servian are still a closed book. The volume, which forms one of Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons' useful "Countries and Peoples Series," is very fully illustrated, and it well deserves the great success it has met with.

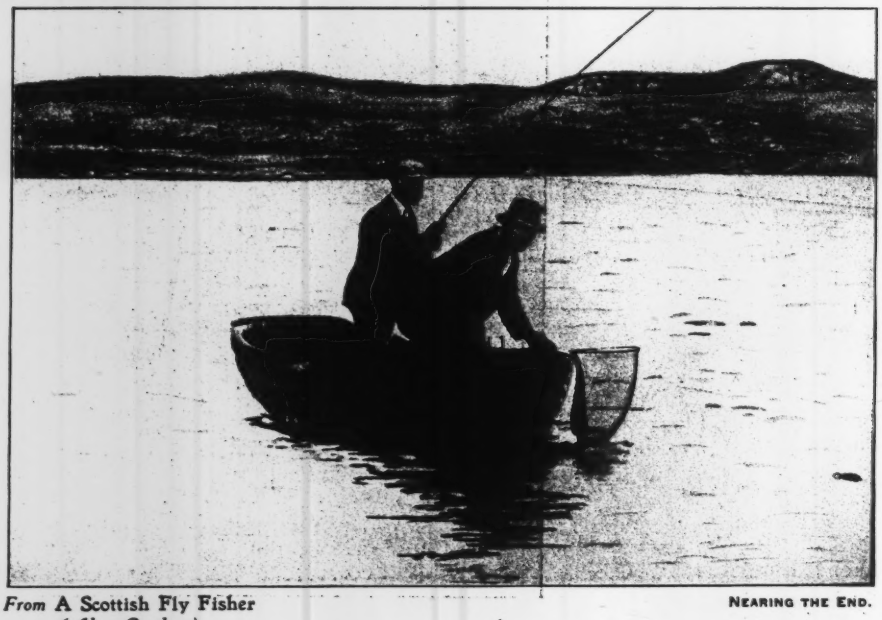
TREASURE ISLAND.

By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. With 12 Illustrations in Colour by JOHN CAMERON.

THE MASTER OF BALLANTRAE.

By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. With 12 Illustrations in Colour by WAL PAGET. 7s. 6d. net each. (Cassell.)

Among the many beautiful reprints which the present publishing season has brought us, a high place is taken by Messrs. Cassell's editions of two of Robert Louis Stevenson's most popular stories with coloured illustrations. "Treasure Island" has been entrusted to Mr. John Cameron, who seems to us naturally well fitted for the task. Mr. Cameron is less subtle than vigorous, but he is certainly gifted with considerable powers of imagination and a strong sense of drama. His colour sense is very strong, and he spares no



From A Scottish Fly Fisher *(Alex. Gardner).*

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MAY BALDWIN'S New Books.

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The story of two cousins, one from the wilds of the Highlands, the other a conventional Londoner.

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The story of an English girl and her brother who are holidaying with an Italian family in a castle on a Tuscan hill.

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The story of a queer little dog who, on account of his rollicking disposition, very frequently gets his small master into trouble.

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"This book presents to the young reader in fascinating manner the habits of wild animals and their various devices for obtaining food and making friends. In fact, the book comes very near showing us the working of their minds. . . . We predict a great success for this really delightful volume."—*Schoolmaster.*

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SCRAMBLES IN STORM AND SUNSHINE. E. ELLIOT STOCK. **6s.** net.
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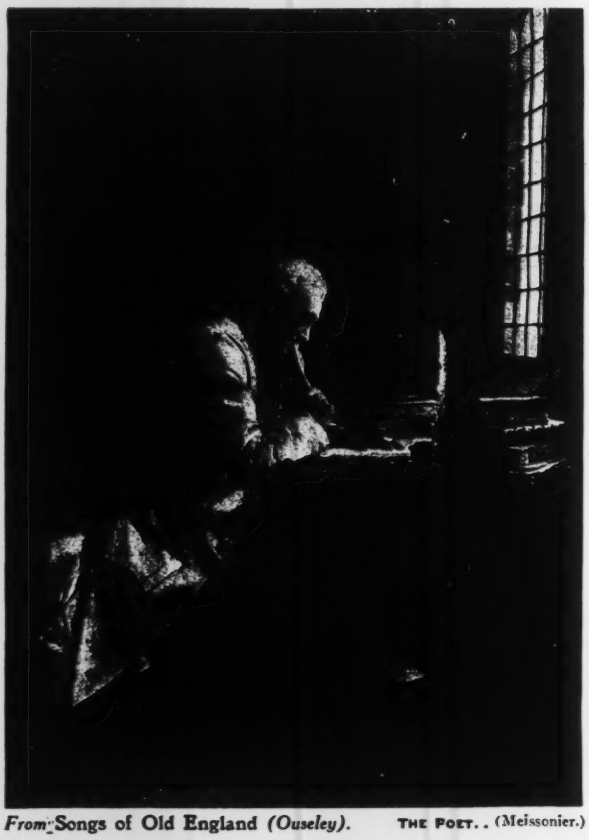

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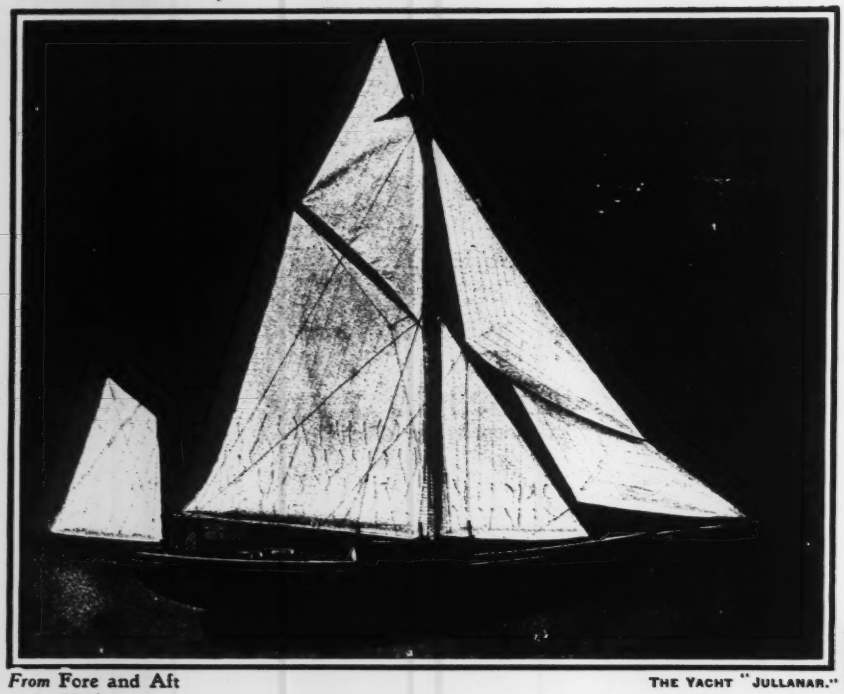

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We were not so much taken with Mr. Halifax's novel, "The Borderland," but his "Low Society" greatly impressed us, and his latest book, "A Whistling Woman," goes a good step beyond that and definitely places him in the foremost ranks of those present-day novelists who write of life as it is lived in lower London. Briefly, the story is of a woman, Lydia Whambley, and a man, Arthur Carter, whom she loves. She gets the name of the Whistling Woman because it is she who does all the love-making; she puts up with all Carter's unmannerly rebuffs, his sullen moods, his crude, ill-mannered contempt, and pursues him with her love, openly and unshamedly, in spite of everything. She is so humbly and troublesomely persistent that there are times when one half sympathises with Carter, unlicked cub as he is; but in the long run your sympathy slowly comes round to her; it might be more accurate to say that it comes round to them both, and is even extended to Lydia's mother, with her indigestion and general afflictions. There are vividly realised pictures of the life in mean streets, and the characters—not only Carter and Lydia themselves, but the fussy, lovable little Miss Summerbell, the senior curate of St. John's, Mr. Dering, and the rascally jerry-builder, Caswell, whom we are interested to meet again—are drawn with remarkable insight and ability. Mr. Halifax is a realist; his story, with the well-kept secret that overshadows Lydia and her mother, is a piece of life; his people are the authentic poor people of Barking, and some of the happier class who work among them for their betterment; but the inevitable sordidness of his narrative is edged with delightful touches of humour and humanised and made attractive by the charity and understanding kindliness of his treatment.

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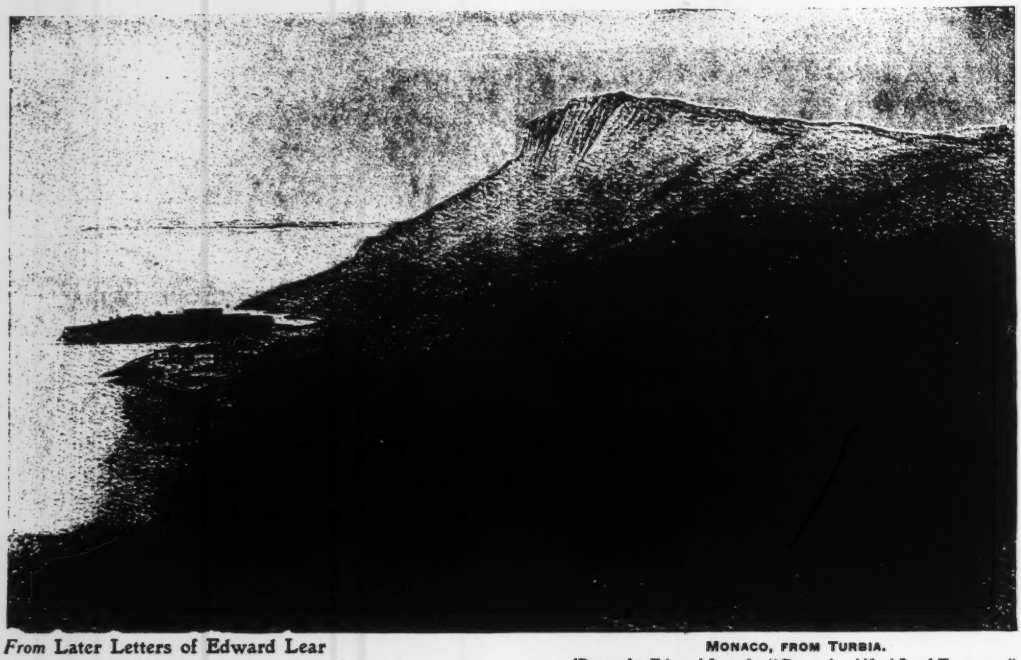

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Christmas Books for Children

From **The Rosebud Annual, 1911** *(Jas. Clarke).*

(Reviewed on Page 122.)

IN FAIRY-BOOK LAND.

By Katharine Tynan.

OF some Christmas books it may be said that they are better than chocolates, in that they do not disturb the children's digestion. Because of the conscienceless laziness of their elders the most lovely Feast of the year is apt to be for children of the comfortable classes a debauch of chocolate. Roast beef and plum pudding have lost their zest. Chocolate has

From Queerie at the Pole *(Melrose).* QUEERIE AND THE PENGUIN.

descended like a blight upon Christmas; and it is lucky that there are here and there wise mothers, or greedy mothers, who select the richest chocolates from the children's store, and lay them away in a cupboard. The worst Christmas books, since the children do not read them, do not give them a mental indigestion; and their covers make for a forlorn gaiety as they lie on the nursery floor the day after Christmas, which is still tinged with the bilious hues of chocolate.

However, we will not look as far ahead as that. Some years ago there was a fashion of tomfoolery in young children's books, which seems to have gone the way of many bad fashions. And the best books are a glory and a joy. When the chocolate is no more than a sickly memory there are the good books on which the child's head and heart can rest as on the bosom of a friend.

The nurses who used to tell fairy stories are out of fashion. I remember "The Black Bull of Norroway," and "Hudden and Dudden and Dan'el O'Nale," told in a rich Irish brogue in a ruddy firelight of long ago. Folk-lore is not among a nurse's qualifications nowadays. So the children must learn the stories for themselves: and the next best way to acquire them is to read them, lying face-downward on the hearth-rug before the nursery-fire—if the modern nurse will only permit it. I don't know what there is in the attitude to stimulate enjoyment. But certainly the enjoyment is less if one reads in one's chair. Face-downward on the hearthrug a certain little girl of ten read in the course of yesterday, a wet November day—Mrs. Frances

From The Magic Crook *(Fifield).*

Hodgson Burnett's "Secret Garden."[1] It was like a good dream come true her finding "The Secret Garden" in the big bundle of Christmas books, for she had read a portion of it once in a magazine and had been bitterly disappointed not to get the end of it. It is a *hortus inclusus* of a book—a very fragrant book, sweet with the sweets of the Hidden Garden, and with certain other flowers that grow in the soil of the human heart. It is a privilege when such a writer as Mrs. Burnett gives her fresh and living art to writing stories for children. Indeed this is a book which elders too may read with delight. Mr. Charles Robinson, a delightful artist and a master of fanciful detail, has imagined excellently what Mary, the unwanted child, looked like at her various stages. Altogether this is a

From Popular Fairy Tales *(Blackie).* PUSS IN BOOTS.

[1] "The Secret Garden." By Frances Hodgson Burnett. Illustrated by Charles Robinson. 6s. (Heinemann.)

very tender idyll, quite in the line of succession to "Little Lord Fauntleroy," with just that touch of the grown-up heart and experience about it that makes it belong almost as much to general literature as to the literature of the schoolroom. From seven to seventy-seven one might read "The Secret Garden" with delight and profit.

Another book, read by the same young lady in the same attitude, with equal delight, is "The Wonderful Garden,"[1] by E. Nesbit. "I'd advise you to read it right through," she says, "it's jolly ripping." Well, I have sampled it pretty deeply; and, upon my word, I envy the young people who read these two books of Secret Gardens. E. Nesbit is as different as possible from Mrs. Burnett. She is not idyllic, though she cannot help being poetical. She is jolly, breezy, open-air. Her boys and girls talk like real boys and girls. There is nothing bookish about them. Plainly they are studied from life, and to read about these youngsters exhilarates one like a real meeting with jolly, slangy boys and girls. Their adventures when they go on that visit to their Great-Uncle Charles are just what might happen in real life; and yet they have over them the coloured mist of enchantment which belongs to the true adventure. There is always character, always a true conception of the differences in places and people. Though a fogey, I am of E. Nesbit's circle of readers henceforth: and am going to return upon the tales which have been recommended me by Ten-Years-Old, *i.e.* "The Would-be-Goods," "The Magic Carpet," and all the rest of this charming writer's delightful books.

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There are fairy-stories and fairy-stories. Mrs. Molesworth's Christmas book this year—dear delightful Mrs. Molesworth!—is a book of fairy-stories, "Fairies Afield,"[2] worthy to rank for its simplicities, its delicacies, its humanities, with the work of the masters—of Perrault, of Grimm, and Hans Christian Andersen. There is no middle way with fairy-stories. They are little classics of their kind or they are naught. Nothing requires so much the vision of the poet, with the simple intimate emotion of the makers of folk-lore. "Fairies Afield" is a delightful book to lose one's self in of a grey November day. It smells of roses, of the magic pot-pourri which Linde and Aria took to market.

[1] "The Wonderful Garden." By E. Nesbit. 6s. (Macmillan.)

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[1] "Sylvia's Travels." By Constance Armfield. Illustrated by Maxwell Armfield. (J. M. Dent & Sons.)

Here is another book of beast-stories and fairy-stories, "Bedtime Stories,"[1] by Mr. and Mrs. Coulson Kernahan. The stories are good no doubt at bedtime, but they would be equally good at any other time. Here are beast-stories, in which Mrs. Kernahan seems to have caught something of the spirit of Kipling; and here are light and fanciful allegories such as Mr. Kernahan has made us familiar with. All have a spiritual and a human and humane significance. No child who reads these stories can fail to be the better for the reading.

A book of Japanese folk-lore must needs be of a special interest; and the stories in "Wonder-Tales of Old Japan"[2] are taken down from the lips of the Japanese story-tellers themselves by Alan Leslie Whitehorn and are illustrated with twelve drawings in colour by a Japanese artist, Shozan Obata. Japanese art needs no bush: and the folk-stories, full of a mingled cunning and simplicity, turning mainly on friendship between man and the creatures, will be indeed Wonder-Tales to Western children.

The old fairy-tales are never out of fashion: and here is Perrault,[3] newly translated and in a fine new dress, with charming illustrations by Honor Appleton. One can imagine the child jaded with the ransacking of East and West, all brought to his treasure-house, sitting down with delight to discover for himself "Cinderella," and "Puss-in-Boots," "The Sleeping Beauty," "Jack and the Beanstalk," and the other immortalities. All the stories in the world, pretty well, are founded on the old fairy-stories, and you have in Perrault and his fellows the real root of romance and adventure. These will be loved when the painstaking efforts of moderns to amuse are gone into the limbo of unessential things. One is grateful to Messrs. Herbert & Daniel for this charming book.

From All Sorts of Stories Book *(Longmans).*

[1] "Bedtime Stories." By Mr. and Mrs. Coulson Kernahan. 2s. 6d. net. (Nisbet.)

[2] "Wonder-Tales of Old Japan." By Alan Leslie Whitehorn. Illustrated by Shozan Obata. 3s. 6d. net. (T. C. & E. C. Jack.)

[3] "Perrault's Fairy Tales." Translated by S. R. Littlewood. Illustrated by Honor C. Appleton. 5s. net. (Herbert & Daniel.)

XUM

Win and Twin in "Fairy Rings"[1] met with quite enough adventures to equip a dozen fairy-books. They started from Maoriland for the strange lands the fairy rings opened to them, which fact in itself gives an unaccustomed and pleasant flavour. But they might as well have started from Kent or Sussex, for they were carried to the most wonderful places, which had nothing specially to do with Maoriland. Miss Edith Howes is to be congratulated on her prodigal invention, which is quite a fairy ring in itself.

Lilian Turner, the Australian writer for girls, has been called a second Miss Alcott, which is high praise. "April Girls"[2] is one of the harmless novels which appeal to girls in their teens, and are so much more wholesome reading than the novels their mamma receives from the circulating library. It is a charming story, brightly and tenderly written, with fresh and winsome heroines, and just the adventures for them that girls like best to read about. The Australian atmosphere in which the story is set does not make for unfamiliarity—in fact, Lilian Turner's Australian girls seem very much like their cousins at home.

More fairy-stories! "Amabel and Crispin,"[3] by Margaret Clayton, has its fair share of adventures. Very wonderful and sometimes very alarming things, to bring the nursery heart into its mouth, happened to Amabel and Crispin when they ran away from their cruel stepmother at the instigation of

[1] "Fairy Rings." By Edith Howes. 3s. 6d. net. (Cassell.)

[2] "April Girls." By Lilian Turner. 2s. 6d. (Ward, Lock.)

[3] "Amabel and Crispin: a Fairy Tale." By Margaret Clayton. 3s. 6d. net. (Chatto.)

From King Arthur's Knights *(Jack).* YOUNG OWEN APPEALS TO THE KING.

From In the Land of Nursery Rhyme *(Allenson).* "'PLEASE, YOUR MAJESTY,' SAID JACK, 'IT IS BREAD AND HONEY.'"

Faustina the Cat. The nursery cat and dog must be, by this time, suspect creatures, one would think, for the fairy-stories are full of talking animals; and to be a plain cat or a plain dog must be to be ordinary if not extraordinary.

"Mister Piccolo,"[1] by Brenda Girvin, is a fanciful story, written with Miss Girvin's peculiar charm. The story turns with a naïveté on the valuable person of Miss Blanche, a white hen who is given in charge to Nita by General Graburn, and who might be a little white girl, so precious is she. The perils the white hen underwent at the hands of the gipsy gang and how she was rescued by Piccolo, the gipsy boy, make a very pleasant story, which Ten-Years-Old recited to me on a winter walk. It seemed to be one of his special favourites of the batch.

"Pinocchio; the Story of a Puppet,"[2] is a most quaint and delightful thing. Perhaps the children of the South know the secret of the childhood of the world better than we do. Anyhow, here is imagination, pathos, gentleness, wistfulness, sweetness. Oh, indeed the imaginative child who receives "Pinocchio" for a Christmas gift will have a well-spring of pure joy. The illustrations by Charles Folkard have caught the spirit of quaint delight which is in the tale. The head- and tail-pieces are most airy and fairy.

"Jack Goldie,"[3] by Charles Brookfield, is, as one would expect it to be from the authorship, no ordinary book. There are no fairies except those of the imagination to

[1] "Mister Piccolo." By Brenda Girvin. 3s. 6d. (Allen.)

[2] "Pinocchio: the Story of a Puppet." 5s. net. (J. M. Dent & Sons.)

[3] "Jack Goldie." By Charles Brookfield. 5s. (Duckworth.)

From The Winning of the Golden Spurs *(Nisbet).*

THE ASSAULT ON ST. BARBARA'S TOWER.

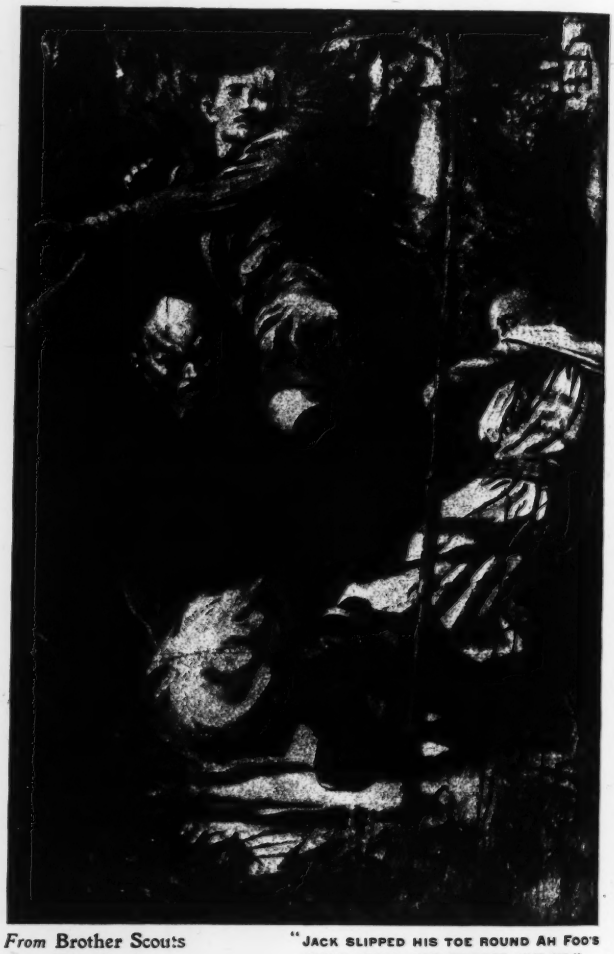
From The Flying Boat *(Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton).*

"MR. TING ASTONISHES THE SCHOOL."

carry Jack through his wonderful adventures after he had escaped from the thraldom of a wicked stepfather, who is also a vivisectionist, and the prospect of an unknown school in Switzerland. The children will take the fairy-story for granted, and will be unaware of the delightful quips and cranks with which Mr. Brookfield enlivens his story for the grown-up reader. A book which might quite well have been the work of Mr. Anstey.

Hawthorne's "Wonder-Book" and "Tanglewood Tales" [1] is an acknowledged classic, and one need not write about it nowadays beyond mentioning that Mr. Werner Laurie has brought out a sumptuous edition of it, beautifully illustrated by Maxwell Parrish. A book that has won the purple and gold and here goes finely clad in it.

"Stories of Indian Gods and Heroes," [2] by W. D. Monro, gathered from the Vedas, from the Ramayana and Mahabharata, is less a book for children than a book for their



From Brother Scouts *(Chambers).*

"JACK SLIPPED HIS TOE ROUND AH FOO'S RIGHT ANKLE, AND TRIPPED HIM UP."

elders. It is beautifully illustrated in colours by Evelyn Paul, and a clever and imaginative boy or girl might find it fascinating; but the stories would have more interest for the scholarly mind than for the mind of the nursery. And when I have written so much I find Ten-Years-Old passionately absorbed in it. So much for the Cocksure Critic!

"Pinafore Tales," [3] is a long way from the Ramayana and the Mahabharata, and expresses itself quite fully as "a book of Story and Verse for Little Folk." It is quite adequate to what it sets out to be, and small children will derive much pleasure from it, both letterpress and pictures.

Finally here is the ever-delightful Mr. John Hassall, R.I.,

[1] "The Wonder-Book" and "Tanglewood Tales." By Nathaniel Hawthorne. Illustrated in Colours by Maxfield Parrish. 12s. 6d. net. (T. Werner Laurie.)

[2] "Stories of Indian Gods and Heroes." By W. D. Monro. 5s. net. (G. G. Harrap & Co.)

[3] "Pinafore Tales." By Gladys Davidson. (Sands & Co.)

with his Book of Fairy Tales [1] excellently imagined, excellently drawn, full of wit and humour: altogether a joy to any but the stupid.

And now, lest it be supposed that children may suffer from a plethora of fairy-stories, as of chocolate, this Christmas, I would explain that it is not possible, since no happy child suffers from too much Fairyland, it being his or her native country. Wherefore you shall find it very hard to astonish the small child who lives and moves amid the strangest happenings all the while. I once brought small children to see Seeth and his thirty lions, at which show I sweated in mortal terror of the jungle. Not so the children, who hardly deigned to be interested, being accustomed to lions and worse monsters every day.

"'Twas grown folk that the show delighted,
Grown folk that laughed and were affrighted.
The blasé children yawning sat:
They knew a trick worth two of that."

From **Mister Piccolo** *(Allen).*

QUEERIE AT THE POLE.

Created and Illustrated by J. R. SINCLAIR. Verses by JOHN LEA. 2s. 6d. net. (Melrose.)

Perhaps you have seen the Queerie Doll at one of Messrs. Hamley's toy-shops; if so, you have probably bought it. And if you have bought it, you will probably want to know all about the original Queerie's adventures, which his creator, Mr. Sinclair, has told in a series of vividly funny pictures and Mr. Lea has further explained in some clever verses. But if you haven't seen the Queerie Doll, there is no reason whatever why you should hesitate about buying the book that Mr. Melrose publishes; for the charm (in their grotesque way they certainly have charm) and humour of the pictures is not dependent upon the possession of a Queerie, though the appreciation of them is enhanced if you have one of these dolls to hand. The original doll was a much-travelled person, for he started on his quest from the heart of Central Africa, impelled thereto by the fact that "a greedy Lion stole his home and frightened him away,"

[1] "Fairy Tales." Illustrated by John Hassall, R.I. 2s. 6d. (Blackie.)

From **Jack, the Fire Dog** *(Allenson).*

"FIRE!"
By Charles E. Stewart.
(By permission of the Essex and Suffolk Equitable Insurance Society. Copyright.)

From **Kit of the Carabineers** *(Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton).*

"JENNAWAY'S SWORD FLEW OVER THE CARRIAGE TOP."

From The Schoolgirl Princess *(Nisbet).*

"'GET BACK INTO THE CARRIAGE AT ONCE, PRINCESS,' HE CRIED."

From The Girl Crusoes *(Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton).*

"THE THREE TOGETHER DRAGGED THE BOAT UP THE BEACH."

and his ensuing adventures reflect much credit on Mr. Sinclair's imagination and at the same time give his peculiar artistic powers full play. Altogether, this is a delightful book for small children.

THE MAGIC CROOK:

Or The Stolen Baby. A Fairy Story. By GREVILLE MACDONALD, M.D. Illustrated by ARTHUR HUGHES. 6s. net. (Fifield.)

Fairy tales full of wise meanings may fail for lack of humour and of that childlike spirit of fun which plays upon *ideas* as well as upon words and makes the inconsequence of "Alice in Wonderland" so enticing. Dr. Greville MacDonald's fantasy suggests no such deficiency, and will set imaginative children laughing with delight. The eldest son of George MacDonald, the poet whose fairy

From Three Girls and a Garden *(Allenson).*

"'YOU SAVED MY LIFE!' SAID THE CHILD."

tales are loved in other lands besides our own, Dr. MacDonald holds his torch high and carries on a noble tradition. The perfect relationship between the shepherd and his wife and children and their idyllic way of life make a background touched with light and delicate brush, while an occasional touch of Wonderland nonsense gives an added charm to what is more allegoric, so that it would wrong a story, as free from heavy moralisings as it is rich in unobtrusive wisdom, to call it by any other name than just a fairy tale. The lost baby, the fairy queen and Curdie, the faithful sheep-dog, all play their parts in the exciting adventures of the shepherd-father; and the lavish and enchanting illustrations by Mr. Arthur Hughes, that bravely imaginative painter who is the last of the so-called pre-Raphaelite group, give to the volume a unique place among new Christmas books. Some of the little songs have the random lilt which children like, and the light of the magic crook finds just enough interpretation in the pretty dedication to Miss Katharine King, her dog

TALES FROM THE WOODS AND FIELDS.

By GLADYS DAVIDSON. With 3 Illustrations in Colour and 18 in Black-and-White by HARRY ROUNTREE. 1s. and 1s. 6d. (Wells Gardner.)

Miss Davidson has already proved herself to be an able and sympathetic teller of nature-stories. In this charming little volume she addresses herself more particularly to young children, who will be able to gather from her much information with regard to the habits of familiar wild animals. But it should not be imagined that the author belongs to the improving school which thinks it necessary to be dull in order to be impressive. On the contrary, every one of her delightful little tales will be read upon its own merits and quite apart from the lessons which it teaches.

ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND.

By LEWIS CARROLL. Illustrated by GEORGE SOPER. 5s. (Headley.)

The illustrations of Mr. George Soper are, naturally, the outstanding feature of Messrs. Headley Brothers' edition of "Alice in Wonderland." It is only in his coloured drawings—of which there are six—that Mr. Soper deviates to any considerable extent from the Tenniel tradition, which certainly is a sufficiently sound one for all "Alice" illustrators. Nevertheless, we could wish that the artist had been a trifle more original in the line drawings—with which he and the publishers have been very generous. Certainly Mr. Soper has proved—though it is heresy to say so—that certain improvements on the original are possible. His Alice, for instance, is a far more attractive and more natural little girl than that of Tenniel, while "Curiouser and curiouser" and the "Father William" drawings are, in our opinion, entirely successful. On the other hand, the Mad Tea-party and the flamingo croquet mallet are nearly failures. But such failures are few, and we are more than grateful for the enjoyment Mr. Soper gives us. Messrs. Headley's edition of "Alice" deserves to be one of the most popular of gift-books this Christmas.

From More about the Twins in Ceylon *(Duckworth).* BENJAMIN BUNNY.

From Lives of Great Men *(Nelson).* WATT AND THE TEA-KETTLE.

From A Schoolgirl of Moscow *(Chambers).* "IN AN INSTANT A FIXED BAYONET BARRED THE WAY."

From A South Sea Buccaneer *(Melrose).*

"HAYES DROVE THE LONG-SNOUTED SHELL INTO THE BREECH."

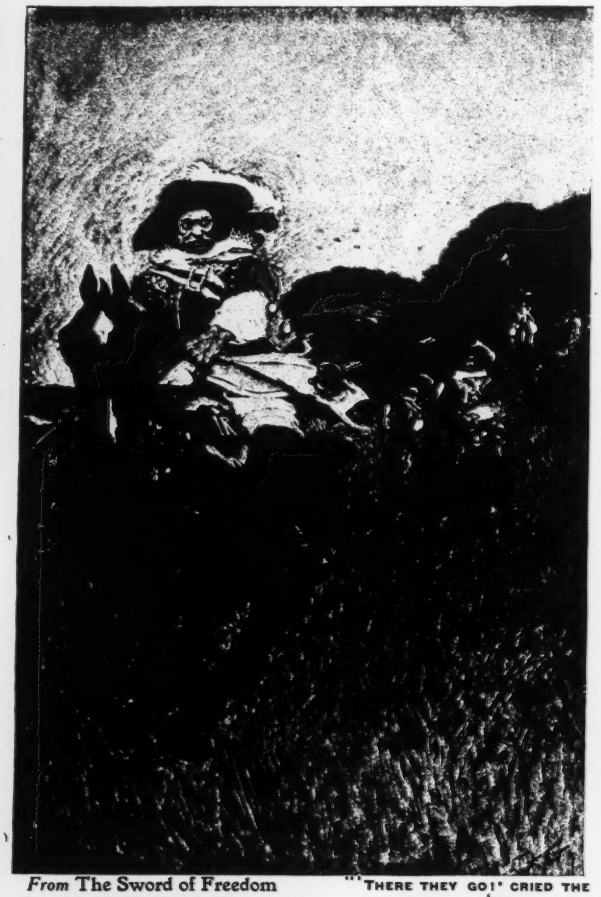
PLUTARCH'S LIVES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Selected Lives Freely Retold by W. H. WESTON. 7s. 6d. net. (Jack.)

Some very dreary afternoons spent in Plutarch's company sprang to our mind on opening this book. In undiluted form, that excellent historian probably never will hold the complete attention of his juvenile readers; and this is what Mr. Weston has realised. Quite apart from the fact that the original is written in an unfamiliar—and, worse still, a "dead" language—it remains that long passages of Plutarch are dull, at any rate to those natures which are always calling for "something to happen." So Mr. Weston's version, which strips the original of its "discursive reflections," should be very welcome. Not only has the editor briskened things up, but he has composed a very readable rendering of a dozen of the Lives. We have no doubt whatever that boys and girls will have a very different opinion of Plutarch after they have read Mr. Weston, nor is there any reason why a large number of adults should refuse his good offices. Mr. Rainey's sixteen clever illustrations—all reproduced in colour—deserve mention.

From Stories of Hebrew Heroes *(Headley Bros.)*

"I WILL GIVE YOU MY BOW AND ARROWS."



From The Sword of Freedom *(Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton).*

"'THERE THEY GO!' CRIED THE WAR-HORSE. 'HAVE AFTER THEM, MY BULLY BOYS!'"

THE ALL SORTS OF STORIES BOOK.

By MRS. LANG. Edited by ANDREW LANG. 6s. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

"The All Sorts of Stories Book" should certainly be kept on the family bookshelf, for in it will be found stories to suit each and every member of the family—no matter what his or her taste in tales. True stories, fairy stories, adventure stories, weird, mysterious stories, stories of wrecks and treasure hunts, and Red Indian stories, and many others, are to be found between the covers of this book, including the curious true story of a "man who met in America the other man whom he had been hanged for murdering in England." The true stories include a tale about Charles the Second, and "My Aunt Margaret's Mirror," a strange relation of an incident that really happened to the grandmother of the aunt of Sir Walter Scott. Then there is a weird tale called "The Vanishing of Bathurst," in which Mr. Bathurst, who is standing at the heads of the horses of his carriage, and under the eyes of several persons, suddenly disappears. The stories, which

have all been re-written by Mrs. Lang, have been "hunted" and "caught" by her and Mr. Lang in "all sorts of books," and they are to be heartily congratulated on the excellent selection they have made, as the publishers are on the attractive way in which the present volume is presented to us.

KING ARTHUR'S KNIGHTS:

Re-told for Boys and Girls. By HENRY GILBERT. With 16 Illustrations in Colour by WALTER CRANE. 7s. 6d. net. (T. C. & E. C. Jack.)

Among the many delightful volumes which Messrs. Jack have produced this season, none perhaps is more likely to attract the book-buyer than the very handsomely

From **For School and Country** *(Cassell).*

"I WAS AFRAID OUR EFFORTS HAD BEEN IN VAIN."

produced "King Arthur's Knights." Tales from the "Morte d'Arthur" and the "Mabinogion," which Mr. Gilbert has re-told in the most spirited fashion, have been especially selected with regard to their suitability for boys and girls. At the same time, we are free to confess that we found the book one of quite unusual fascination, and we believe that there are many adults in like case. Mr. Gilbert has not only a thorough acquaintance with his subject, but he is possessed of considerable literary ability and his rendering of the stories is one of the most satisfactory re-tellings that we have met. The volume is characteristically illustrated by Mr. Walter Crane.

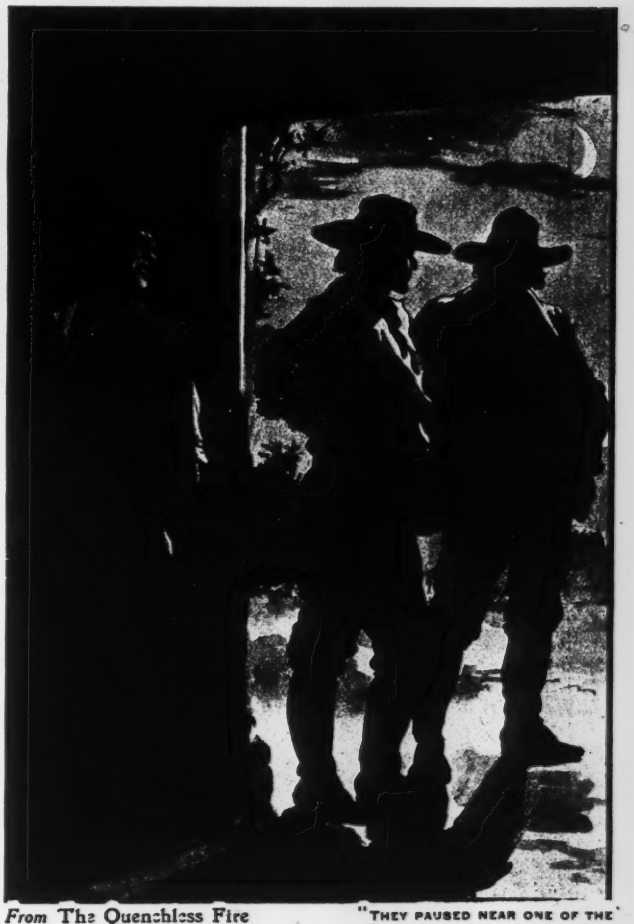
IN THE LAND OF NURSERY RHYME.

By ADA M. MARZIALS. With Frontispiece by BYAM SHAW. 1s. 6d. net. (Allenson.)

Miss Marzials, the author of the clever little book now before us, is a practised kindergarten teacher, and she should therefore be thoroughly acquainted with the sort

From **Ursula Tempest** *(R.T.S.)*

"HER EYES WERE FIXED UPON THE HORIZON."



From **The Quenchless Fire** *(Warne).*

"THEY PAUSED NEAR ONE OF THE OUTBUILDINGS OF THE HOTEL."

of stories that young children like. In this little volume she has gathered together a number of short stories based on familiar nursery rhymes. The tales are briskly and effectively written and the morals, which are separately inculcated, are so cleverly interwoven that children will absorb them without suspicion. The author is to be warmly congratulated upon the little book, which makes reading which is in every way charming.

THE WINNING OF THE GOLDEN SPURS.

By PERCY WESTERMAN. Illustrated. 5s. (Nisbet.)

Mr. Percy Westerman is an old hand at the writing of historical romances for boys, and in his latest book he is fully up to his usual level. The story is laid in the troublous times of the beginning of the fourteenth century, a period which is to a great extent untouched by historical writers. Mr. Westerman has devised a fine plot and he possesses sufficient imagination in the invention of minor incident to hold the reader's interest from the beginning of the book until the end. We can strongly recommend "The Winning of the Golden Spurs."

THE FLYING BOAT.

By HERBERT STRANG. 3s. 6d. (Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton.)

This story, one of Mr. Strang's latest, deals with the wonderful invention of two school chums who go out to China together. One of them buys a hydroplane which they try to turn into a flying boat. "The hydroplane was now by no means identical in appearance with the vessel that had roused a passing curiosity at Plymouth. During the year they had been in China the boys had devoted all their spare time to turning it into a hydro-aeroplane. They replaced the original hull with a much lighter frame of canvas, fitting a kite-shaped half-keel under its forward part. They kept their engine, but adapted it to work two propellers, one at the stern, below the water-line, for driving the vessel through the water; the other raised some feet above the forepart, for driving it through the air. To the sides they fitted floats and large planes, capable of being folded back when the vessel was to be used as a hydroplane, and adjustable at various angles. By means of differential gearing they contrived that the power of the water screw could be gradually reduced, while the air contractor gained in the same proportion. The effect of their arrangements was that as the speed in the water increased, the vessel rose a little; then, bringing into play an elevator and the tractor, they made the vessel rise completely out of the water and behave in all respects as an aeroplane." The owner of the machine goes through many thrilling adventures with it, and the book is alive with vigorous action from cover to cover. "The Flying Boat" is a rattling good story.

From **Contes de Madame d'Aulnoy** *(Siegle, Hill).*

From **The Italian Fairy Book** *(Fisher Unwin).*

BROTHER SCOUTS.

By JOHN FINNEMORE. Illustrated by W. H. C. GROOME. 5s. (Chambers.)

Mr. John Finnemore's work for boys has gained for its author a considerable reputation, which he thoroughly deserves, and in his latest volume he once more tells a very strong and dramatic story which cannot fail to appeal to the boy mind. The hero, Jack, is the leader of a patrol of Boy Scouts formed in the foreign settlement of a Chinese town, and the Scouts soon find that their duties entail serious warfare. Mr. Finnemore writes this sort of book extremely well; he never allows the reader's interest to slacken for a moment, and he always

appears to possess first-hand knowledge of the many subjects with which he deals. "Brother Scouts" is quite one of his best books. It possesses six coloured illustrations by Mr. Groome which add to the attractions of the volume.

JACK, THE FIRE DOG.

By AUNT LILY. With 6 Illustrations. (Allenson.) 3s. 6d.

Among Messrs. Allenson's many attractive publications particular attention is given to the production of literature of a high religious tone, and also to stories suitable for the young. It is in the latter category that we must include "Jack, the Fire Dog," which is a sketch of the life-history of "a dog of no particular breed, spotted black-and-white like a carriage-dog, but larger and heavier in build," and who at the beginning of the story is to be found in the engine-room at No. 33. The author tells her story simply and effectively, and the book should be popular with children.

KIT OF THE CARABINEERS:

A Soldier of Marlborough's Days. By D. H. PARRY. 5s. (Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton.)

What boy who is already a reader of Mr. D. H. Parry's fascinating books will not hail with delight "Kit of the Carabineers," his latest historical romance? As the title signifies, the story bristles with dramatic incident, and the thrilling adventures which overtake the young hero, Kit Dawnay, are enough to keep one breathless with excitement. Many well-known personages who figure in English history make their appearance between the covers of Mr. Parry's book; for "no period was more productive of stirring deeds . . . than the early years of the reign of Queen Anne." Kit meets the Duke of Marlborough whilst the Duke is visiting his uncle, a Jacobite, who holds secret meetings in order to get the exiled Stuarts back to the throne. The Duke takes an interest in the boy, which proves very fortunate for Kit and enables him to realise the great desire of his life. Mr. Archibald Webb's coloured illustrations add greatly to the attraction of the book.

From **Two to Nowhere** *(Fisher Unwin).*

"THEY FLEW ON THROUGH THE COOL, SUNNY AIR."

From **For Dear Dad** *(Chambers).*

"ISACHA'S DOLLS WERE IN SPECIAL REQUIST."

THE SCHOOLGIRL PRINCESS.

By ARTHUR WYATT. Illustrated. 2s. 6d. (Nisbet.)

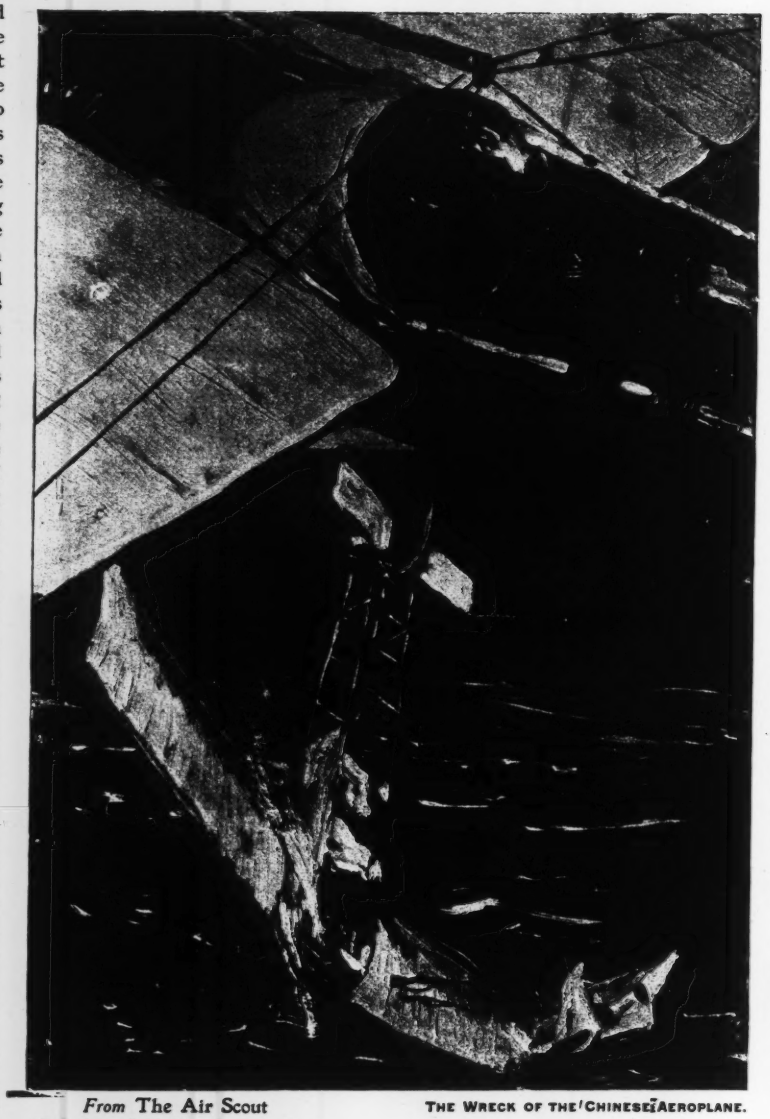
"The Schoolgirl Princess" is the story of the exciting adventures which befall a girl of thirteen while on a holiday abroad with her uncle—told by herself. When staying in an old castle in Boravia Jessamine Deane finds a timid, weeping Princess who is in urgent need of a good holiday by the seaside before she undertakes the arduous task of regaining her lost throne from the clutches of her usurping uncle. So, while the unfortunate Princess is smuggled away, Jessamine takes her part—and very successfully she does it, being an English girl of decidedly sporting tendencies. She leads rebellions, ousts the usurper from his place, and smacks the face of his unpleasant daughter Luise, who, however, retaliates by delivering her into the hands of her enemies. But after three days of starvation, Jessamine escapes to lead the army once more against the wicked uncle and his daughter. This time she permanently conquers them and drives them from the kingdom, and then—gracefully retires in favour of the true Princess. Mr. Wyatt has told his story with great spirit, and we believe that no normally constituted girl—or boy either—can fail to be thoroughly entertained. If the book gets the success it deserves, both author and publishers ought to make something like a fortune out of it.

THE GIRL CRUSOES.

By MRS. HERBERT STRANG. 3s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. (Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton.)

This is the story of three plucky sisters who find themselves marooned on an island in the South Pacific. They

came from England on a voyage in the uncle's barque, but during a terrible gale one night the ship strikes a reef and is sinking. The girls are persuaded to save themselves by taking to the dinghy, the only boat the storm has left them, and their uncle promises that he and the men will make a raft and follow as soon as possible. But alas! when they have rowed some distance from the scene of the wreck, looking back, they see the vessel has vanished completely, and apparently all on board have gone with it. And they are alone on the great, vast, merciless sea—three young girls, very frightened, inexperienced, and miserable! At last they come to an island—a beautiful wooded island with great cliffs sloping down to the ocean. There is no sign of habitation of any sort, but the girls land, and after the manner of Robinson Crusoe, begin to make there a temporary home for themselves. Adventures come to them galore; incidents exciting and interesting follow each other in quick succession. It is a book that will appeal not only to girls, but boys also; it cannot fail to delight all who are fond of tales of adventure, tinged with the wonder and mystery of the far-away little-known islands of the South Pacific.



From The Air Scout *(Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton).*

THE WRECK OF THE CHINESE AEROPLANE.

LIVES OF GREAT MEN:

Told by Great Men. Edited by RICHARD WILSON. 6s. net. (Nelson.)

Mr. Wilson's method in this book has been to make a number of great men tell for themselves the chief events of their own lives. For example, he selects passages from Lamb's essays which describe his birthplace and something of his early years—his experiences at school, at the East India Office, and on his retirement. Pictures of Wordsworth's life are drawn from the Diary of his sister Dorothy; of Borrow's from certain of his books. The story of Cromwell is distilled from Carlyle's "Life and Letters" of him; of Boswell from his "Life of Johnson"; of Alexander the Great from Plutarch's Lives; and so forth. The idea has not been to give a full record of these great careers, but to focus the readers' interest on the outstanding and significant episodes of them. Within these limits Mr. Wilson has done his work very ably, and has produced a series of twenty-three biographical sketches that younger readers will find full of interest. The numerous illustrations in colour are excellent reproductions of famous paintings.

From More Peers *(Stephen Swift).*

Lord Abbott's coronet was far too small,
So small, that as he sauntered down White Hall
Even the youthful Proletariat
(Who probably mistook it for a Hat)
Remarked on its exiguous extent.
Here is a picture of the incident.

A SCHOOL-GIRL OF MOSCOW.

By MAY BALDWIN. With 6 Coloured Illustrations by W. RAINEY. 6s. (W. & R. Chambers.)

The scene of the story is laid in Moscow soon after the great political disturbances in Russia a few years back. Nina Hamilton, her Aunt Penelope, and her father go to Moscow for two years in connection with some estates which they own out there. Nina is sent to a Muscovite school, and Miss Baldwin is most interesting in her description of Russian school life and customs. But Nina soon gets herself into trouble. She makes great friends with the elder sister of one of her school-friends, and goes to see the condition of the poor in Moscow—whereat she and her Aunt Penelope are greatly shocked. Not being content with this, however, they are heard to utter treasonable words and are known to be associates of

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6/- NET. **LIVES OF GREAT MEN.** **Told by Great Men.** Edited by RICHARD WILSON, B.A. 32 Coloured Illustrations from the Galleries. Uniform with "Men of Mark."

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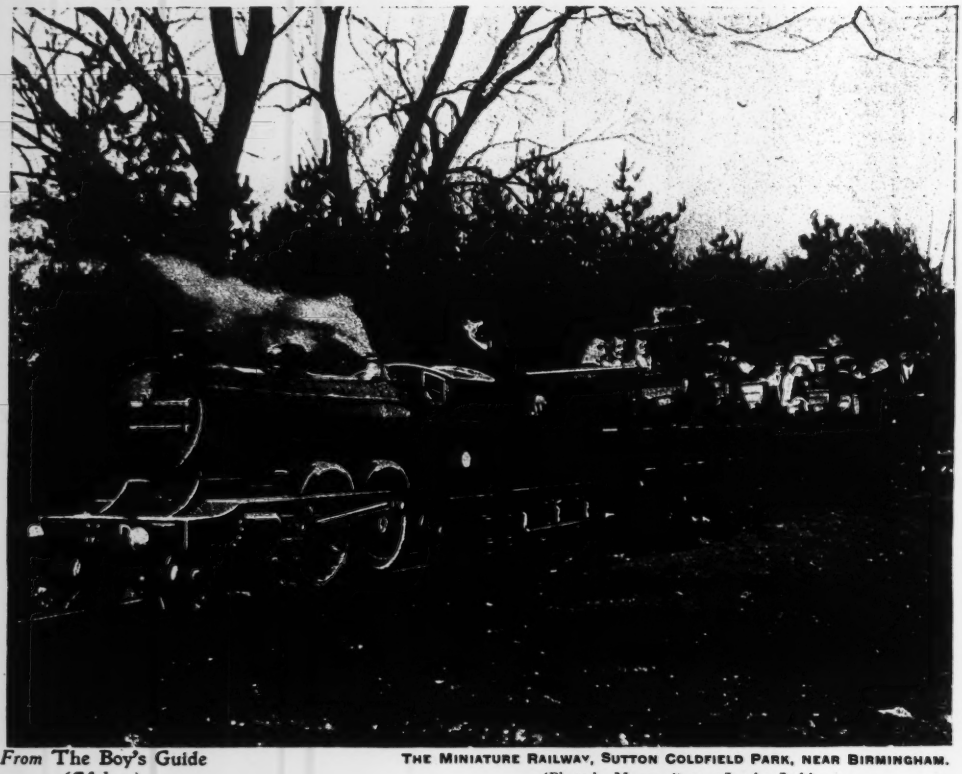

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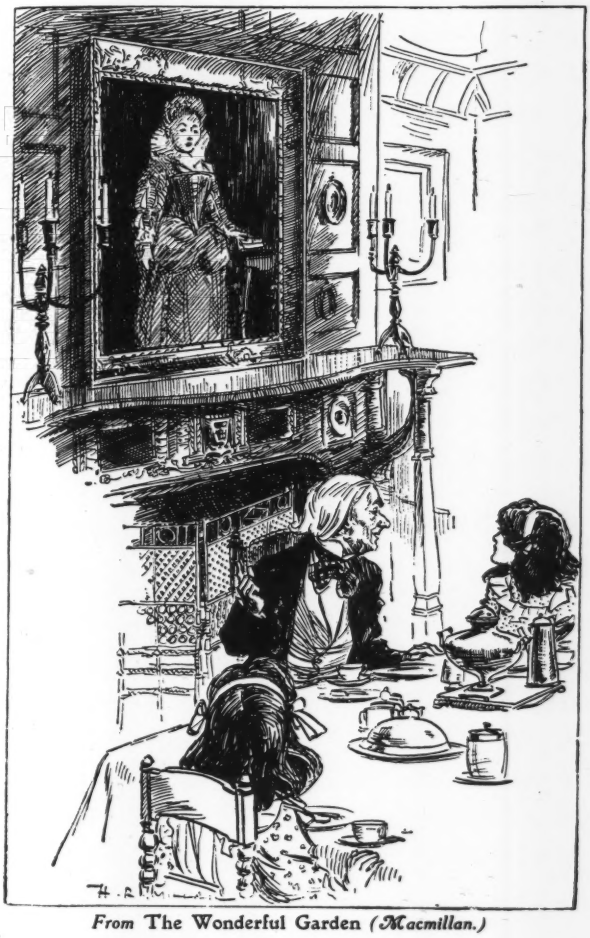

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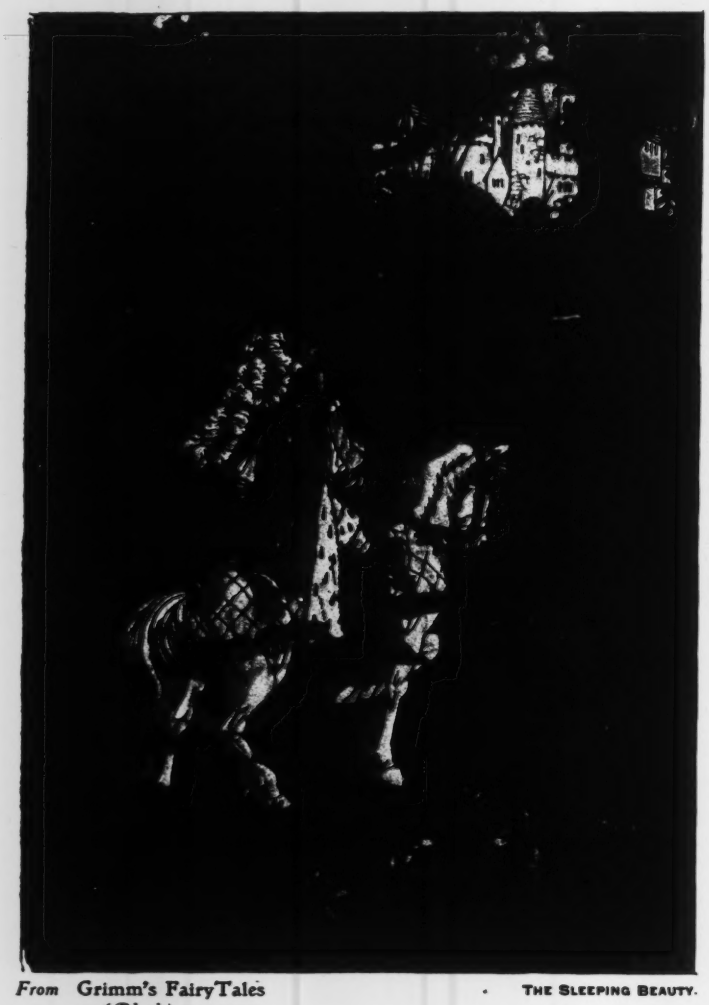

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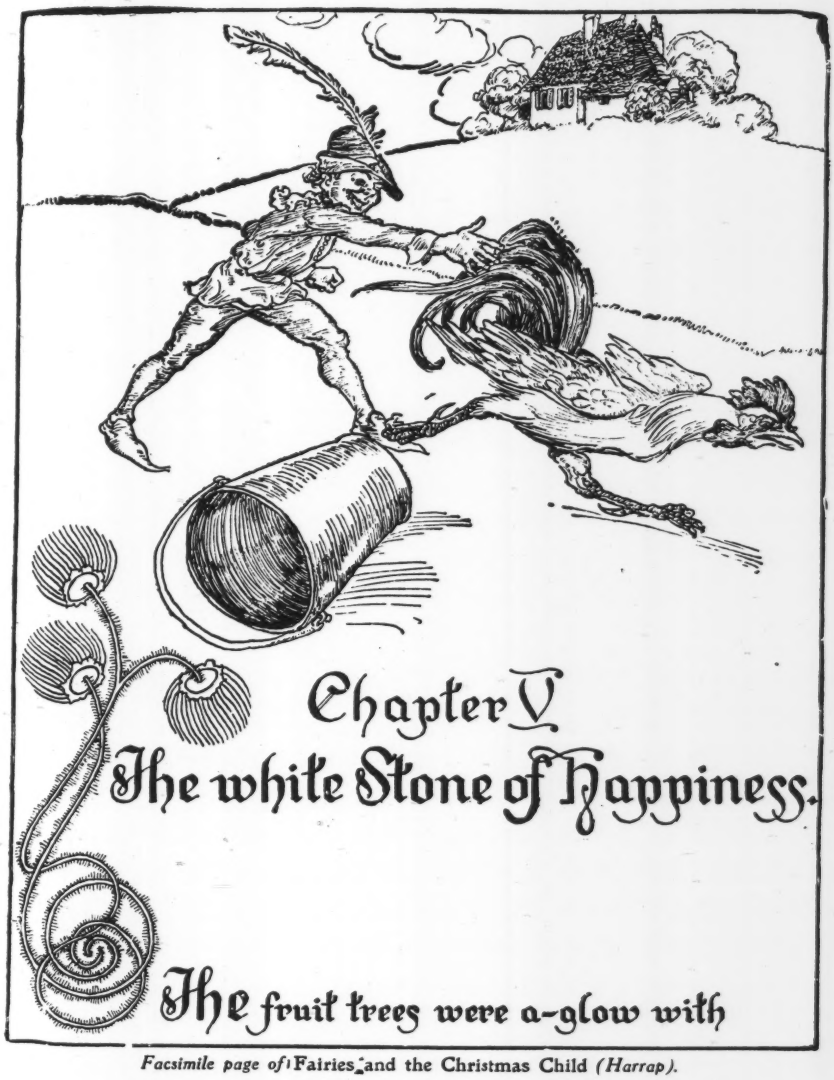

Facsimile page of Fairies and the Christmas Child *(Harrap).*

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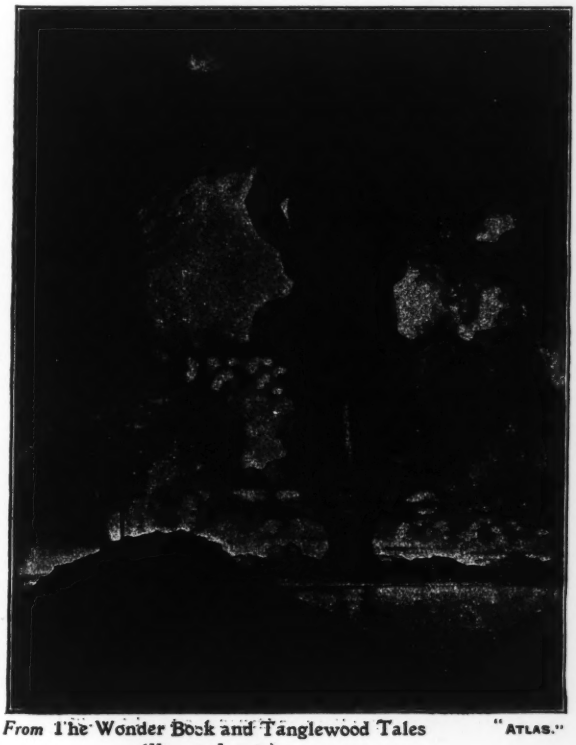

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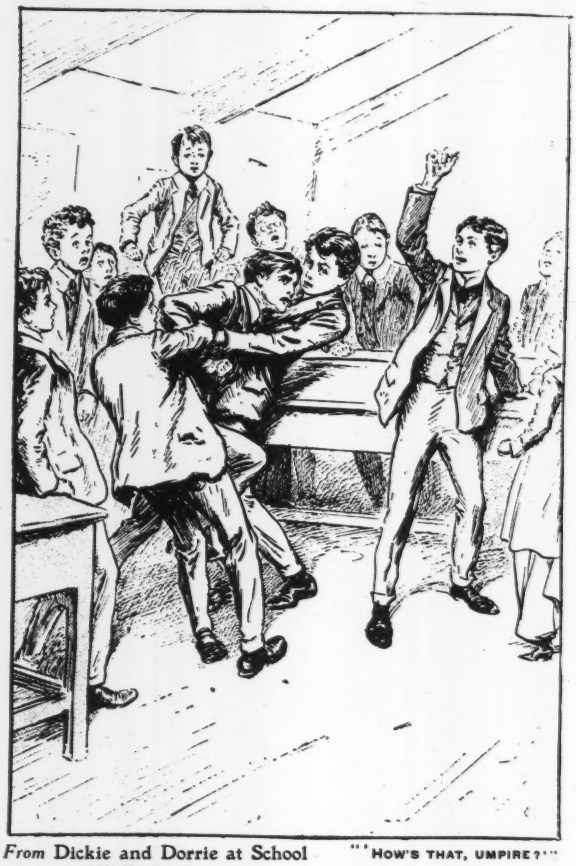

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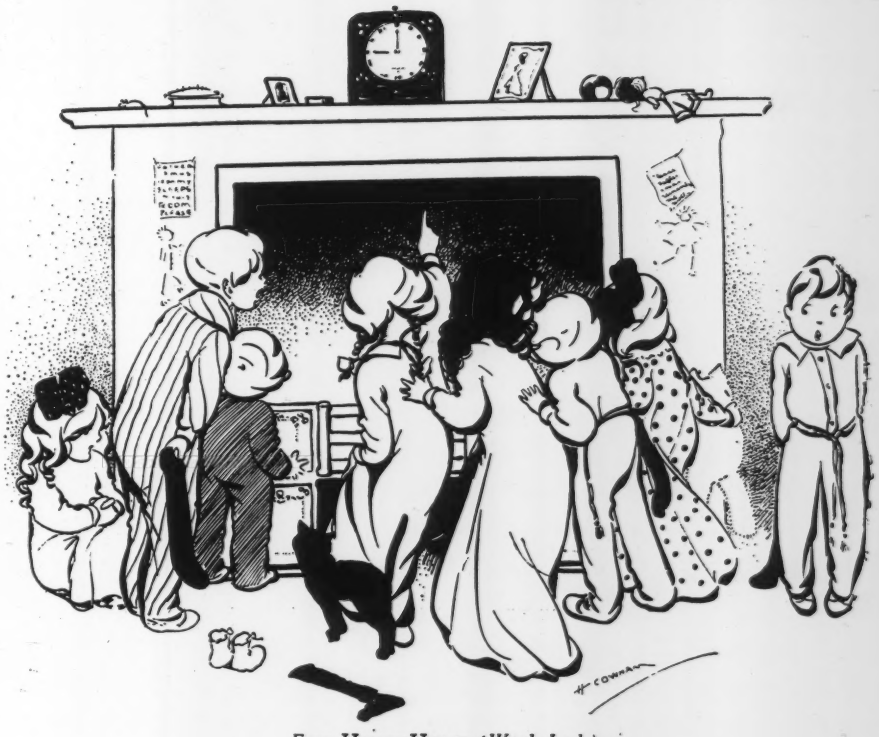

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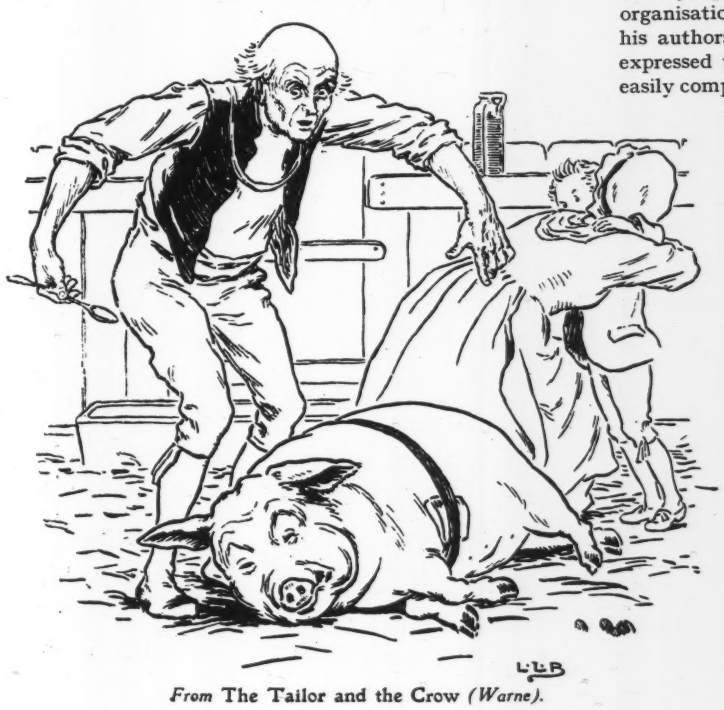

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